Mar. 22, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into this play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is, for the most part, quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—The range and brilliance of Laurence Olivier's performance as a seedy music-hall artist and an even more dismaying family man are an enormous help to John Osborne's otherwise rather disappointing tragedy. The excellent supporting cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcee and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney and Joan Blondell do well with other leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives the season's most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. Miss Hayes gets a lot of help from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx, and the crux of the enterprise is the romance that springs up between them when they are both feeling lonely in Manhattan. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Ray Walston head an expert cast in an expert, if highly reflexive, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** Greer Garson now is the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 23.)... **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Eugene O'Neill's posthumous work exploring the tragedies of his youth. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

MUSICALS

International Soirée—Patachou sings pleasantly, but her talent seems rather better suited to a night club than a revue. She is assisted, in a more or less routine fashion, by a Belgian pantomimist and a pair of Spanish dancers, and, quite brilliantly, by a quartet of very oddly inspired puppeteers. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are expert in their support. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually breezy and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer supplied the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed the gifted cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednes-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW GIRL IN TOWN**: O'Neill's "Anna Christie," turned into a musical by George Abbott. The songs are by Bob Merrill, and the cast is headed by Thelma Ritter and Gwen Verdon. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Back to Methuselah—Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher in a new version, by Arnold Moss, of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Margaret Webster and presented for a six-week engagement by the Theatre Guild, in association with Mr. Moss. Opens Wednesday, March 26. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Oklahoma!," with Helen Gallagher, Herbert Banke, Lois O'Brien, and Gene Nelson, is the last in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, March 23: "La Traviata."...¶ Starting Friday, March 28: "The Barber of Seville." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, March 20, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Gerald Hiken. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend," staged by Gus Schirmer, Jr. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Gate Theatre—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Mews Theatre—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted and directed by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Martinique Theatre—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Through Sunday, March 30: Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the first of two productions being presented by the Stratford Festival Company of Canada in its American repertory début. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Dance Recitals—Iva Kitchell, dance satirist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30.)...¶ John Butler and his company, Pauline Koner, and Donald McKayle and his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 23, at 2:40.)

City Center Showcase—A benefit for the Center, consisting of excerpts from its opera, musical-comedy, and drama productions, including "The Ballad of Baby Doe," "Regina," "Wonderful Town," "Annie Get Your Gun," "The Time of Your Life," "Burlesque," and "Saint Joan." Tallulah Bankhead, Siobhan McKenna, Nancy Walker, Franchot Tone, and Bert Lahr will be among those taking part. In addition, the American Ballet Theatre, substituting for the touring New York City Ballet, will be on hand to do "Interplay" and "Les Patineurs." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday, March 24, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All this world's a stage, and you're not allowed to forget it. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra play industriously for the stage entrances.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a travelling posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night Betty Benee lets go some ditties in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a flower show. Closed Mondays....¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stars are out every night but Sunday in the roof of the Persian Room, and there are more stars in the dance tunes of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and instrumentalists, too—and of Mark Monte's smaller group. At dinner and supper, Jane Morgan, who is built largely of peaches and cream, smiles her way through ballads built entirely of untoasted marshmallow. Tuesday, March 25, is the end of her trail; Jana Mason, another girl who sings in the night, arrives the next evening....¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another....¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-lemon music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra puts its head on one shoulder and inhales deeply, slowly, rhythmically. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the sort of dream house that would now take eight million dollars to duplicate, sways gently in the breeze of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small dance ensembles. At dinner and supper, Ginny Simms, a well-remembered voice, is celebrating her return to show business. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The new management is changing the name (né Ambassador), the stationery, and the matchbooks, but everything else seems to be the same. In the Embassy Club, a decorator's delight, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after ten, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's pagan rout, which has all the trimmings of a Mexican fiesta except the firecrackers, lets go with dance music every so often in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper, the Empire Room is full of Varel and Bailly, a Parisian team of composers (songs written and sung while you wait), and their supporting glee club, Les Chanteurs de Paris. Their pace and performance suggest a French translation of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, except that words (and music) now and then fail them. Also on hand are Emil Coleman's band and Béla Babai's crew, both of which bat out decisive dance music. Closed Sundays....¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a trio belonging to the celebrated Cy Walter and a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely request the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

Note—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails and swatches of non-dance music are provided. From any window table, you can see where fabled New York stood before the archeologists brought their steam shovels to bear. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A parade ground kept in the very best of condition. On a small rise to one side sits the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master for many years. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. At eight, Jack Banan begins a session of subdued jazz piano concocted of such outmoded ingredients as cheer, rhythm, and bounce. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are occasional

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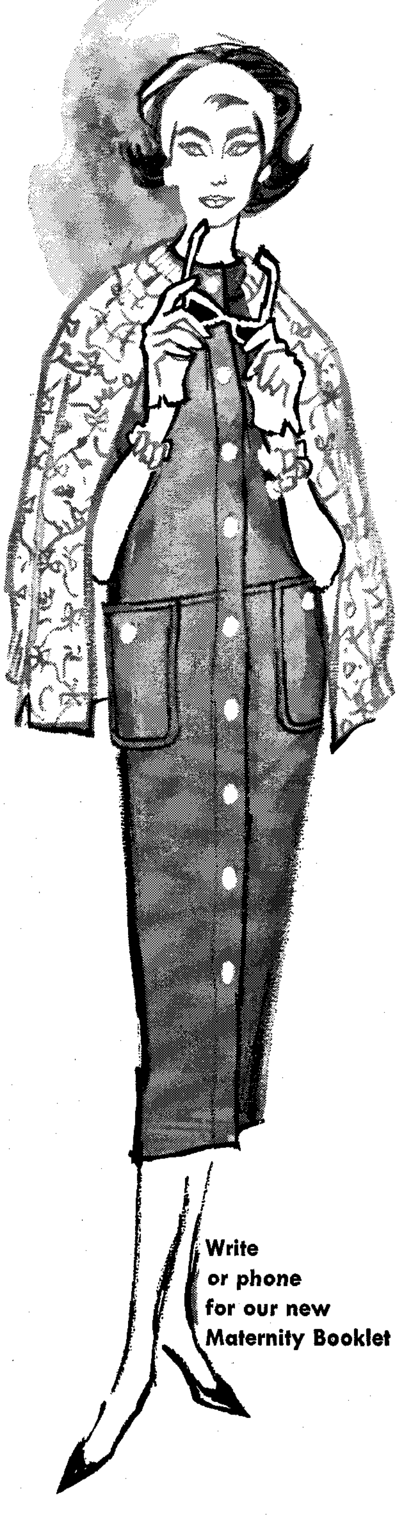

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Mondays. . . . RSVP, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . BARBERRY ROOM, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Music with the enchantment of a Latin midsummer night's dream issues from the guitar of Renato Rossini, who graces this hall of mirrors between nine and one. Closed Sundays. . . . WEYLIN, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Midtown restaurant life, adorned after ten by Johnny Mehegan, who, though he has so many innermost thoughts that he can't get them all down on keys at once, plays just about as advanced piano as any other Juilliard honor man. He's around until between one-thirty and two. Closed Sundays. . . . MONSIGNORE, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. After the theatre, one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . LA ZAMBRA, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . LEFT BANK, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else, Alex Kallao's trio, which is very middle-of-the-road modern, starts romping at ten, and not long afterward Stuart Hart sings well-behaved songs to his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The zimbalon, now one with the whooping crane, has almost its last nesting place here. Other Hungarian artifacts—happy piano, violin, song, and cuisine—are likewise in evidence. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by George Feyer, who uses the *accent aigu*, rather than the *accent grave*, from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . WAVERLY LOUNGE, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . NINO'S TEN EAST, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook in a handsome restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever millionaire clubmen do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The reason for getting involved in this treadmill is Myron Cohen, an expatriate from wholesale dress goods, who escaped with his sense of humor not only intact but bone-dry. His last night is Thursday, March 27. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Shelley Berman's demonstration of fifty handy ways of not completing a phone call may be the Midwest's most significant contribution of the year to the art of adult amusement. Among the other denizens are Evelyn Knight, a small, cool, and beautiful voice from out of the Blue Angel's past; Dorothy Loudon, to whom Tin Pan Alley's sentimentalities are just a string of red rags; and the puppets of Georges LaFaye, a set of imports whose manner is French but whose language (laughter) is universal. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . DOWNSTAIRS ROOM, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The fine art of sardonic writing and the fine art of sardonic acting welded together in a joint show. The actors: Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold. The writers: Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The curator of this enterprise is Julius Monk, who knows all there is to know about putting on a revue; the pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, and more salon than anything else. The Norman Paris trio, which involves Justin Arndt and Frank Serchia as sidemen, is the new music in a seventeen-jewel setting; the combination of Warren Vaughn on piano and Danny Kent on bass is gay and irresponsible music. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the great mouthpiece, talks by the hour about whatever it is he talks about, and looks just as bewildered as you are by what he is saying. Also around are Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop quintet, which is occasionally all Workshop and no play, but mostly absorbingly interesting. Sunday afternoons, there's a four-thirty matinée; Sunday nights, an added starter: Langston Hughes, a poet of some renown, who reads from his mss. in tempo with the Mingus mob. Closed Mondays. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A night to remember—Phil Leeds, a wit who treads ever so lightly, is thinking out loud late at night; Sylvia Syms, the diva with the bullfrog voice, is playing leapfrog with her lyrics; Jorie Remus, a philosopher with a seemingly alive stole and two dozen chips on her shoulders, is crying havoc. Other happy contributions are Jimmie Daniels' fancy ballads and the demented ditties of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who also make music, or an acceptable facsimile. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, two rather noisy children, are loose in the bar, where a girl named Evelyn Ward does the singing. The duet is away on Sundays, and Miss Ward is away on Mondays. On the other hand, those familiar faces, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are also silent movies; Mondays, there are also amateur acts. . . . DOWN IN THE DEPTHS, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The depths in question are the mushroom cellar of the Hotel Duane. The night life that flourishes in it derives from highly original sources, such as the conversation of Milt Kamen, a sort of Paddy Chayefsky documentary but lit with a sublime sense of the ridiculous, and the character studies of Mike Nichols and Elaine May, to whom life is real, life is earnest, life is immensely funny. There are also the backwoods arias of Jo March, a débutante caroller. A pungent instrumental trio broods in one corner. Closed

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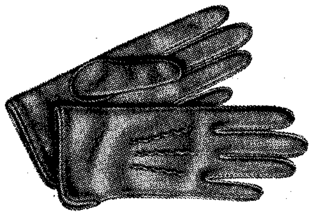

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unmannered singer of songs of passion and songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre, as well as pianist of the evening. They stay home Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Jam sessions Tuesdays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the trios of Bernard Peiffer, a pianist whose bright-eyed devices stretch even the elastic framework of latter-day music to its limits, and Tal Farlow, an electrician who has wired his guitar for sound of a highly individualist nature, are in residence. The Farlow group is light and airy when its Eddie Costa is on vibes, deep and strident when he's on piano. The Peiffers are on leave Sundays, the Farlows Mondays. Their night starts at nine. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce intensity. On the podium right now is Count Basie's orchestra, which, no matter how intense, wouldn't be the same without Joe Williams, whose blues are almost a personal experience for whoever listens in. Randy Weston's trio is also aboard. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his new trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud, hot, and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, March *21-22*, a thundering herd, in which Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Pee Wee Erwin, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis should be prominent. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise is produced by the trio of Johnny Costa and Peter Appleyard's quartet. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, whose message can get garbled in transmission, plus Jimmy Giuffre's trio (Bob Brookmeyer helps this one a lot), whose message is in general a resignation from the world and its temptations. There are sessions every Sunday from five until midnight. The music is all younger-generation, some of it still damp behind the ears. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lee Konitz and three cronies, one of them the guitarist Billy Bauer, are at work in this monument to progress. Sundays, the hours are four to ten; Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth and, for that matter, questing jazz, which is now in the hands of Pepper Adams, a recent *Down Beat* Award saxophonist, and his quintet, which includes Donald Byrd. Warning: Mondays, visiting musicians play for sundry reciting poets. . . . **BLACK PEARL,** 1393 Second Ave., at 72nd St. (TR 9-0810): A house divided (part Early Mormon Tabernacle and part Late Polynesian in décor), in which Oscar Pettiford, a great and good man, is putting together his new quintet. Sahib Shibab (now a flautist as well as a saxophonist), Johnny Coles (trumpet), and Betty Glamann (harp) are also involved in it. No music Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BEN-ZION—Water colors, gouaches, and etchings, including landscapes, still-lifes, and Biblical illustrations; through Saturday, March 29. (Deitsch, 51 E. 73rd St.)

PETER BLUME—Recent paintings and drawings of Roman and other Italian scenes; through Saturday, March 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

BYRON BROWNE—Semiabstract paintings; starting Saturday, March 22. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent canvases; through Saturday, March 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—Water colors (1939-53); through April 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—New paintings and sculptures, much more geometric in style than his previous work; through April 5. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Semiabstract oils; through Saturday, March 29. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Shimmering, colorful abstractions; through Saturday, March 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

DONG KINGMAN—Water colors of Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and London; through April 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—A series of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs, supplemented by some rare drawings; through Friday, March 28. (New Art Center, 1193 Lexington Ave., at 81st St.)

LEE KRASNER—Very large abstract oils; through Saturday, March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN—Abstractions, chiefly based on nature themes, in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, March 29. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

ARISTIDE MAILLOL—Thirty-nine bronzes (and one marble statue), including some that have seldom been seen here; through Saturday, March 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GERHARD MARCKS—Recent bronzes by this contemporary German sculptor; through April 12. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARINO MARINI—One of Italy's foremost artists, in a showing of sculptures and paintings; through Saturday, March 29. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

MATTA—Abstract Surrealist paintings, livelier and more colorful than his last batch; through Saturday, March 29. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

PAULA MODERSOHN-BECKER—Paintings and drawings by this early German Expressionist; through April 12. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—The first major New York showing of paintings by a contemporary Ger-

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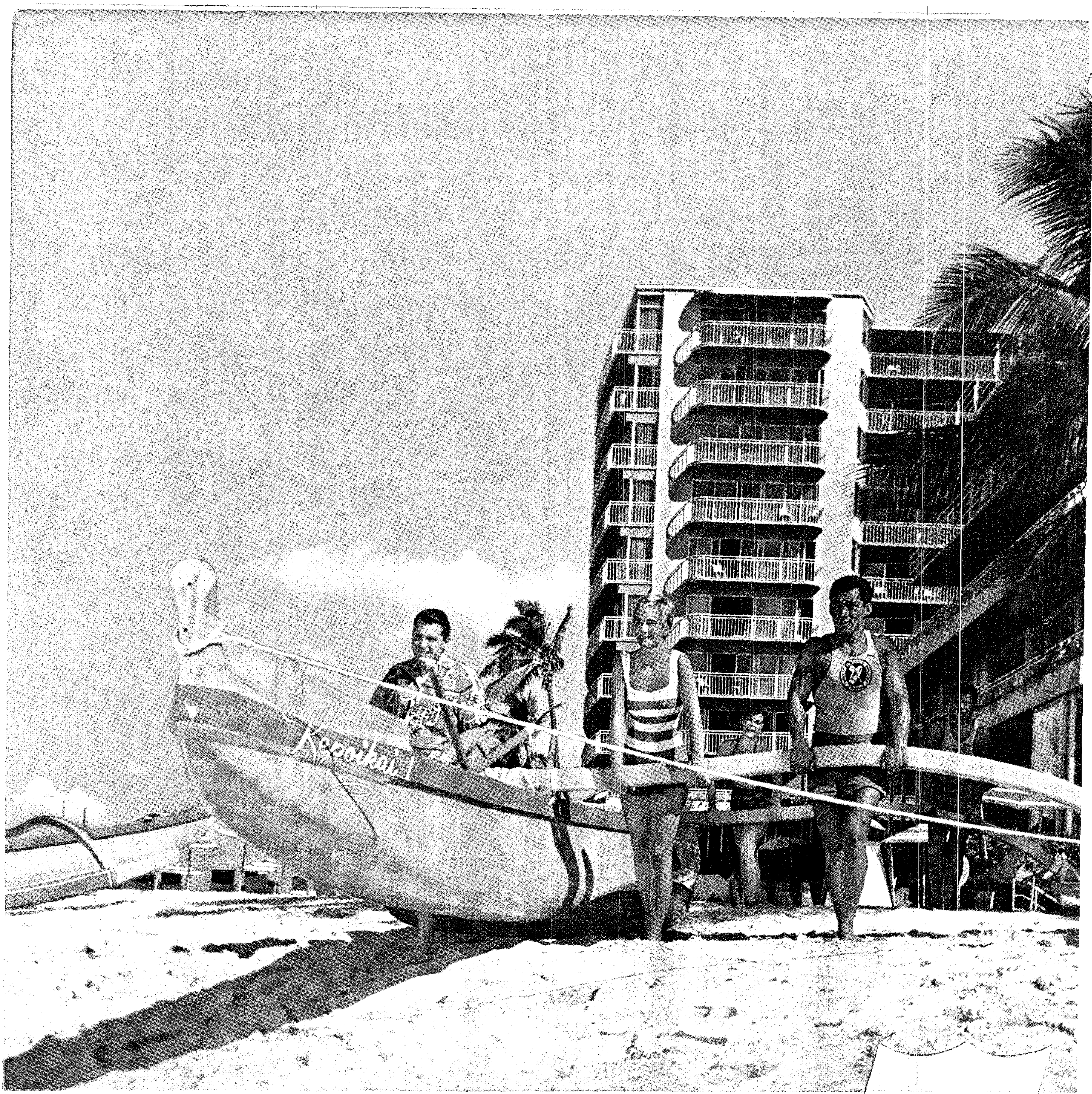

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man abstractionist; through Saturday, March 29. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Mario Negri—Figurative bronzes by an Italian sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Water colors, dated 1916-17 but remarkably up-to-date in manner; through Saturday, March 22. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Edouard Pignon—Semiabstract oils and water colors by a top-ranking member of the Paris school. First one-man show in New York; through April 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Wildly inventive concoctions in paint, construction, and collage; through Saturday, March 29. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Georges Rouault—Paintings; through Saturday, March 29. (Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Gérard Schneider—Oils by this French abstract painter; through Saturday, March 29. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Charles Schucker—Airy, graceful abstractions, romantic in mood; through April 5. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Tancredi—Non-objective oils and gouaches by an Italian painter of the Tachiste school. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Nicholas Vasilieff—Primitive oils; through Saturday, March 29. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Esteban Vicente—Recent collages; through Saturday, March 29. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

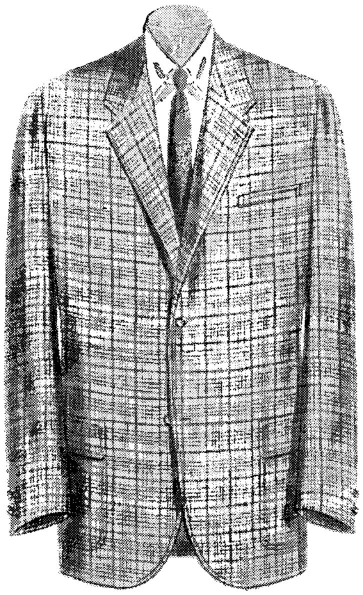
Sol Wilson—Landscapes, interiors, and seacoast subjects; through Saturday, March 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Still-Lifes—Examples from various schools and periods by European and American artists, including Eugène Boudin, Frans Snyders, Jan van Huysum, Paul Cézanne, William M. Harnett, and Joseph Stella; through April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—The ninth annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphic work by candidates for Institute Grants in Art. Among the artists represented are Milton Avery, Larry Rivers, Seymour Lipton, and Leonard Baskin. Through April 6. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New paintings and sculptures by such artists as Jonah Kinigstein, George L. K. Morris, and Jack Squier; through Saturday, March 22. . . . **new york city center gallery,** 131 W. 55th St.: "The Performing Arts" is the theme of an exhibition of paintings selected by Leon Kroll, Sol Wilson, and George Picken; through Friday, March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **salpeter,** 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and other works by Joseph Stella, Leo Quanchi, and August Mosca; through April 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Works by Henry DiSpirito, Thomas Young, and Abe Satoru; through Friday, March 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Robert Knipschild; starting Monday, March 24. . . . **brata,** 89 E. 10th St.: Group show; starting Friday, March 28. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **cooper union museum,** Cooper Sq. at 7th St.: Picasso, ceramics; starting Friday, March 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30.) . . . **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.: Charles Sheeler; starting Tuesday, March 25. . . . **janis,** 15 E. 57th St.: Josef Albers; starting Monday, March 24. . . . **bertha schaefer,** 32 E. 57th St.: Charles Cajori; starting Monday, March 24. . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Luise Kaish; starting Monday, March 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **jacques seligmann,** 5 E. 57th St.: Paul Zimmerman; starting Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 24. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Alexandre Istrati; starting Tuesday, March 25.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through April 3. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Korean show—ending Saturday—at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ A travelling exhibition of forty oil paintings, dating from 1916, by Sir Winston Churchill; through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others; through April 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by the French Post-Impressionist Georges Seurat; starting Wednesday, March 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—Eastern Parkway—An Easter exhibition of forty-five water colors illustrating the life of Christ by James Joseph Jacques Tissot; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Eduardo Paolozzi, Etienne-Martin, Michael Lekakis, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in a sculpture-and-drawing exhibit that is international in scope; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About thirty oil paintings, including still-lifes and portraits, by Arthur Kaufmann; through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A showing of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrile glass window, Favrile bowls and plates, and vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; through April 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-second annual of the American Abstract Artists, with paintings and sculptures by member and guest artists, among them Josef Albers, Ad Reinhardt, John von Wicht, and Ibram Lassaw; through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 20, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Martha Moedl, Ramon Vinay, Mack Harrell, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Blanche Thebom, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Risë Stevens, Eleanor Steber, Laurel Hurley, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 26, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Dolores Wilson, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Martha Moedl, Grace Hoffman, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, Leonard Warren, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8: "Faust," with Marcella Pobbe, Richard Tucker, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera.

NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MUSIC—The Opera Department of the New York College of Music presenting the second of two performances of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Turn of the Screw," which has a libretto by Myfanwy Piper, based on the novel by Henry James. Siegfried Landau is the musical director and Albert Felmar the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, March 20, at 8:15.)

JUILLIARD SCHOOL—The Juilliard Opera Theatre will offer a new production of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in an English translation by George and Phyllis Mead. Conducted by Frederic Waldman and staged by Frederic Cohen. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall—Ernest Ansermet conducting on Thursday, March 20, at 8:45, and Friday, March 21, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano); Saturday, March 22, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello); Sunday, March 23, at 3 (with Myra Hess, piano); and Thursday, March 27, at 8:45, and Friday, March 28, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, March 29, at 8:45 (with Joseph Schuster, cello).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here, with Nicole Henriot, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30.)

CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Franz Bibo conducting, with June McCall, piccolo, and Niels Johan Ostbye, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Sunday, March 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Verdi's "Macbeth," in concert form, with Leonie Rysanek, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Choral Art Society. The final performance of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 26, at 8.)

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The last in a series of three concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

ST. JOHN PASSION—Thomas Dunn directing a chorus and an orchestra in a performance of Bach's oratorio, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and others. (Church of the Incarnation, Madison Ave. at 35th St. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY SYMPHONIC CHOIR—Louis H. Diercks directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

COLBY COLLEGE CONCERT CHOIR—Peter Re directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8.)

ST. MATTHEW PASSION—Erich Leinsdorf directing the Symphony of the Air and the Rutgers University Choir in a performance of Bach's oratorio, with Maria Stader, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Norman Farrow and Kenneth Smith, basses; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8:15.)

DON COSSACK CHORUS AND DANCERS—Serge Jaroff directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JOSEPH SCHUSTER—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Associates—A program by the Phoenix Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano, in the second of two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Angelica Morales von Sauer—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—The second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The sixth concert in the series, this one by Maria Stader, soprano; Joseph Schuster, cello; and Margrit Weber, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

Kroll String Quartet—With Artur Balsam, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of court and chapel music of the English Renaissance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 22, at 8:40.)

Chamber Music Circle—The last in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-58—The fifth in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Douglas Nordli, piano; Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; and composers Mel Powell and Wallingford Riegger. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 23, at 5:30.)

Armando Ghitalla—Trumpet, with members of the Boston Symphony conducted by Arthur Fiedler. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 5:30.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff program, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Leon Barzin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Artur Schnabel Memorial Concert—Beveridge Webster, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Patricia Neway and Robert Colston—Soprano and piano, in the last in a series of three programs of contemporary music. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Monday, March 24, at 8:40.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. A benefit for the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 26, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-2680 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 12 and 1:30 to 4:30.)

Myra Hess and Isaac Stern—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, March 28, at 8:40.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Pierre Luboshutz, Genia Nemenoff, and Boris Goldovsky—With an orchestra, playing concertos for one, two, and three pianos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 21: Isaac Logart vs. Virgil Akins, welterweights, 12 rounds. Friday, March 28: Mickey Crawford vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 24, at 8: Golden Gloves Inter-City Championships. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 23, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup Playoffs: Tuesday, March 25, and Thursday, March 27, both at 7:30.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 27: Two All-Star games, for the benefit of the Judson Health Center. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15, from Friday, March 28, through Saturday, May 10. The Paumonok Handicap, Friday, March 28, and the Swift, Saturday, March 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 29. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 29.

FOR CHILDREN

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"The Court Jester," with Danny Kaye and Glynis Johns, and "Gerald McBoing-Boing Symphony," a U.P.A. cartoon. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. GR 5-1660. Saturday, March 22, at 10:30.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

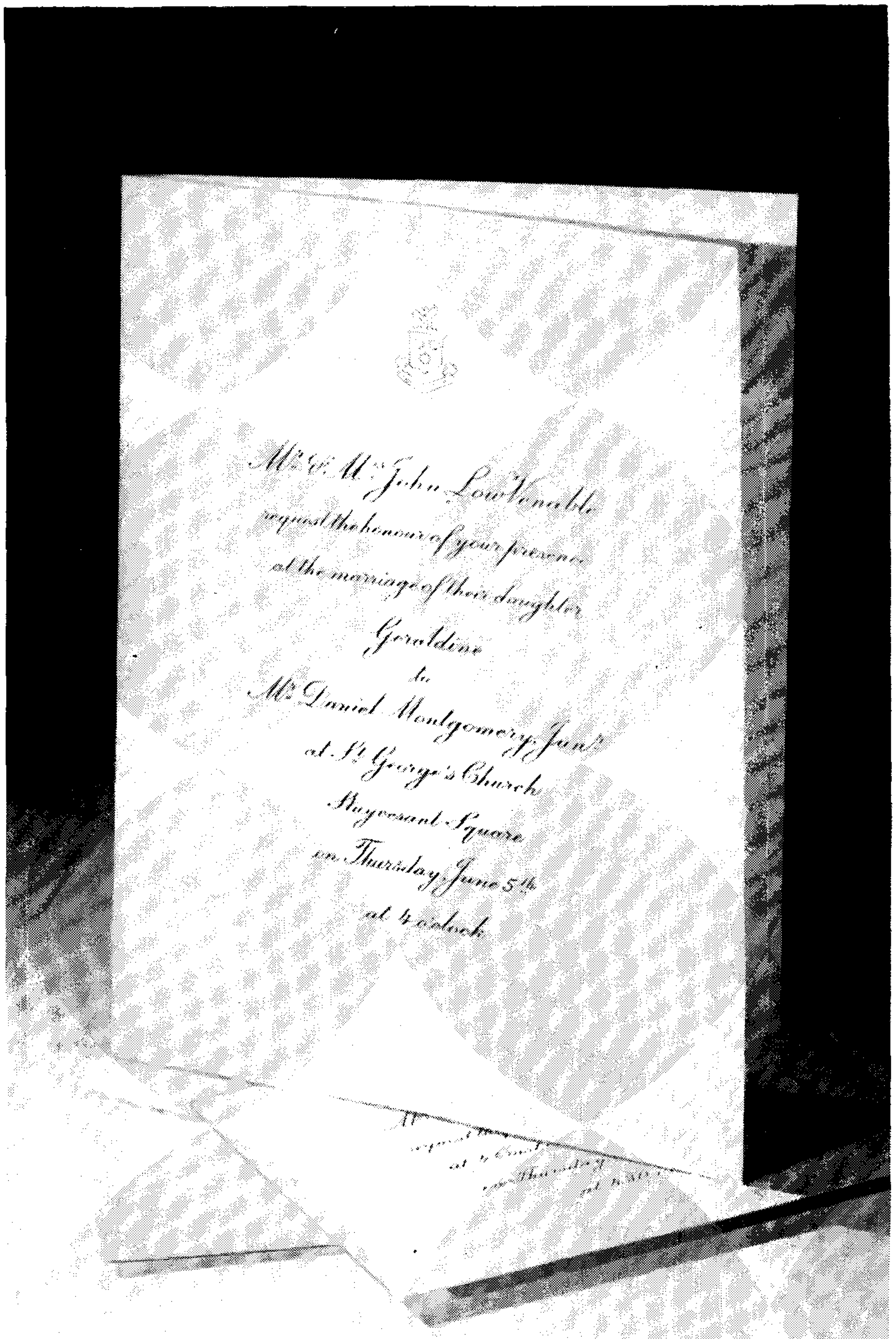
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, March 25), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—John Ciardi reading from his own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 23, at 8:40.)

AMERICA'S CUP RACES EXHIBITION—In anticipation of the revival of the America's Cup Races next fall, there are on view yacht models, paintings, prints, photographs, and other memorabilia of the racing series held from 1851 until 1937; through Oct. 5. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS—A display of great literary classics. Included are a fragment of the "Iliad," on papyrus; the earliest-known illustrated manuscript of Aesop's "Fables;" and first editions of Shakespeare, Cervantes, St. Augustine, and St. Francis of Assisi. Through May 29. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 22, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French furniture, gilt and enamel snuffboxes, cabinet porcelains, bronze *doré*, crystal, genre paintings and drawings, and Aubusson and Oriental rugs; from the estate of Mrs. Nellie L. Stroock and from other sources.



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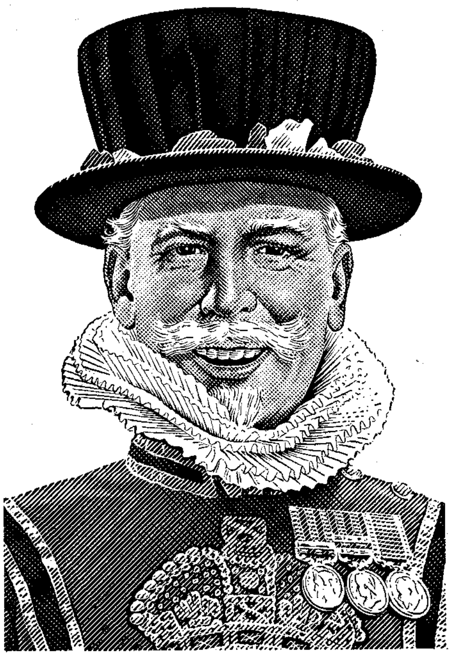

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Awakening—In this Italian film, written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, and directed by the latter, Anna Magnani makes a memorable character of a nun whose love of a small boy induces her to forget her obligations to her order. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through March 23, tentative.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.... ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; March 20.)

It Happened in the Park—It happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all of them beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, and Anna Maria Ferrero. In French. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting March 26, tentative.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando plays a heavily accented Air Force major from the South who, while on leave in Kobe during the Korean War, suddenly goes wild about a well-constructed Japanese hoofer (Miiko Taka) and gets chock-full of racial tolerance. Puccini handled the theme much more resourcefully, but, even so, the film is diverting. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through March 25, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 26, tentative.)

Witness for the Prosecution—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Baby Doll (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll appraisal of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Carroll Baker and Karl Malden. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 26, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting March 26.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith in an account of a hillbilly guitarist's rise and fall in television. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 26, tentative.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:45; Saturdays at 10, 1, 4, 7, and 10; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting March 26.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney item. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by Fred Zinnemann—Through March 22: "Teresa" (1951), with Pier Angeli and John Ericson.... ¶ Starting March 23: "High Noon" (1952), with Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Unholy Wife," Diana Dors, Rod Steiger.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 25: "The Mark of the Hawk," Eartha Kitt, Sidney Poitier. March 26: Theatre temporarily closed.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Theatre temporarily closed.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through March 26: "The Last Paradise," a documentary film on four South Sea islands; and "Satchmo the Great," a film on Louis Armstrong, with a commentary by Edward R. Murrow.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 25 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From March 26 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 25 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From March 26 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 25: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Lovemaker" (in French), Betsy Blair.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
March 20: **GERVAISE** (in French).
From March 21: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 25 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From March 26 (tentative): "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 21: "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.
From March 22: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 25: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 25 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**
From March 26 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "The Virtuous Scoundrel" (in French), Michel Simon, Marguerite Pierry.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 25 (tentative): "Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.
From March 26 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 25: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 25: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 26: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Unnatural," Hildegarde Neff, Erich von Stroheim.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 25 (tentative): "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "The Young Stranger," revival, James MacArthur, Kim Hunter.
From March 26 (tentative): **A FACE IN THE CROWD**, revival; and **BABY DOLL**, revival.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 25: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "Underwater Warrior," Dan Dailey.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 22: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Unnatural," Hildegarde Neff, Erich von Stroheim.
From March 23: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
March 20: "Dante's Inferno," revival, Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor; and "A Message to Garcia," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery.
March 21-22: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
March 23-24: "The Harder They Fall," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Rod Steiger; and "Seminole," revival, Rock Hudson, Barbara Hale.
March 25: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," revival, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.
From March 26: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE INFORMER**, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
HENRY V, revival.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through March 23 (tentative): **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian).
From March 24 (tentative): "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 25: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

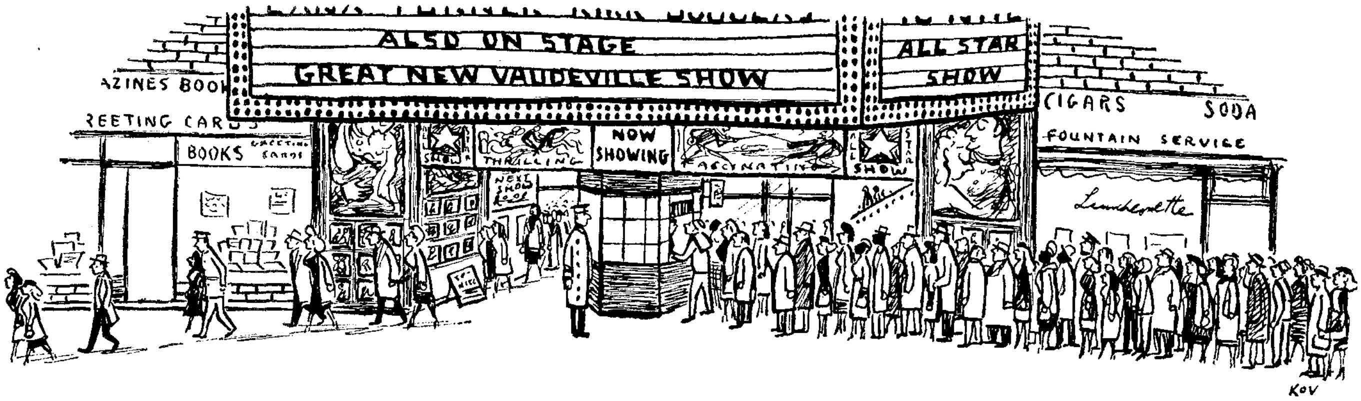
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "All at Sea," Alec Guinness; and "Decision Against Time," Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Sellars.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 25: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum.
From March 26: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 22: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "Escape from Red Rock," Brian Donlevy.
March 23-25: "Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle; and "Plunder Road," Gene Raymond, Wayne Morris.
From March 26: "Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker; and "Flood Tide," George Nader, Cornell Borchers.



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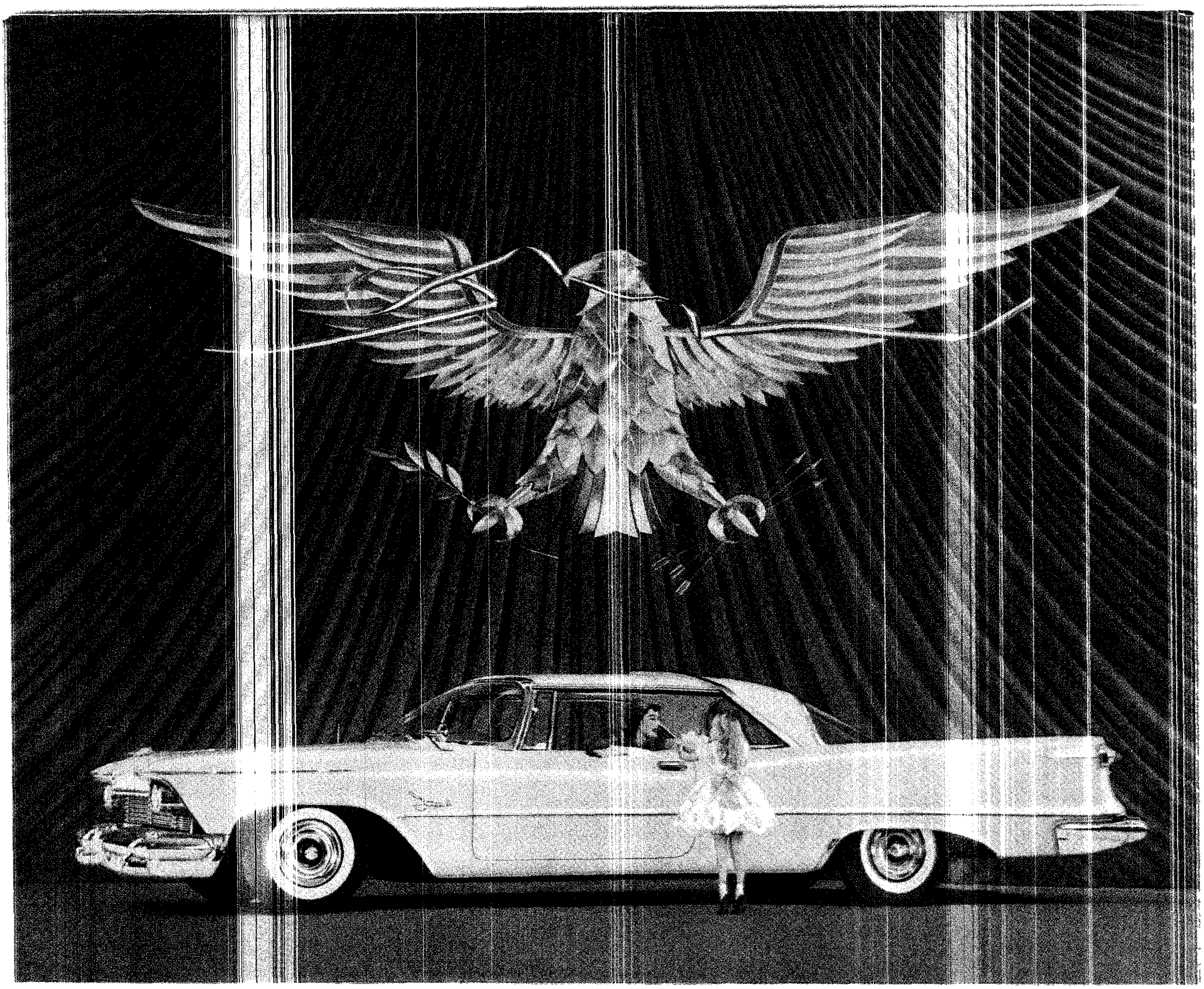

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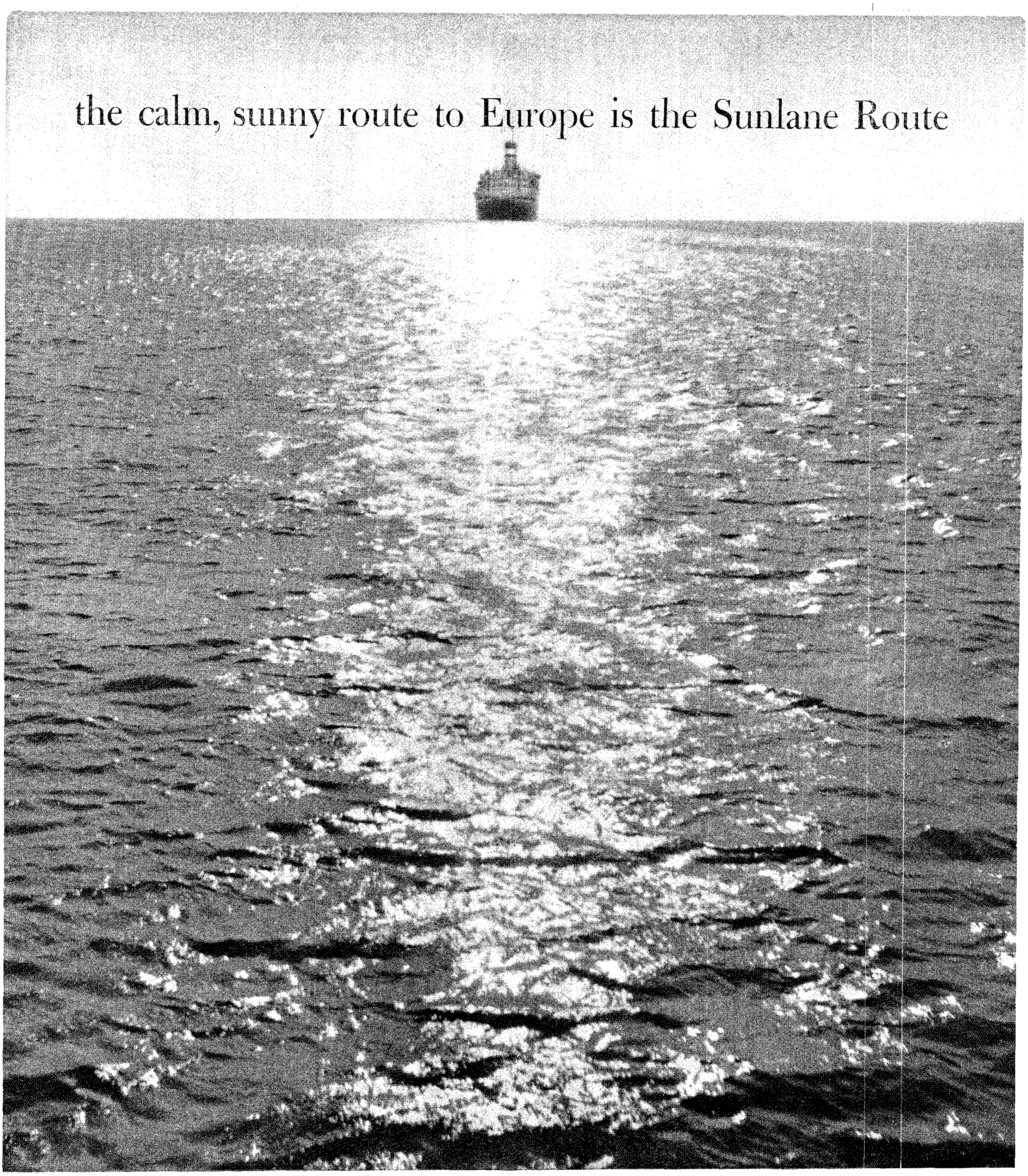

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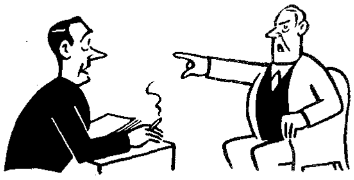
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

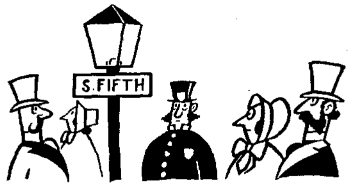
Notes and Comment

THIS is an age of insubordination. Schoolchildren beat up their teachers, Italian couples sue their bishops, and now somebody has talked back to a television interviewer. What impressed us in the published reports of the exchange between Mr. John Wingate, of the program called "Night Beat," and Mr. Randolph Churchill was Mr. Churchill's instinctive tactical sense. When he perceived from Wingate's first question that he had walked into an ambush, he did not answer but himself took the interrogative—which in these little entertainments is the offensive—and threw a steady stream of questions, practically all rhetorical and unanswerable. Some of Churchill's questions were wild, because all were excitedly extemporaneous, as the professional *banderillero's* were not. (We've never heard of an extemporaneous question based on a long quotation from a news magazine.) When we read in the press a day later that Mr. Wingate was thinking of suing Mr. Churchill for libel, we wondered whether he wasn't really thinking of lèse-majesté. We rather hold it against Mr. Churchill, though, that when a fellow-pressman in England recently roughed him up lightly in print, *he* sued for libel. It all reminds us of what an old fight manager told us years ago about a boxer who liked to bite. "Let somebody bite *him*," the manager said, "and he wants to get on the telephone to his mother."



ONE of the biggest beauts the late Fiorello LaGuardia ever pulled was to change the name of Sixth Avenue to Avenue of the Americas. ("I seldom make a mistake," the peppery man once said, after a mistake he knew was a mistake, "but when I do, it's a beaut.") Everybody continues to call Sixth Avenue Sixth Avenue, and since our office is on a cross street providing a direct route from Grand Central Station to Sixth Avenue—which is the next one to the west—we often have to pause in our comings and goings to reassure people from out of town that they are not out of their minds as well. The signs on Sixth just say "Avenue of the Americas," so these people, who are looking for a store or bar they have heard of on Sixth Avenue, keep on walking until they get to Broadway, when they begin to feel they are in trouble. They push one block farther, see the signs that say Eighth Avenue, then wander back toward Fifth, to be certain they haven't skipped a couple of avenues somewhere. On the way, they recross A. of the A., which no human tongue has ever said. By that time, they babble and stop strangers.

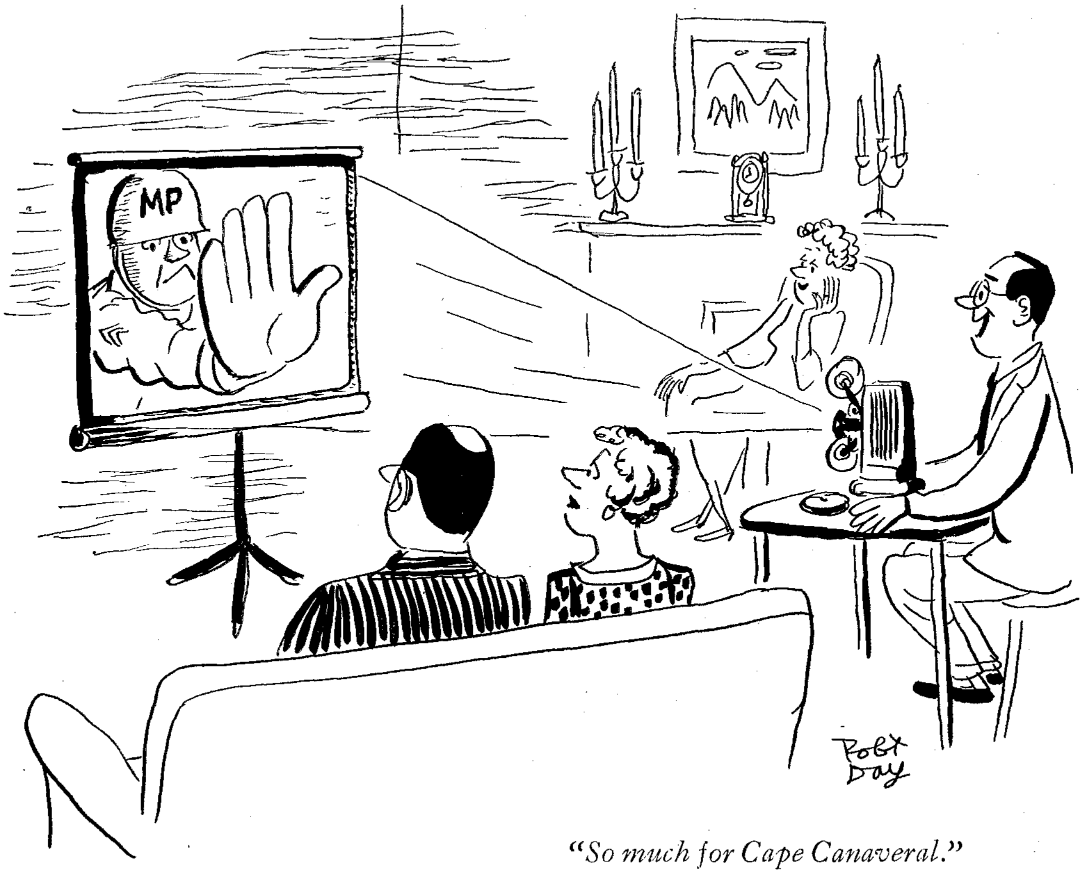
It gave us a turn when we read in the *World-Telegram & Sun* the other day that City Planning Commissioner Robert Moses is plugging another name change, south of Washington Square, where a cluster of vast new apartment houses is rising on a site two blocks wide, from West Broadway east to Greene Street, and two blocks long, from West Third south to West Houston. Mr. Moses says that the builder, the Washington Square Village Corporation, has been "formally, officially, and reliably promised, under the Slum Clearance Act, a Fifth Avenue address." He does not say by whom, but an old admirer of the Commissioner's could make a fair guess. Since not even Moses could move Washington Square Village onto Fifth Avenue, he proposes to extend the Avenue by the simple device of renaming West Broadway Fifth Avenue South. He will have to carry the change at least to Houston Street to deliver the promised address. How much more of West Broadway will receive the accolade is not clear, but before 1895, when its name was changed *from* South Fifth Avenue *to* West Broadway, the street was called South Fifth Avenue all the way from the Square to Canal Street.



The other day, an aboriginal Manhattanite we know, who is the source of this nomenclatural information, said to us, "As Fifth Avenue South, it will be no more Fifth Avenue than as West Broadway it has been Broadway. There is no magic in the name anyway. The Harlem end of real Fifth Avenue has been a slum for ages, but there is no money to be made building apartment houses there. As for Slum Clearance, the site of Washington Square Village wasn't a slum to begin with; it was a business district. Pretty soon there'll be something called Greenwich Village Square, Inc., over on Sullivan Street, and then Moses will change the name of that to Park Avenue in Dixie, or the Gramercy Park Extension."

The name isn't the worst of it, the Aboriginal said. "Mr. Moses is threatening to pull the tail of honest Fifth Avenue right back through the Square itself. The new part of Fifth Avenue will be a hundred and twenty feet wide, and that will leave nothing of Washington Square but a couple of grass aprons on the sides of an Autobahn, which is Moses' idea of Heaven.

The Aboriginal does not share the general admiration, and sometimes ours, for Mr. Moses as a man who gets things done. "It is important *what* gets



"So much for Cape Canaveral."

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done," he said, "and maybe who gets done."

Tiffany's Problem

WE ran into Mr. William T. Lusk, the president of Tiffany's, at a men's dinner the other night and found him in a rather grumbly mood. "During the past few weeks, people from all over the country have been sending us rocks for identification and evaluation. Absolutely valueless rocks!" he said. "Our expert in semiprecious stones, Mr. William D. Schnorr, has been spending a great deal of his time inspecting them and sending them back. Some weigh two or three pounds. Practically no one encloses return postage. We couldn't understand this avalanche until we learned that the March issue of *True* had an article called 'Mine Your Back Yard for Riches,' which stated that the United States is a vast storehouse of gem stones, and that in 1894 four gold prospectors in Montana had spotted some bluish pebbles in their sluice boxes and sent them to Tiffany's, which identified them as sapphires and bought them for eighteen hundred dollars. Well, that is true enough, but the article was illustrated with three colored pages of samples—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, garnets, opals, tourmalines, turquoises, and so forth—none of which were ever found in a back yard."

We paid a sympathetic call on Tiffany's the following morning and were taken by Mr. Lusk to Mr. Schnorr's counter, on the main floor. Mr. S. pulled out a drawer full of opened packages and handed us a cigar box containing some green stones from a man in Escondido, California. "I am interested in knowing just what this rock consists of, especially if any indications of emerald, as it closely resembles emerald stone," a covering letter ran. "Not emerald," Mr. Schnorr said. "Lapis lazuli and malachite. Here's a variety of quartz, not fine enough to be cut, and here's some obsidian. Fifty or sixty packages since the *True* article, and they're still coming in! Nothing of any commercial value. Some semiprecious stones, but too opaque to be worth cutting. I started sending them back, but the postage on some of them was nearly two dollars, so I've taken to writing letters to the senders explaining that the stuff is worthless and asking if they want to pay for its return. None of them do, but I'm keeping everything, as a precaution. You never can tell about lawsuits. Relatives of deceased rock contributors might make a fuss. Oh, my gracious!"

"We did get a valuable domestic diamond in the mail once," Mr. Lusk said. "In May, 1946, a Mrs. Pellie Howell, in Searcy, Arkansas, sent us a large pebble that she had found some twenty years before, as a child of ten, while picking cotton with her father. It turned out to be a perfectly crystallized diamond—27.21 carats—and the third-largest diamond ever found in this country. We paid her several thousand dollars for it. Diamonds have been found in a number of other states, among them Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, Idaho, and California, but for the most part they are small and don't compare with the African ones. Fine sapphire crystals have been found in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Montana; turquoise abounds in New Mexico and Nevada; Paris, Maine, is famous for its tourmalines; and New York, including Manhattan, is great for garnets. Some fine garnets were found by engineers drilling for the Hudson Tubes."

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: A terrace restaurant near Elsinore Castle, in Denmark, is identified by a neon sign that reads, "Hamlet Grill."

Johnsonian

LET us pause, in this day of science resurgent, to note that the humanities are still with us, and that the greatest Samuel Johnson collection in the world is right in the heart of the New Jersey beagling-and-foxhunting country, at the Somerville dairy farm of Donald F. and Mary Hyde. Mr. Hyde is a forty-eight-year-old downtown corporation-and-estate lawyer, but he sometimes gets uptown in the late afternoon for a cocktail, and it was on one of these occasions, in a midtown taproom, that we detained him long enough for a cultural conversation. "I was born in Chillicothe, the first capital of Ohio," he said. "My father and two of my uncles were lawyers. My older brother is vice-president and general counsel of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company in Akron. My brother-in-law is a lawyer in Cleveland. I went to Ohio State University, where my interest in Johnson got started; I took a law degree at Harvard and began to practice in Detroit." In 1939, he married an incipient bibliophile, the daughter of a Detroit railroad-and-cement magnate and granddaughter of a New Bedford lawyer and congressman, and the two started to collect books and manuscripts as a team. "We moved to New York in 1940," Mr. Hyde said, "and on the day we arrived met Gabriel Wells and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the dealers, and Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., the great collector of Keats. The following year, at the A. Edward Newton sale, we bought a number of Johnson items, among them Johnson's teapot, in honor of which we gave a party at which our servants, after some persuasion, wore eighteenth-century costumes. The late Ralph Isham became a friend, and a law client, of mine and through him we obtained such important manuscripts as Boswell's 1785 'Letter to the People of Scotland' and Johnson's 1765-84 Diary, not to mention a hundred and nineteen Johnson letters. I handled the sale of Isham's Boswell Papers to Yale. He was a fascinating man."

After the Second World War, during which Mr. Hyde served as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, he and his wife, who had bought a good many Elizabethan treasures, decided to concentrate on Johnson. In 1948, outbidding Yale, they acquired the R. B. Adam collection, the country's greatest assemblage of Johnsoniana, and with this their Johnsonian supremacy was established. Out of some thirteen hundred Johnson letters that are known to exist, they now have some five hundred and forty-seven, including the only known one that Johnson wrote to his wife, the original drafts of many of his poems and diaries, the only known manuscript page of his Dictionary, and his last signature, which he affixed to a pension warrant on the day of his death. "We've built a special fireproof room for the collection," Mr. Hyde said. "Everything is available to scholars. Volume I of Yale's fourteen-volume 'The Works of Dr. Samuel Johnson,' which will come out this spring, has drawn on our collection for many unpublished diaries and journals. The friendships and pleasures I owe to collecting! The people you get to know! Book collectors are nocturnal people; they love to sit up and talk, and they're always good fun."

Mr. Hyde, who, with his wife, is on the editorial board of Yale's Johnson project, often visits England, where he sits up and talks with the members of the Johnson Society, of which he is an honorary vice-president and Mrs. Hyde president, at its annual Guild Hall dinners in Lichfield, and with members of London's Johnson House, of which he is a governor. Here in town, he generally attends a yearly dinner that American Johnsonians hold at the Grolier Club, of which he is vice-president. "A few years ago, on Johnson's birthday, Mary and I had sixty Johnsonians and Boswellians to dinner at the farm," he said. "Though there has been a distinct cleavage between these two groups—Boswell's star began ascending with Isham's discovery of the Boswell Papers, and Johnson was pushed out of the picture, but the thing is getting back into focus now—they do get along, of course, and I think the evening was a success. Johnson really had the more interesting mind. Philosophically, the eighteenth century was the last century that believed in the whole man. Today, the specialized man is the thing. I don't see why we all have to have a category."

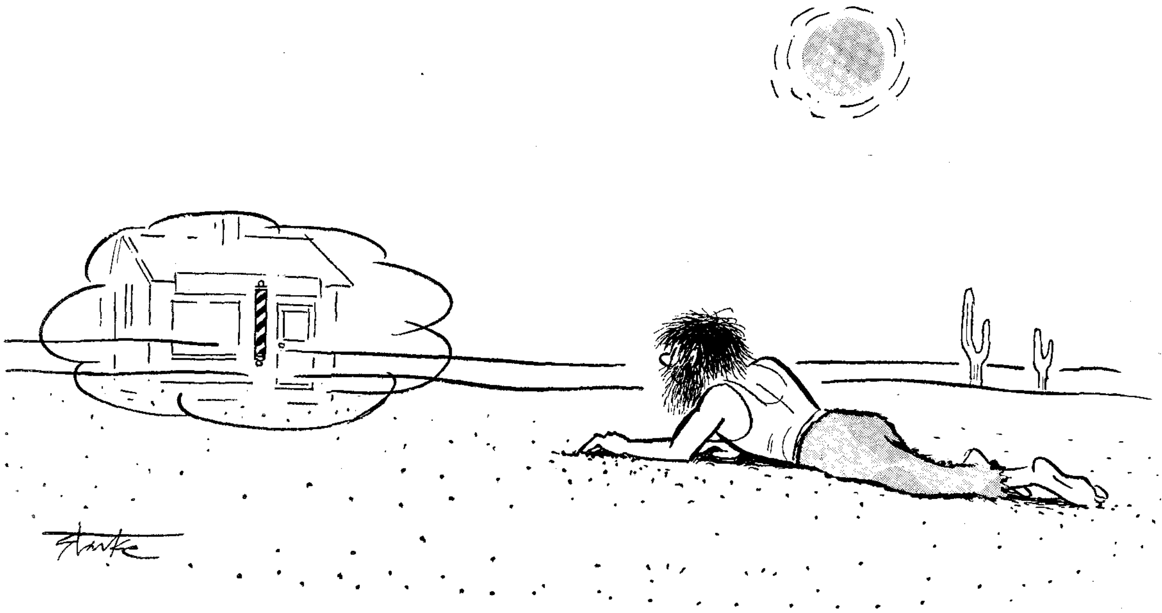
Mr. Hyde himself defies rigid classification. In addition to Johnsoniana, he collects relics of Napoleon and letters of Scott, Wilde, and Trollope, and he is on the advisory committee for the Yale editions of the Boswell Papers and on two Harvard visiting committees. He is chairman of the Fellows of the Morgan Library, he is on the Council of the Friends of the Princeton Library, and he is a director of the Shakespeare Association of America (Who's president? Mrs. Hyde!), and secretary and a director of the Keats-Shelley Association of America. "We maintain Keats' house and grave in Rome, and publish an annual journal of Keats and Shelley material," he said. He and his wife, who are childless, have twenty-one godchildren between them, and they have set up a foundation that is putting four or five youngsters through college. Category, indeed! Mr. Hyde belongs to the Essex Fox Hounds and the Knickerbocker Club, and he is a trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. "No Scandinavian blood, no Scandinavian manuscripts," he said. "It's just that Norway is a favorite country of mine."

Neutral

As part of the itinerary of a group of foreign visitors here to attend meetings of the Economic Development Institute, which is a division of the International Bank, a trip to Gettysburg was scheduled one day last week. The information sheet dealing with Gettysburg was headed, "Visit to the Gettysburg Battlefield, scene of the most decisive battle of the American Civil War." To this was appended a footnote: "This opinion is not to be published nor may it be quoted as representing the Bank's views."

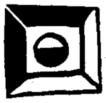
Flowers

We ran across spring in an odd place last week; namely, a conference room in the Department of Commerce and Public Events, at 625 Madison Avenue. The Department has got up a Salute to Seasons, during which, with the exception of the barren winter months, flowers bloom in flower beds around town and turn New York, in the Department's glowing phrase, into "The World Capital of Flowers." We were privileged to attend a meeting of the Taxi Drivers' Committee for



the Salute to Spring—the Department's spring being scheduled to burgeon on April 17th, with tulips and daffodils on Park Avenue from Forty-ninth to Seventy-second Streets; on the Grand Army Plaza, at Fifty-ninth Street; in Bryant Park; in front of the Public Library; and in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The taxi-drivers got into the act when one of their number, Mr. Nathan Spindel, who owns his own cab, wrote Mrs. Mary Lasker, who owns her own daffodils and tulips, and who was the prime mover in getting flowers planted last spring, telling her how grateful he was for the beauty that she had brought to the city. His letter deeply touched Mrs. Lasker. She not only wrote Mr. Spindel a letter of acknowledgment but also advised the Department to keep an eye on Spindel; he was a cabdriver and citizen worth watching, she said. The Department, in turn, asked Mr. Spindel if he would head a committee of cabdrivers to keep the cab-riding public informed of the seasonal salutes, and invited him over to give them any ideas he might have cooked up.

Mr. Spindel arrived at the Department the other afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Herman Kurland, a taxi-driver who does not own his own cab, and Mr. Al Zeff, who is associate editor of *Taxi Weekly*, a trade publication. On hand, too, was the third deputy commissioner of the Department, Emma Alden Rothblatt, who is a decisive and friendly public official.



"We have asked you over, Mr. Spindel," said Commissioner Rothblatt, "because of your splendid public interest in passing along information to your passengers, and to obtain suggestions as to how we can put this lovely project across."

Mr. Spindel, a red-cheeked, middle-aged man, beamed. "I am honored," he said.

"I am honored, too," said Mr. Kurland.

"May I speak?" asked Mr. Spindel.

"Please do," said Commissioner Rothblatt.

"To begin with," said Mr. Spindel, "last spring I was moved by the beauty of the flower beds along Park Avenue. Many of my passengers made insistent inquiries about them. I didn't know what to say. I admired the flowers—they were so beautiful in this city of steel and concrete—but I didn't know their names, and I didn't know what they were doing on Park Avenue. 'This situation must be remedied,' I told myself. Similarly, this fall, at just about the time of the visit of the good Queen of England, more flowers turned up around the city, in big flower beds, with colored banners flapping in the autumnal breeze. They were chrysanthemums, but I didn't know they were chrysanthemums. I always thought chrysanthemums were *enormous*. They are not enormous. Now here we face another spring and more beautiful flowers than ever. What to tell the public? My, how I would like to meet Mrs. Lasker!"

"May I interject a thought or two?" asked Mr. Kurland.

"In a moment," said Mr. Spindel. "There are thirty thousand cabdrivers in the City of New York, and they convey three-quarters of a million passengers a day."

"Many of these passengers are in a fog," said Mr. Kurland.

"Many of them are not," said Mr. Spindel. "They make insistent inquiries into the points of interest they are passing—the buildings, the parks, the museums. They keep looking at the meter, and they inquire about traffic tieups. Their ignorance is enormous, enormous. I would suggest, for education, either a sticker, to be placed on the small rear window on the right side, or bumper strips, to be attached to the rear bumpers."

"P.A.L. will have stickers throughout most of the month of May," said Mr. Zeff, "and we must not forget the stickers for cerebral palsy and the Red Cross."

"Some people never turn around to see the stickers," said Mr. Spindel. "Bumper strips would be seen by all—passengers looking ahead at other cabs, and pedestrians on the street."

"Maybe one could stencil something about the salutes on the bumpers," said Mr. Kurland.

"The cab-owners will not risk wrecking their shiny chromium bumpers—that I can tell you," said Mr. Zeff. "It might be nice if all cabdrivers wore flowers in their buttonholes during the seasons."

"How about a small glass vase in each cab, with flowers?" asked Mr. Kurland.

Commissioner Rothblatt interrupted gently. "Difficult problem," she said. "The vases might disappear, and, moreover, the water might spill on the passengers."

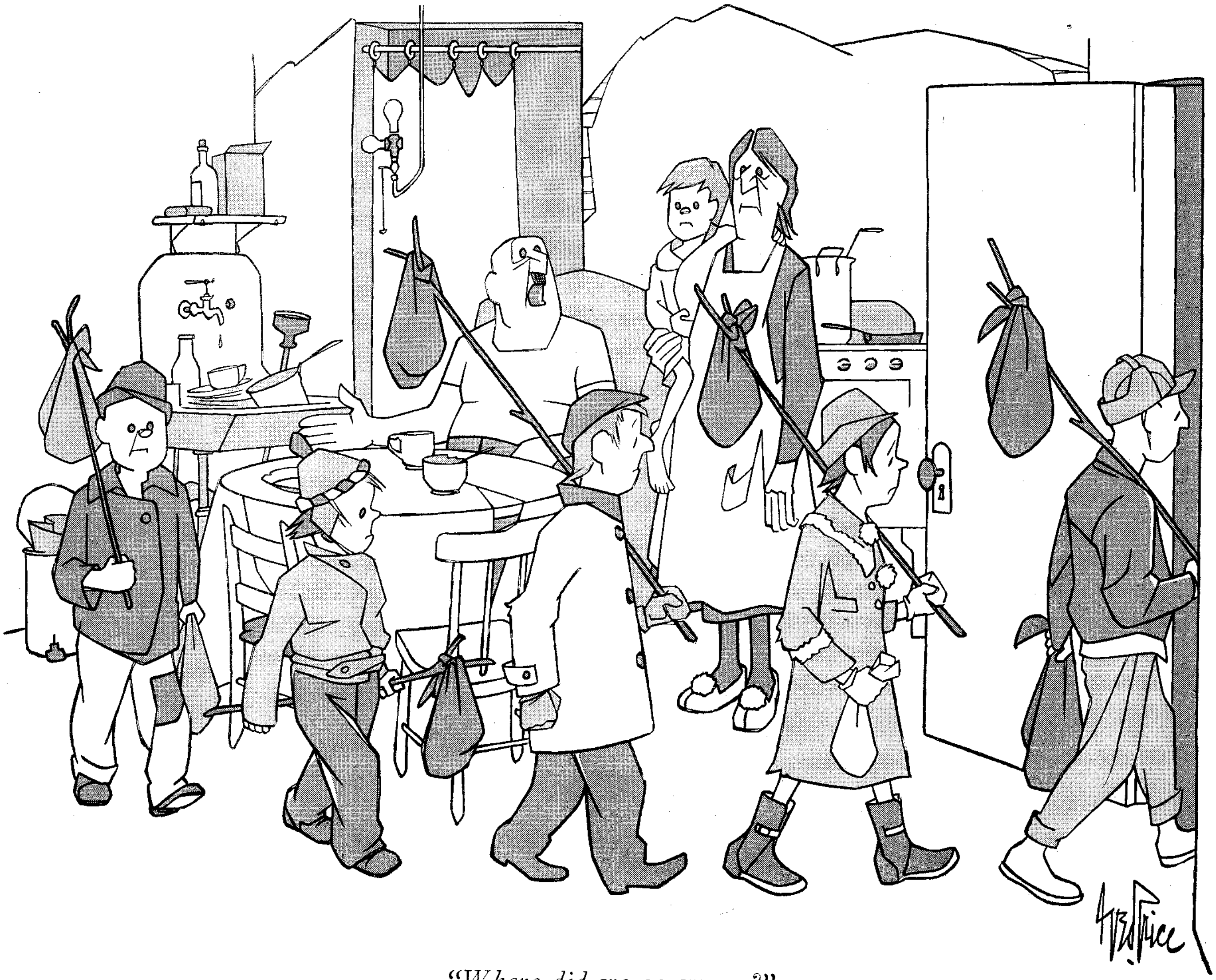
Further discussion was put off until another meeting. The Messrs. Spindel, Zeff, and Kurland agreed to ponder the matter in the meantime, and to get other drivers and cab people to join them. The meeting was adjourned.

"I must rush downstairs before I get a ticket," said Mr. Spindel. "I am parked outside."

We rode down in the elevator with him. "I live out on Ocean Avenue, in the Sheepshead Bay area of Brooklyn," he told us. "I work from eight in the morning until six at night. I love my work. Coming here today is no sacrifice, merely a public service. Do you know, Mrs. Spindel has a green thumb. My, she grows little grapefruits right in the living room, and we have an avocado tree at least three feet tall."

We bade Mr. Spindel farewell, and headed, irresistibly, for the International Flower Show, straight across town at the Coliseum.

THERE was spring at the Coliseum, all right, with trickling waterfalls, rustic cabins, woodland walks, and flowers, flowers, flowers, but we went directly to the third floor and the exhibit of the Rooftop Gardeners. Something about Mrs. Spindel's grapefruits and avocado tree had turned our thoughts to city gardeners. We had come to the right place—a neat replica of a rooftop garden, with sod, tile walks, borders of waterproof plywood boxes containing actinophylla and underplantings of ivy and pansies, and accents of oleander, Schefflera, and Podocarpus, as well as assorted plantings of caladiums, amaryllis, and orchids. Scattered about were wicker lounge chairs, and in one corner of the garden we spotted a sulphur-crested white cockatoo, in a cage, and a garden hose. We felt sorry that we hadn't brought Mr. Spindel (and Mrs. Spindel) with us; he could have parked his car in the Coliseum garage. We were taken in hand by Mrs. Edmund P. Lord, the Rooftoppers' secretary, who proved to be an amiable and enthusiastic city gardener. "I live on Riverside Drive," she said. "Sixteen stories up. I get a better tan than most people who live in the country. We grow crocuses and daffodils in April, irises in May, climbing roses in June, blue flowering shrubs in July, carnations, chrysanthemums, marigolds—there's no end. Winters, we Rooftoppers move some of our bulbs inside. The hazards are tremendous, and that's one reason we have the Rooftoppers—an informal group of perhaps thirty people who meet about once a month when the urge comes over them, visit one another's gardens, and exchange valuable information. Carbon-monoxide fumes are a menace. They come right up sixteen stories from the buses and cars. They kill mountain laurel, coned evergreens, lilacs. And as for pests! The bagworms are real



"*Where did we go wrong?*"

• •

sneaky; they attack my honey locust. They attach themselves to the branches of the tree, they hang upside down, and they look like bags of gray chiffon. I tear them off and burn them. I also grow cocktail tomatoes, ordinary tomatoes, and Puerto Rican yams. Yummy! The sootfall is wicked. I often just keep going around and around with a feather duster, brushing the poor flowers off. There's the problem of getting several tons of topsoil at a time up in the back elevator. One needs a *sympathetic* superintendent. I get my topsoil from a man out in Brooklyn. Southwest winds in the summer bring mosquitoes from Jersey. That Jersey! During the hot summer months, the hose is in almost constant use. Most roofs, of course, are not level, and the water drains into the pipes. I'm not for windbreaks; they obscure the view, and the sunset across the Hudson. I want you to meet Mr. Hal Lee, our president." Mrs. Lord thereupon introduced us to a tall, bespectacled gentleman.

"We formed the group in 1953," Mr. Lee said, "after a group of us had attended a series of lectures on terrace gardening at the Horticultural Society, delivered by Mrs. Oakley Sheldon. This is our first exhibit at the International Flower Show. We have no dues. Once, we collected ten dollars from every member, but there wasn't anything to do with the money, so we gave it back. Our meetings are informal and fun. Talk, and a few drinks, and garden advice. We may go over to Mrs. Harry Schwartz's place, on Fifth Avenue, and admire her English country garden and her tall, lovely honey locust. It resisted the hurricane a few years back. She has a Russian olive tree that grows a little berry, which makes jam. I make crab-apple jelly from my garden, at Lexington and Ninetieth Street, and I have quince, pear, peach, and cherry trees, and grow okra and corn and strawberries. At Lexington and Ninetieth! I also have a fig tree, the dream of many, many people. I have many, many other things in my garden. A willow of mine was cropped by the hurricane, but it has spread *out*, and is gorgeous. One should always get one's wife to break up the peat moss. For drainage, use coal clinkers. Place the entrails of flounder beneath them; any fishman will oblige. On top, I suggest one-third peat moss, to hold the water; one-third sand, for drainage; and one-third topsoil."

"Another hazard," said Mrs. Lord, "is the number of people in a building who feel that your garden is their garden, and a fine place for sunning. And there are always people who come around to tinker with television antennas. But the sunsets, and the picnic suppers outdoors, and the beauty of the gardens!"

"Nothing like it," said Mr. Lee, beaming.

•

OVERHEARD on the Radcliffe campus, the week after winter vacation: "I was going to leave college and get married, but I decided that that was the easy way out, so I came back to face all my problems."

THE ALLIGATORS

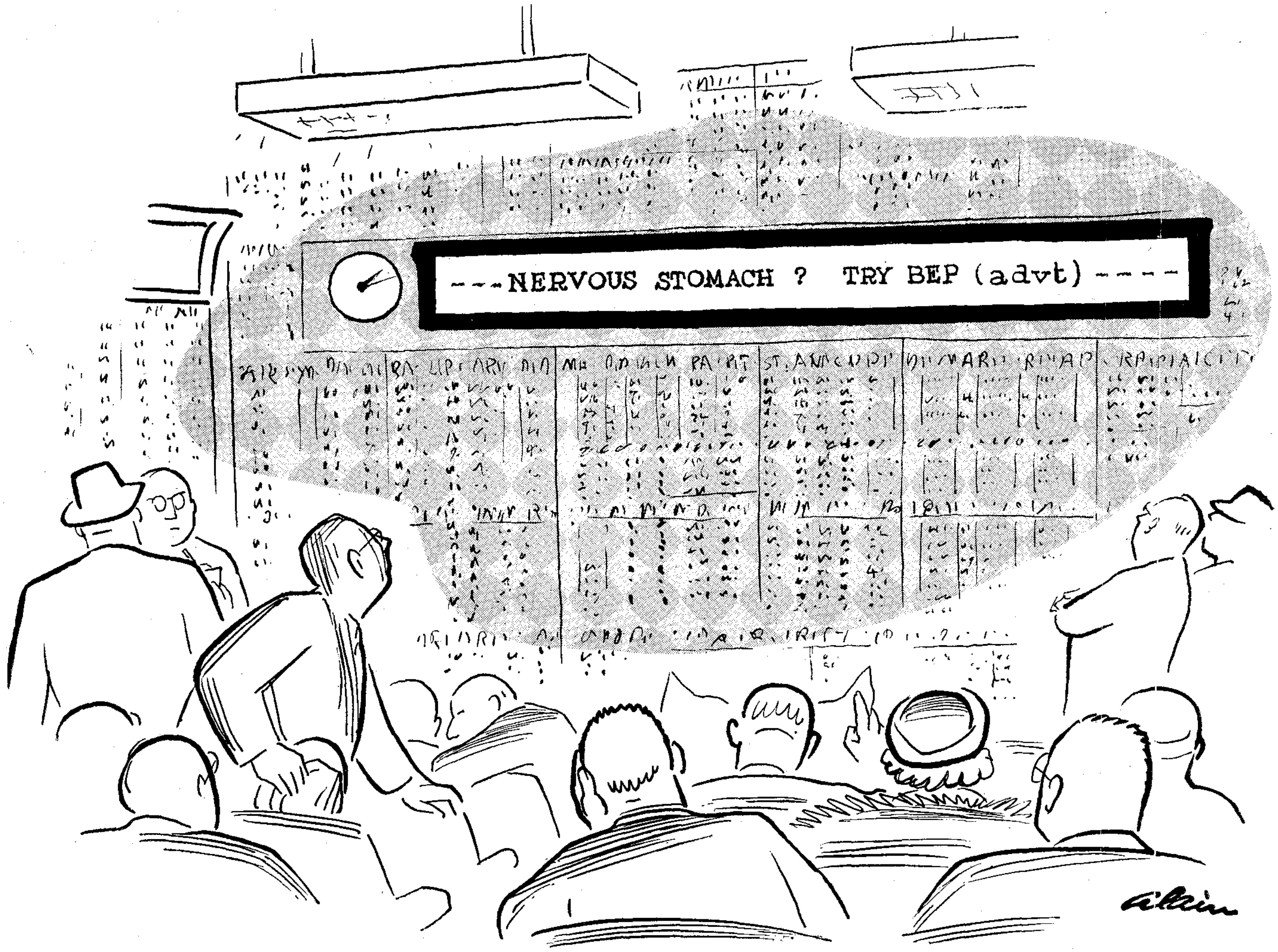
Joan Edison came to their half of the sixth grade from Maryland in March. She had a thin pretty face, with something of a grownup's tired expression and long black eyelashes like a doll's. Everybody hated her. That month, Miss Fritz was reading to them during homeroom about a girl, Emmy, who was badly spoiled and always telling her parents lies about her twin sister Annie. Nobody could believe—it was too amazing—how exactly when they were despising Emmy most, Joan should come into the school with her show-off clothes and her hair left hanging down the back of her fuzzy sweater instead of being cut or braided and her having the crust to actually argue with the teachers. "Well I'm sorry," she told Miss Fritz, not even rising from her seat, "but I *don't* see what the point is of homework. In Baltimore we never had any, and the *little* kids there knew what's in these books."

Charlie, who in a way enjoyed homework, was ready to join in the angry moan of the others. Little hurt lines had leaped up between Miss Fritz's eyebrows, and he felt sorry for her, remembering how she had hidden her face in her arms on the desk and cried when, in September, John Eberly had half on purpose spilled purple Sho-Card paint on the newly sandpapered floor. She was afraid of the school board. "You're not in Baltimore now, Joan," Miss Fritz said. "You are in Olinger, Pennsylvania."

The children, Charlie among them, laughed, and Joan, blushing a soft brown color and raising her voice excitedly against the current of hatred, got in deeper by trying to explain: "Like there, instead of just *reading* about plants in a book, we'd one day all bring in a flower we'd *picked* and cut it open and look at it in a *microscope*." Because of her saying this, shadows, of broad leaves and wild slashed flowers, darkened and complicated the idea they had of her.

Miss Fritz puckered her orange lips into fine wrinkles, then smiled. "In the upper levels you will be allowed to do that in this school. All things come in time, Joan, to patient little girls." When Joan started to argue *this*, Miss Fritz lifted one finger and said with the extra weight adults always had, held back in reserve, "No. No more, young lady, or you'll be in *real* trouble with me." It gave the class courage, to see that Miss Fritz didn't like her, either.

After that, Joan couldn't open her mouth in class without there being a great groan. Outdoors on the macadam playground, at recess or fire drill or waiting in the morning for the bell, hardly anybody talked to her except to say "Stuck-up" or "Emmy" or "Whore, whore, from Balti-more." Boys were always yanking open the bow at the back of her fancy dresses and flipping little spitballs into the curls of her hanging hair. Once, John Eberly even cut a section of her hair off with a yellow plastic scissors stolen from art class. This was the one time Charlie saw Joan actually cry tears. He was as bad as the others; worse, because what the others did because they felt like it he did out of a plan, to make himself more popular. In the first and second grade he had been liked pretty well, but somewhere since then he had been dropped. There was a gang, boys and girls both, that met Saturdays—you heard them talk about it on Mondays—in Stuart Morrison's garage, and took


---NERVOUS STOMACH ? TRY BEP (advt)----

hikes and played touch football together, and in winter sledded on Hill Street, and in spring bicycled all over Olinger, and did together what else he couldn't imagine. Charlie had known the chief members since before kindergarten. But after school there seemed nothing for him to do but go home promptly and do his homework and fiddle with his Central American stamps and go to horror movies alone, and on weekends nothing but monotonously beat at marbles or Monopoly or chess Darryl Jones or Marvin Auerbach, whom he wouldn't have bothered at all with if they hadn't lived right in the neighborhood, they being at least a year younger and not bright for their age, either. Charlie thought the gang might notice him and take him in if he backed up their policies without being asked.

In science, in Miss Brobst's room, he sat one seat ahead of Joan and annoyed her all he could, in spite of a feeling that, both being disliked, they had something to share. One fact he discovered was, she wasn't that bright. Her marks on quizzes were always lower than his. He told her, "Cutting up all those flowers didn't do you much good. Or maybe in Baltimore they taught you everything so long ago you've forgotten it in your old age."

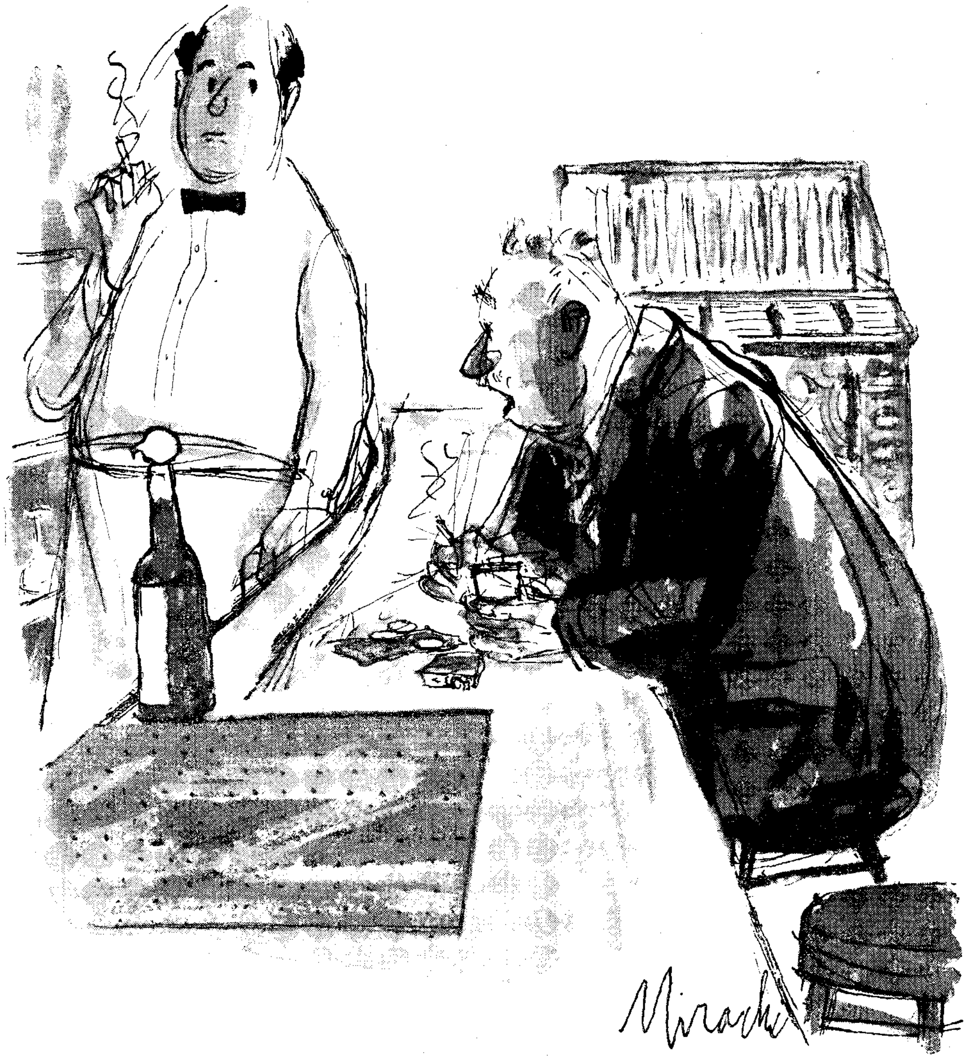
Charlie drew; on his tablet where she could easily see over his shoulder he once in a while drew a picture titled "Joan the Dope": the profile of a girl with a lean nose and sad mince-mouth, the lashes of her lowered eyelid as black as the pencil could make them and the hair falling, in ridiculous hooks, row after row, down through the sea-blue cross-lines clear off the bottom edge of the tablet.

March turned into spring. One sign was Happy Lasker coming to the high-school grounds, before the cinder track was weeded and when the softball field was still four inches of mud, with the elaborate airplane model he had wasted the winter making. It had the American star on the wingtips and a pilot painted inside the cockpit and a miniature motor that burned real gas. The buzzing, off and on all Saturday morning, collected smaller kids from Second Street down to Lynoak. Then it was always the same: Happy shoved the plane into the air, where it climbed and made a razzing noise a minute, then nose-dived and crashed and usually burned in the grass or mud. Happy's father was rich.

In the weeks since she had come, Joan's clothes had slowly grown simpler, to go with the other girls', and one day she came to school with most of her hair cut off, and the rest brushed flat around her head and brought into a little duck tail behind. They laughed at her more than ever. "Ooh. Baldy-paldy!" some idiot girl had exclaimed when Joan came into the cloakroom, and the stupid words went sliding around the class all morning: "Baldy-paldy from Baltimore. Why is old Baldy-paldy red in the face?" John Eberly kept making the motion of a scissors with his fingers and its juicy ticking sound with his tongue. Miss Fritz rapped and rapped her knuckles on the window sill and finally sent two boys to Mr. Lengel's office, delighting Charlie even more than it did everybody else.

His own reaction to the haircut had been to want to draw her, changed. He had kept the other drawings, folded in his desk. One of his instincts was toward complete sets of things. Bat Man comics and A's on his report card and Costa Rican stamps. Halfway across the room from him, Joan held very still, afraid, it seemed, to move even a hand, her face a shamed pink. The haircut had brought out her forehead and exposed her neck and made her chin pointier and her eyes larger. Charlie felt thankful once again for having been born a boy, and having no sharp shocks, like losing your curls or starting to bleed, to make growing painful. His caricature of her was wonderful, the work of a genius. He showed it to Stuart Morrison behind him; it was too good for him to appreciate. His dull egg eyes just flickered over it. Charlie traced it onto another piece of tablet paper, making her head completely bald. This drawing Stuart grabbed, and it was passed clear around the room.

THAT night he had the dream. He must have dreamed it while lying there asleep in the morning light, for it



"I've always flattered myself I was a sort of philosopher. Now my wife says I'm nothing but a lazy bum. Don't you think maybe the truth lies somewhere in between?"

• •

was fresh in his head when he woke. They had been in a jungle. Joan, dressed in a torn sarong, had been swimming in a transparent river among alligators. Somehow, as if from a tree, he was looking down, and there was a calmness in the way the slim girl and the green alligators moved, in and out, perfectly visible under the window-skin of the water. Joan's face sometimes showed the horror she was undergoing and sometimes looked numb. Her hair trailed behind, and fanned when her face came toward the surface. He shouted silently with grief. Then he had rescued her; without a sense of having dipped his arms in water, he was carrying her in his two arms. He was in a bathing suit, and his feet were firmly fixed to the knobby back of an alligator that skimmed upstream, through the shadows of high trees and white flowers and hanging vines, like a surfboard in a movie short. They seemed to be heading toward a wooden bridge arching over the stream. He wondered how he would duck it, and the river and the jungle gave way to his bed and his room, but through the change, like a low note held on a piano, persisted the sweetness and pride he had felt in saving the girl.

He loved Joan Edison. The morning was rainy, and, under the umbrella his mother had him take, this new knowledge, repeated again and again to himself, gathered like a bell of smoke. Love had no taste but did wonders for the sense of smell, so that his oilcloth coat, his rubber boots, the red-tipped bushes drooping over the low walls all along Grand Street, even the dirt and moss in the cracks of the pavement gave off smells so clear he would have laughed, if a wooden weight had not been placed high in his chest, near where his throat joined. He could not imagine himself laughing soon. It seemed he had reached one of those situations his Sunday-school teacher, poor Mrs. West, with her porky lips and little mustache, had been trying to prepare him for. He prayed, *Give me Joan.* With the wet weather a solemn flatness had fallen over everything; an orange bus turning at the bend and four birds on a telephone wire seemed the same distance from him. Yet he felt firmer and lighter, and saw things as edges he must whip around and channels he must rush down. If he carried her off, did rescue her from the others' cruelty, he would have defied the gang and made a new one, his own. Just Joan and he at first, then others escaping from meanness and dumbness, until his gang was stronger and Stuart Morrison's garage was empty every Saturday. Charlie would be a king, with his own touch-football game. Everybody would come to him and plead for mercy.

POEM AT EQUINOX

Pale darts still quivering, crocuses
  pin the ground down,
but underneath them falls and rises,
  like breasts under a gown,
a breathing land, and through its dreams,
  below the grass,
phantoms of flowers and phantoms
  of fruit pass—

as if in sleep sighing, fretting,
  when the unsleeping
ghost in the brain shoots shadows, setting
  the limbs leaping,
or as a canvas, in a crass wind
  pegged down,
catches the gust regardless and
  bellies around.

Heavy façades and factories, will you
  be heavy enough?
Or will the push unseat you until you
  shudder in half?
For crescent and clock tower, already
  huddling aloof,
feel all the heady thrusting ready
  to raise the roof,

and bells in the stone spires, swinging
  forth back and forth,
sense in their black crypts wriggling,
  snuffling earth
hump like a bear to get up; douce graves
  clamp down their dead
stricter than ever—and, oh, how the lark raves
  wild in the head

of whoever walks the tenements seeing
  sewer and slum
toss on a sea of returning being
  and the spring come
and from under the cracked paving everywhere
  the tall sap shove
green bubbles bursting in the powdery air
  for love!

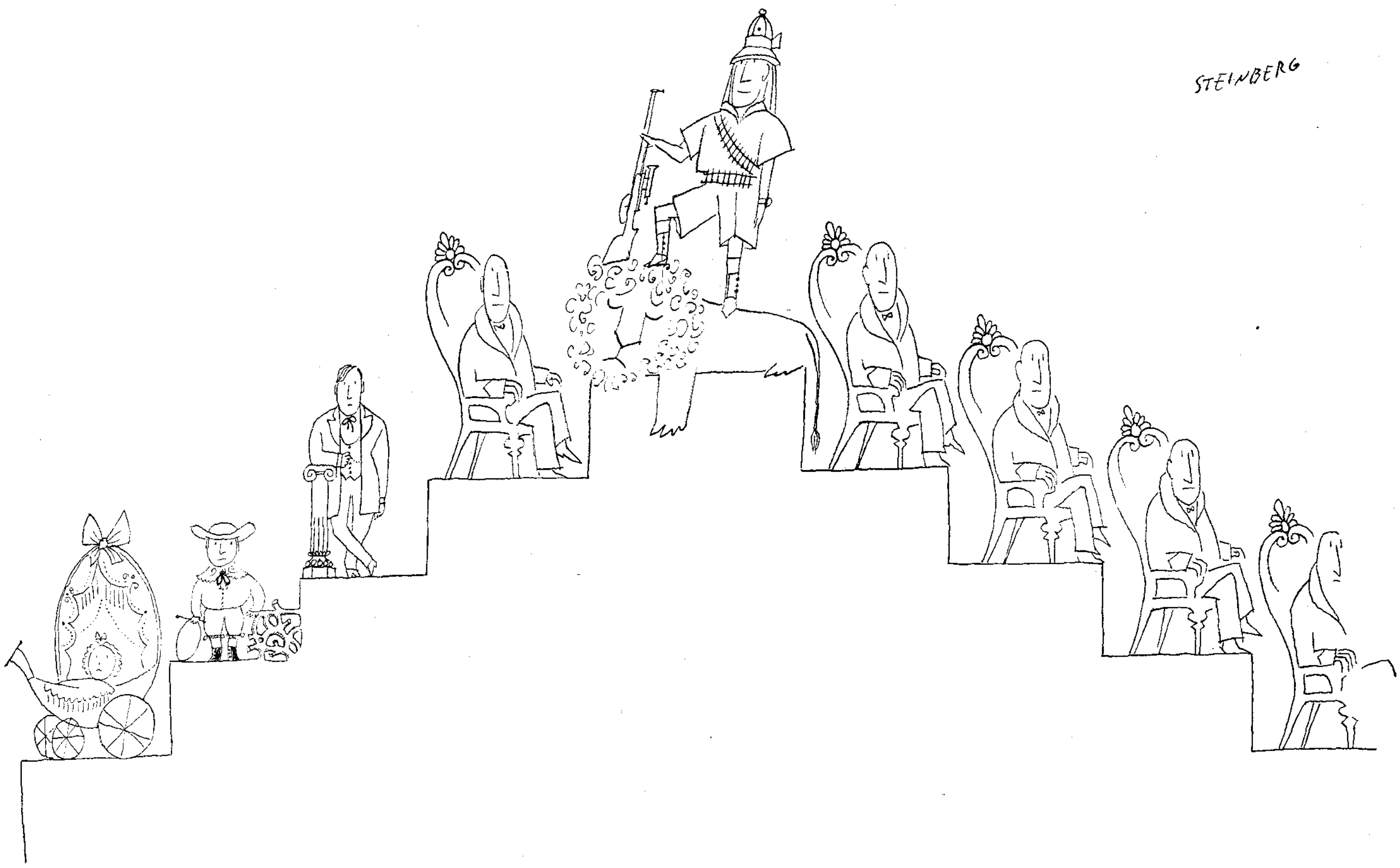
—Hilary Corke

• •

His first step was to tell everybody in the cloakroom he loved Joan Edison now. They cared less than he had expected, considering how she was hated. He had more or less expected to have to fight with his fists. Hardly anybody gathered to hear the dream, which he had pictured himself telling everybody. Anyhow, that morning it would go around the class that he said he loved her, and though this was what he wanted—to in a way open a space between him and Joan—it felt funny nevertheless, and he stuttered when Miss Fritz had him go to the blackboard and explain something.

NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP
STOP

At lunch, he deliberately hid in the variety store until he saw her walk by. The homely girl with her turned off, he knew, at the next street. He waited a minute and then came out and began running to overtake Joan in the block after this street. It had stopped raining,



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and his rolled-up umbrella felt like a commando's bayonet. Coming up behind her, he said, "Bang. Bang."

She turned, and under her gaze, knowing she knew he loved her, his face heated and he stared down. "Why, Charlie," her voice said with her Maryland slowness, "what are you doing on this side of the street?" Carl, the town cop, stood in front of the elementary school to get them on the side of Grand Street where they belonged. Now Charlie would have to cross the avenue again, by himself, at the dangerous five-spoked intersection.

"Nothing," he said, and used up the one sentence he had prepared ahead: "I like your hair the new way."

"Thank you," she said, and stopped. In Baltimore she must have had manners lessons. Her eyes looked at his, and his vision jumped back from the rims of her lower lids as if from a brink. Yet in the space she occupied there was a great fullness that lent him height, as if he were standing by a window giving on the first morning after a snow.

"But then I didn't mind it the old way, either."

"Yes?"

A peculiar reply. Another peculiar thing was the tan beneath her skin; he had noticed before, though not so closely, how when she colored it came up a lovely dull brown more than red. Also she wore something perfumed.

He asked, "How do you like Olinger?"

"Oh, I think it's nice."

"Nice? I guess. I guess maybe. Nice Olinger. I wouldn't know because I've never been anywhere else."

She took this, luckily, as a joke and laughed. Rather than risk saying something unfunny, he began to balance the umbrella by its point on one finger and, when this went well, walked backward, shifting the balanced umbrella, its hook black against the patchy blue sky, from one palm to the other, back and forth. At the corner where they parted, he got carried away and in imitating a suave gent leaning on a cane bent the umbrella hopelessly. Her amazement was worth twice the price of his mother's probable crossness. After school he planned to overtake her again.

In the afternoon, the momentum of the dream wore off somewhat. Now that he kept his eyes always on her, he noticed, with a qualm of his stomach, that in passing from Miss Brobst's to Miss Fritz's room Joan was not alone but chattered with others. In class, too, she whispered. So it was with more shame—such shame he didn't believe he could ever face even his parents again—than surprise that, from behind the dark pane of the variety store, he saw her walk by in the company of the gang, she and Stuart Morrison throwing back their teeth and screaming. He was imitating something and she was laughing and poor moronic John Eberly tagged behind like a thick tail. Charlie watched them walk out of sight behind a tall hedge. Relief was as yet a tiny fraction of his reversed world. It came to him that what he had taken for cruelty had been love, that far from hating her everybody had loved her from the beginning, and that even the stupidest knew it weeks before he did. That she was the queen of the class, and might as well not exist, for all the good he would get out of it.

—JOHN UPDIKE

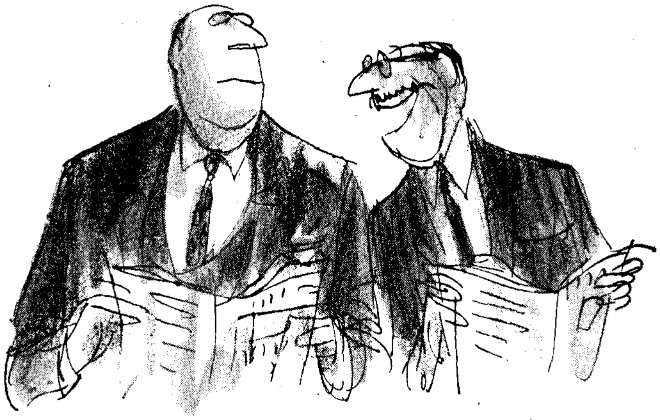
•

Case X—301: Dr. Thomas O. Burgess is a clinical psychologist and expert in hypontherapy. As head of the psychology department at Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota, he has used my textbook with over 1,000 of his students the past few years in his large classes in applied psychology.

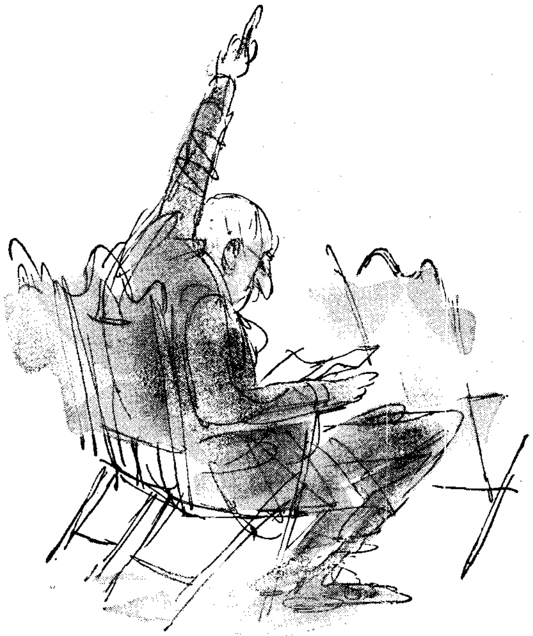
"Dr. Crane, my students like its practical nature," Dr. Burgess said. "Why don't you tell your readers some of the interesting evidence you cite in Chapter 18 to show that Christ was the World's Greatest Applied Psychologist?"

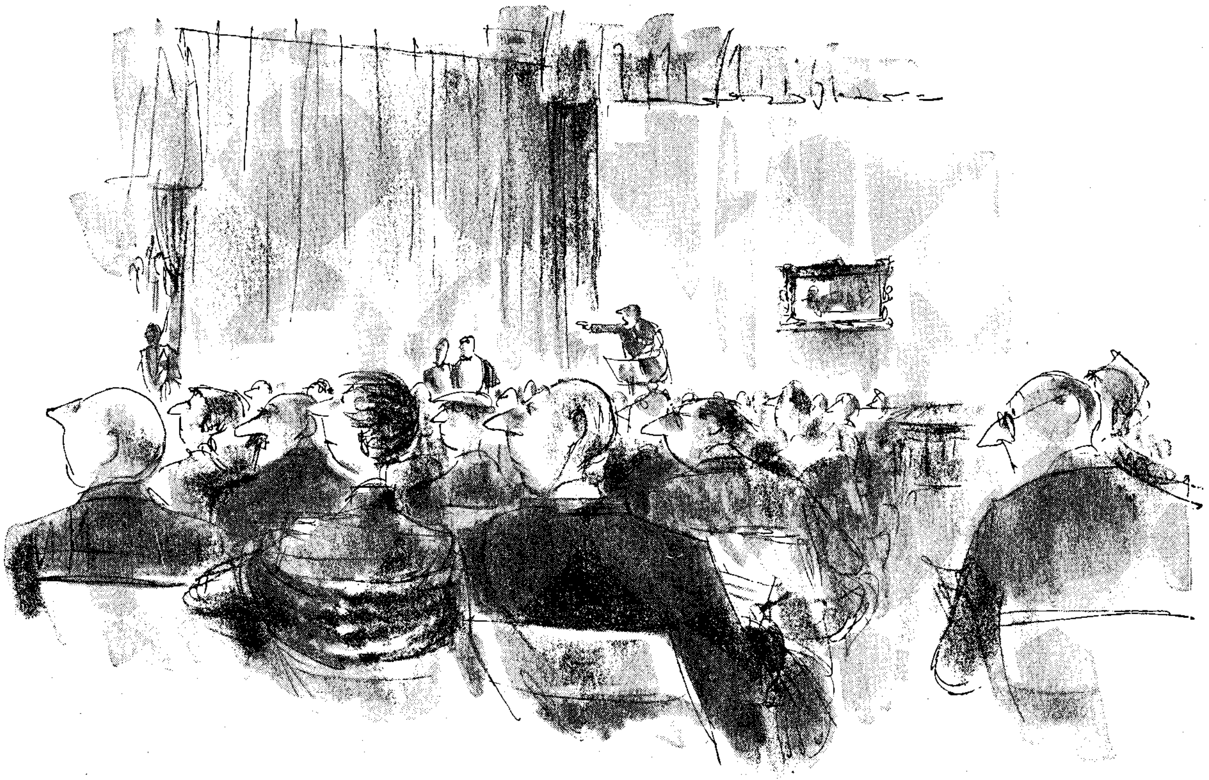
Apropos of this suggestion by Dr. Burgess, I might begin by saying that Jesus believed in advertising. For he sent his seventy disciples ahead of him, two by two, to recruit large audiences. They acted as public relations men.—*Dr. George W. Crane in the Herald Tribune.*

Yeah, but nothing like what we've got now.

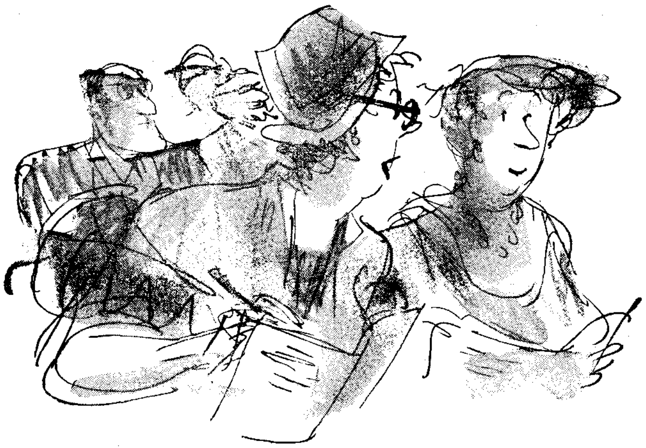


"Sure I'm a collector. You know the kind—one Picasso sketch and a two-by-four Rouault."

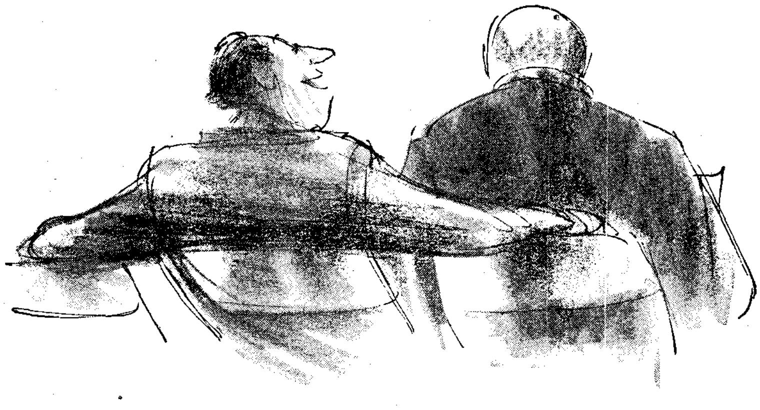




"Forty-five thousand bid in the rear!"

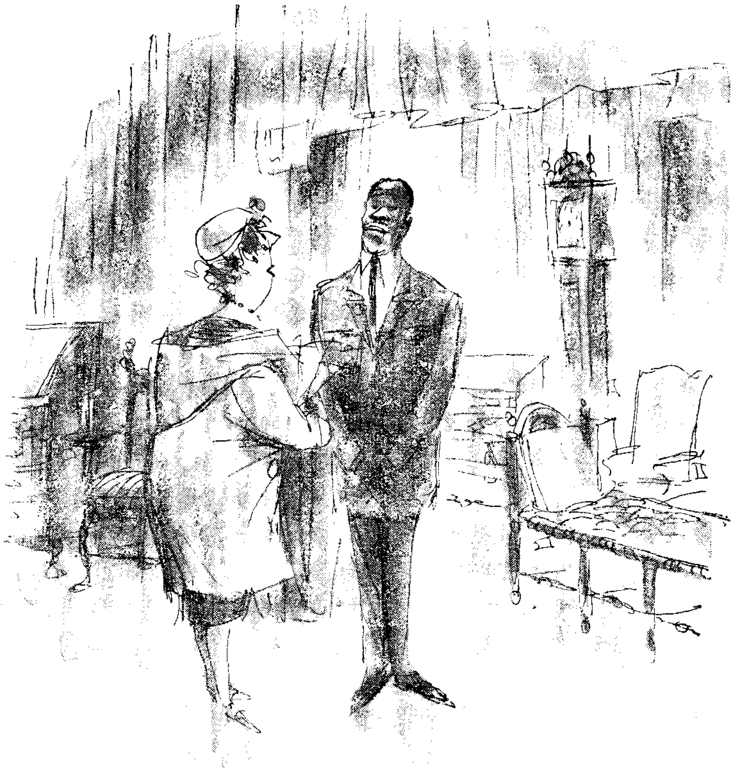


"Alice, promise you won't let me go one cent over eight thousand."

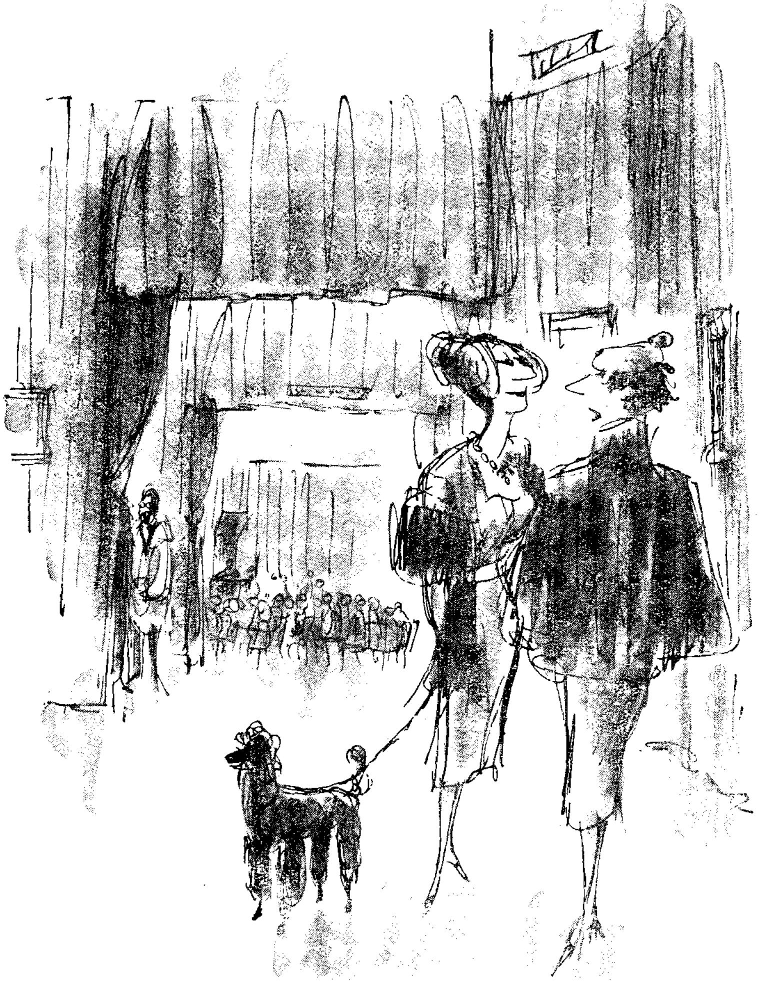


"Be a big shot. Up it five hundred."

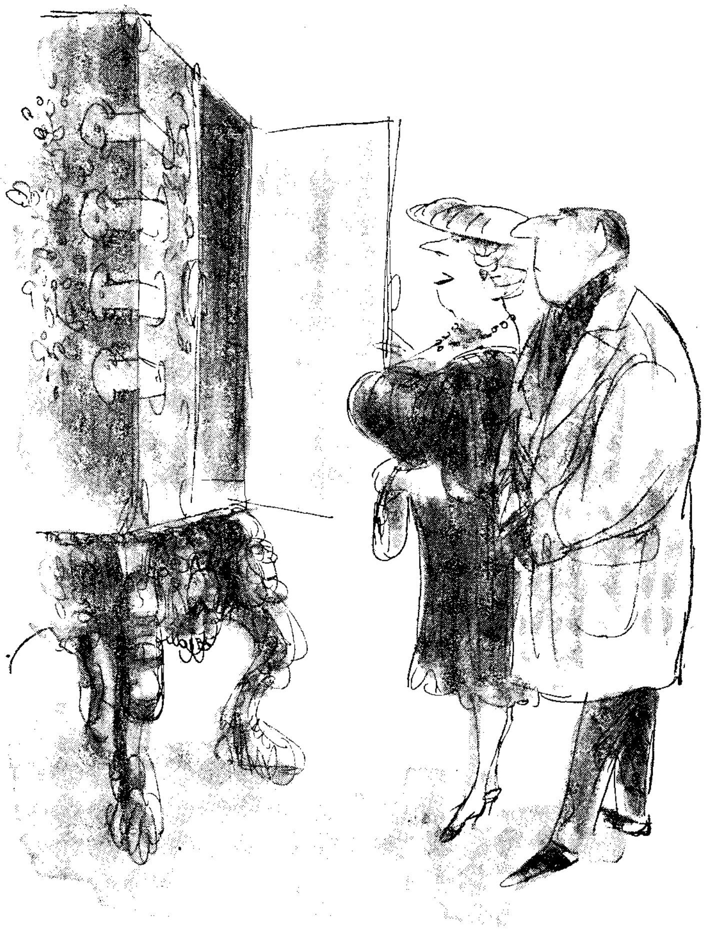
THE PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES



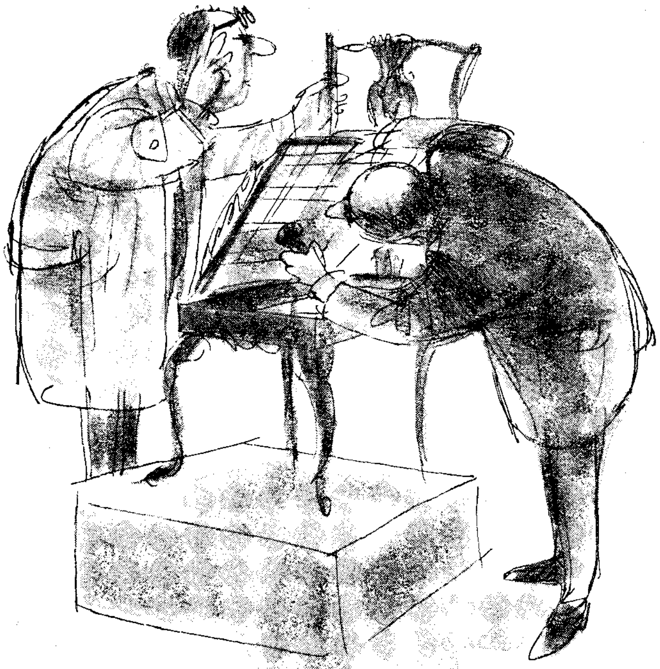
"Is there something I could sit on? I mean something that isn't an item?"

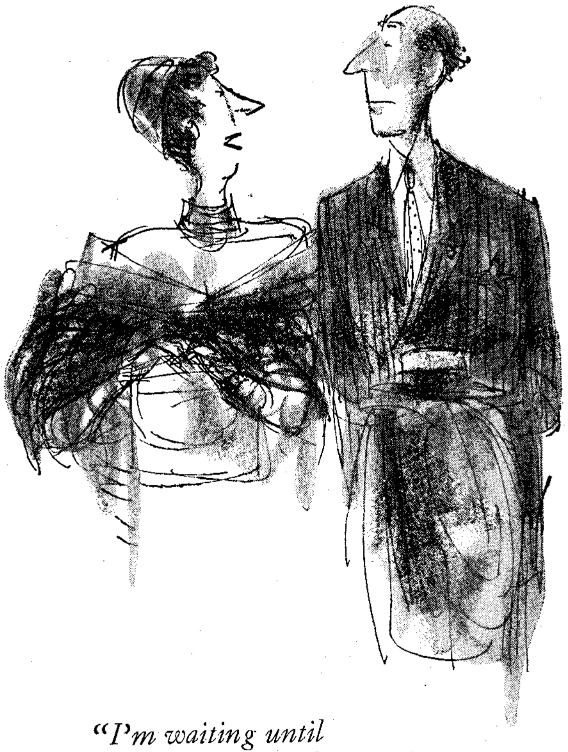


"My uncle has just put every cent he has in diamonds."

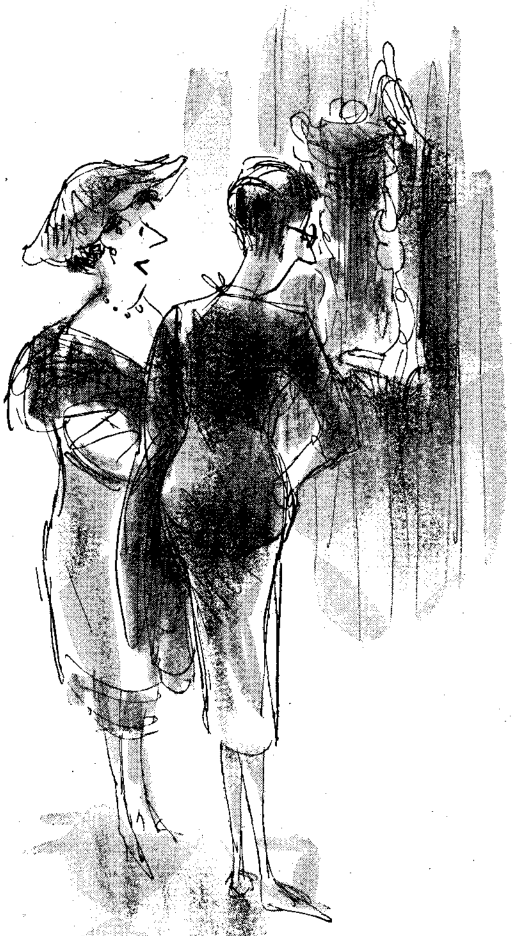


"Now, don't say no right off. Try visualizing it in the foyer."

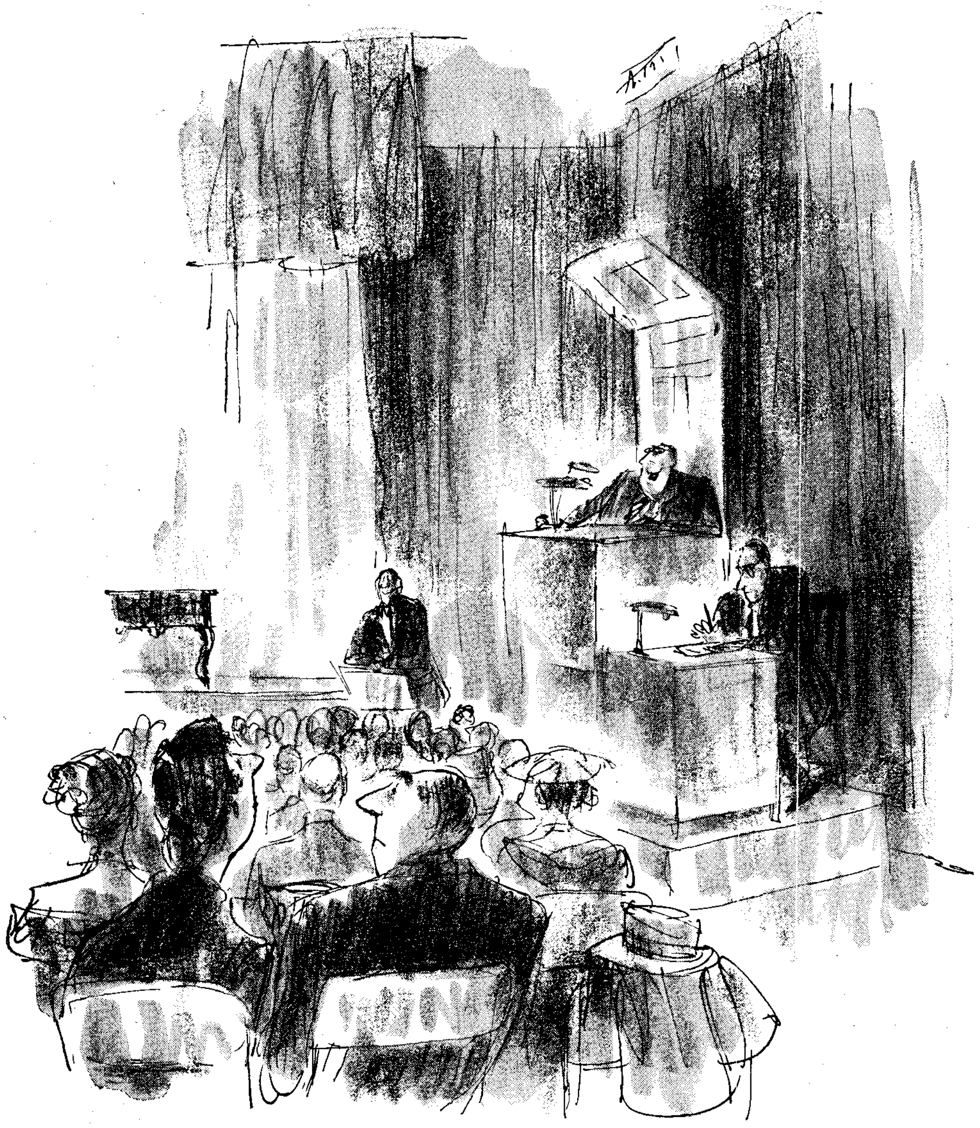




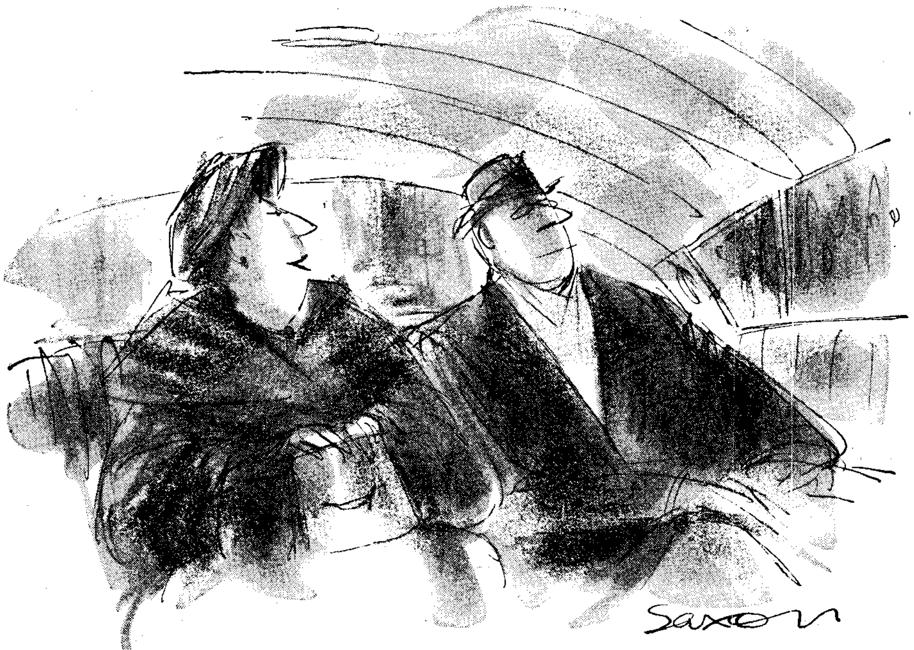
"I'm waiting until incunabula touch bottom."



"If you pay two thousand dollars for a painting, doesn't that make it worth two thousand dollars?"



"I have nine-fifty! I have nine-fifty! Won't one of you ladies make it an even thousand?"



"Well! I feel we really accomplished something tonight."

THE GENERAL'S WIFE

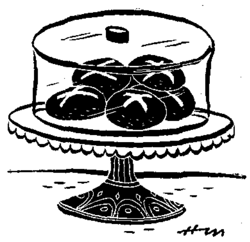
BECAUSE it took her such a long time to climb the hill leading from the colored people's cottages up to the house called Schoonzicht, where she worked every Friday and where her husband, Kobus, was the daily gardener, Rose always left their cottage well ahead of him. But he always overtook her, rarely bothering to greet her as he came along, with his important, small man's walk, his head seeming to bob higher and higher with every step he took. But sometimes, as he approached her, he would call out when he was only a few steps behind her, "Jirr, Rose! You are so fat all around a person doesn't know what is the front of you and what is the back of you." Sometimes he varied this: "You walk so slow a person can't judge if you are climbing up the hill or climbing down."

The house stood high on the hill. It was one of the older, more mature-looking homesteads in Cape Town, built in the Cape Dutch style, with warm, rough white walls, softly molded gables, and a wide, graciously colonnaded stoep trellised overhead by heavy vines. A long walk from the front stoep, over an immaculate lawn, led one to the edge of the garden, where a row of silver trees swayed, framing the famous view that had given the house its name. Kobus had been gardener here for the same twenty-five years that measured his married life to Rose, and he could not be imagined separately from this garden, which he himself had created. And somehow he seemed to be as much in command of the proud view of the Cape Peninsula as of the magnificent garden itself.

"Just stand with your back to Table Mountain," he would order any servant who happened to be nearby, as he waved aside the mountain, willing it to shrink momentarily from its monumental, primeval importance. (After all, it was always there in Cape Town, everywhere—in everyone's back yard, even visible from the servants' cottages down by the river—but from what other garden in the whole Peninsula would you get such a view as this?) "Just don't look at it. Now, you just look where I am pointing," he would say proudly, flinging out one hand. "Do you know what he is? He is the Indian Ocean." He would shift to the other side of a tall silver tree and stretch out the other hand. "See him. There he goes, all the way to Jurrop and America. He is the Atlantic, he is." He seemed to embrace them with his arms stretched out, as though the two distant oceans and the city between them, curled up under a blanket of soft haze, were his children.

Kobus never boasted about these views to his wife when she came up to Schoonzicht to polish the stoep floor. It always seemed to be Karima, the young Malay housemaid, who was at his side, stilling the bracelets on her arm, trying not to giggle, trying to hide her pretty white teeth under her short, downy upper lip as he talked and pointed. Whether she liked it or not, it seemed, she had to marvel at this little man, at his possessive air as he stood there, seeming to juggle with all the splendid dominions of creation—the sea in one hand, the land in the other, and above his head the golden sun.

One Friday morning, Rose realized that she had begun to hate her visits to Schoonzicht; she dreaded the way it loomed up before her at the top of the hill, and dreaded that some new evidence—obvious, of course, to everyone who worked there—might add certainty to the doubts that gnawed at her. Her heart that morning seemed to weigh as much as her body, which felt as if it were pressing down with each lumbering step she took, squashing her ankles out of shape. "Just look at you," Kobus had said to her that morning. "Just look at the size of you, Rose. One of your arms must weigh the same as my whole body." She paused as she climbed, breathing quickly, remembering the hurt his remarks always caused her. "Look at you," he had said. "A person can think you have given birth to fifteen children. Who can believe that a person your size has not given birth to even one child?" As she approached the house, even the thought of the cup of coffee, meant to warm her for her work, depressed her. Long ago, before Karima came to work at Schoonzicht, she used to enjoy the cook's bright gossip, basking in the warmth this woman managed to exude in the gleaming, sterilized atmosphere of the incongruously modern kitchen. But lately the cook had been concerned only with the possibility of Karima's being pregnant, and with the "Malay miracle" whereby the girl's sinful condition was going to be changed. Friday after Friday, she talked of nothing else. On and on she talked, and Rose would have to listen, feeling only a cold stab of pain in her heart.



This Friday was no exception. No sooner had Rose taken off her shoes and put them in a paper bag under the table, and hung up her coat on the hook behind the kitchen door, than the cook began. "Don't you see the way Karima has got when she is off duty and out of her apron—a scarf hanging, dropping from her belt all over her stomach?" she asked eagerly. "You really think it is for decoration? Well, I can tell you, Rose, that that girl has only got her sins to decorate. As you know, Rose, I am just like you—an ordinary colored woman, plain and simple. I don't mix with the Malays, but I know, all the same, enough about their Malay tricks." She tilted her head to one side in a clever fashion over her swaying body, folding her arms and looking greatly satisfied with her knowledge.

"I know enough about Malay tricks," she went on. "And you mark my words: That scarf is not going to hang there for long. The Malays are too clever. In a few weeks, that scarf will be gone. Don't ask me where." As she poured out two cups of coffee and passed the sugar on to Rose, her face looked pained, as though Rose had indeed asked where the scarf was going to go. "After all," she said, doubling her chin, "I can't know everything."

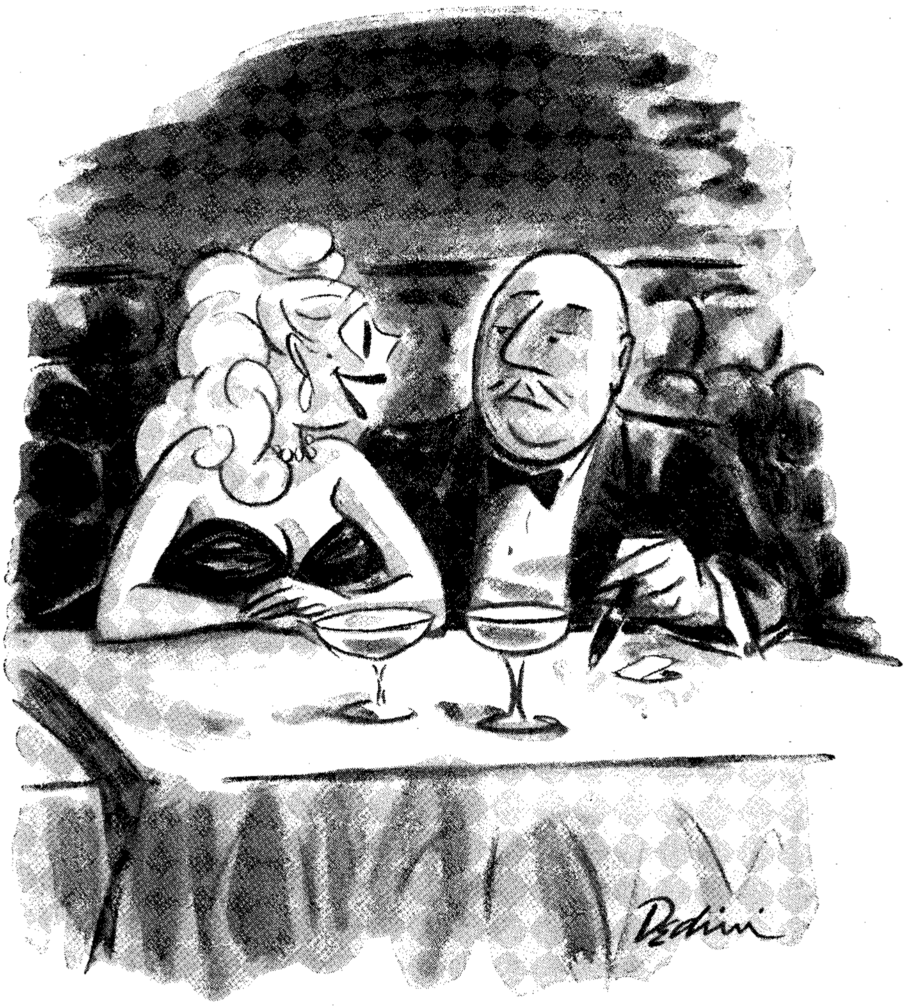
Rose looked sadly at the shining surface of the kitchen table. On it there wasn't even a single crack smiling for a crumb.

"Just wait and see," the cook went on. "Karima is going to be all right—laughing as though nothing has happened, dangling those bangles, rolling her eyes at all the men again. Of course, Rose, the trouble is if the man is a *married* man. That is the trouble."

Rose looked around unhappily at the cold, unsentimental kitchen, the hard steel sink, the silent, undripping taps, the shining canisters, the tiled walls. There didn't seem to be enough air in the place, although a cold draft was moving across her back. What a kitchen! There wasn't even a cat to lick itself clean and satisfied on a wobbly chair. Then, apropos of nothing, it seemed, she said, "My Kobus wouldn't do that." She stirred her coffee but didn't drink it.

"Well, so long as you are certain," challenged the cook.

"It is only Friday nights he goes off," Rose replied, "and then he does just the



"Now refresh my memory. Just who has the atom?"

same as all the men, and he doesn't get so dirty drunk like they do, and he always comes home—doesn't just drop drunk anywhere in the bushes. When my Kobus is drunk," she finished proudly, "he always comes straight to me."

Her pride, she felt, was justified. She broadened out in the chair. There had not been a Friday night of their lives in their one-room cottage that she had forgotten to pile up the furniture—the chair on the table, the box of clothes on the food cupboard. She always, always remembered to clear everything out of the way, so that when Kobus opened the door, swaying, he would be able to steer himself over the swell and sink of the floor, along the safe, straight course she had charted for him. And faithfully, drunken wreck though he was, he would roll, listing heavily but with obstinate purpose, to the harbor of the wide bed. Thinking about this, and thinking of the way she always soothed his wrinkled, drunken head, nestling it on her wide arm and comforting him with her words—"My Kobus. My poor little drunk Kobus"—she nodded comfortably and added, "My Kobus is not like some other men. He *never* beats me—doesn't matter how drunk he can get. 'My wife is my wife,' he always says." She looked at the cook, to see whether she was impressed by the respect Kobus had for her. " 'My wife is my wife,' " she repeated. Although it was true that Kobus had never beaten her, it was also true that he had never made such a statement.

Regarding her reflectively, the cook said, "I mean, Rose, I know he is a good man."

"A person can't say he has got no faults, exactly," Rose went on, now anxious not to create an entirely false impression of their domestic life. "He has got faults. But he knows he has got faults. And never mind—he knows I am a good wife to him. He is full of small things—nonsenses, you know. He likes to eat fancy food. It is no good for me just to give him sausage and half a loaf of bread. He must have a salad, if you please. And not just a tomato stuck, cut up like a flower, in the middle of the plate. 'It's the decorations that count,' he always complains. The onion decorations. Must be cut this way and that way, in slices so thin there is never a supper I am not crying through. I am the sort of person who must just look at an onion to start to cry. And you must just see how that man eats. And just look at him, how thin he is. Of course, I must say he complains that I am not thin."

Rose drank her cold coffee, withholding the grossness of her husband's complaints. "You are grown fatter than a mountain. Jirr! What a fat woman you are grown," he would say, uncaring, not realizing how much this joking hurt her. The Lord alone knew how she didn't want to be fat. Look how little she ate, even when she was so hungry all the time! She also wanted to look nice. Wasn't she exactly the same as any other woman? "Just look at you!" he would say. "I have never seen a woman grow to such a size before. I mean, never mind so much if you are a tall woman. But look at you! Look how short you are, all spreading this side of you and that side of you." What she simply couldn't stick any more was his carrying on like that the moment she got out of bed in the morning. She had become so sensitive at last to his remarks that she would rise at dawn, before he was awake, and go outside to the river, where, hidden by reeds and subjected to no one's amazement, she could wash and dress in peace. Even the fowls were still roosting then.

The thought of Karima fell like a shadow across the kitchen table. "I mean, I know I am not pretty like a young girl," Rose said. "But my Kobus has got too much respect for me. He wouldn't carry on with a girl, never mind *how* thin she is and with pretty clothes."

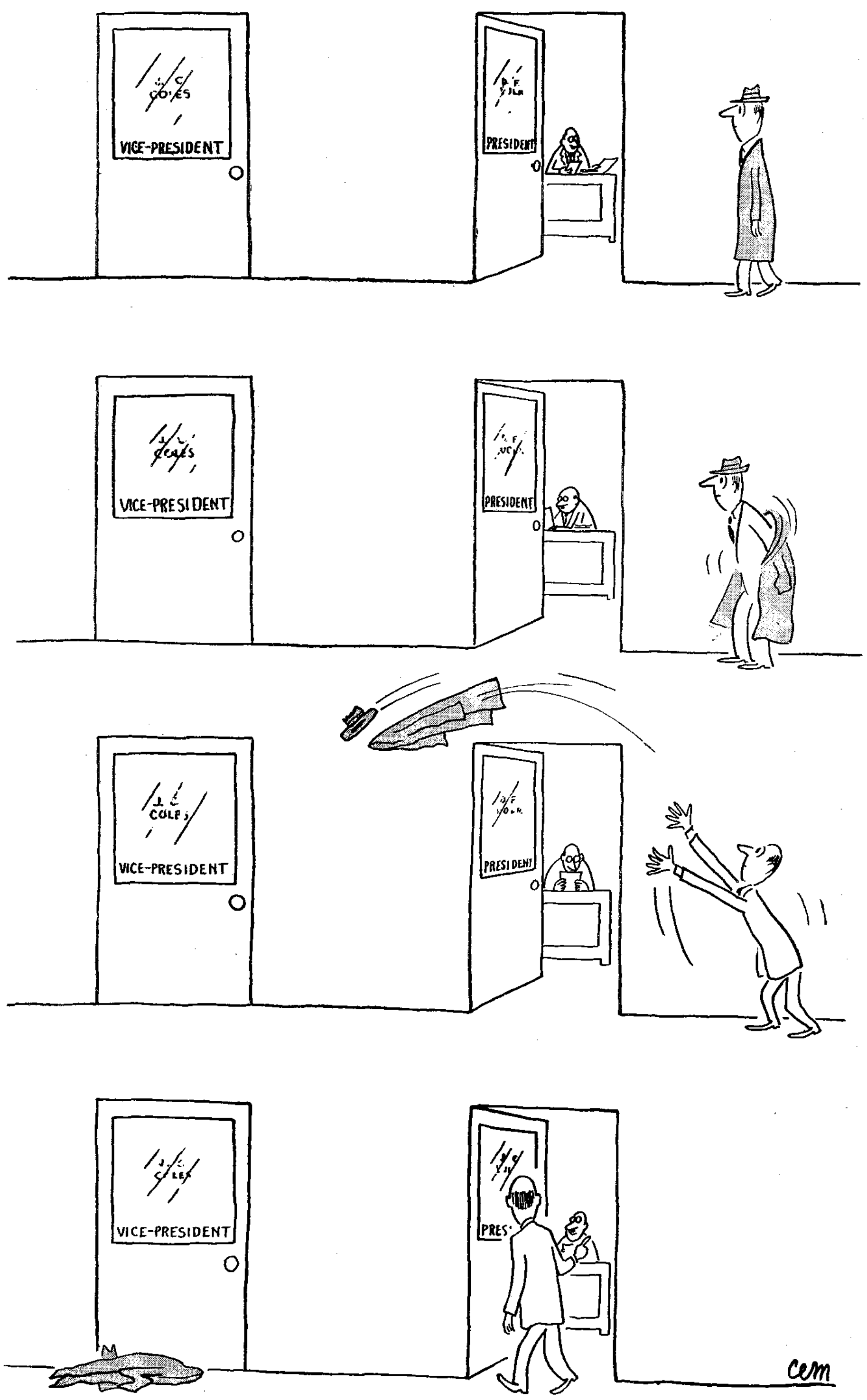
"Rose," said the cook in a pleased voice, for this was a return to her favorite subject, "as you know, I am not speaking of Kobus, exactly. And never mind Karima. But just look at any man in front of his wife when he starts to lose his teeth. Always he is telling her that there is inside him a pain burning like a ball of fire in the stomach, spreading, coming up, shooting across the chest all the way inside his arms, separating to each finger, stopping there, and then jumping. Jumping to his toes, coming up the legs, spreading round the back, and jumping back again into the big fire in the stomach. Yes. To the wife that is how he complains about every little ache and pain. But just let him close his door behind him and see passing a young girl, and he will become fresher, younger, and stronger than he was even when he was a young man. Then no woman is too young for him. I mean, a person can't just complain about Kobus. It's the same with all the men. It's the *nature*. So never mind how thin you try to make yourself, Rose, nature is nature, and a man gets tired married to a woman so long. He likes a change every now and then. Mind you, look how easy it is for Kobus with girls like Karima round and about. Of course," she concluded, with the devastating air of a woman who not only knows but observes all the small proprieties, "I am not the sort of person to meddle in another person's life."

IT was a great relief for Rose to get down to her work outside. The sun comforted her as she crawled over the cement floor of the stoep, pushing the cleaning rags and the tin of red polish ahead of her. Since it was the end of summer, the spaces between the vine leaves overhead had widened, and through them streamed a warm, gentle sunlight that warmed her back soothingly and laid a fragile tracery of shadows about her on the floor. Momentarily, she could forget her troubles. But her happiness was a short-lived thing, for the shadow of her own form seemed to make a dark pool in the cement, drowning these delicate patterns. And the harder she polished, the more deeply impressed the outline of her vast body seemed to become.

Kobus also talked to their friends and neighbors about Rose. Speaking in an unnecessarily loud voice to whoever happened to be in their cottage, and removing his pipe from his mouth and pointing at her with it, he would say, "The good Lord did not make Table Mountain alone. He made my wife also." People laughed with him when he said this, and his own mouth widened, exposing his few remaining stumps of teeth. Then he would wink one of his crinkled eyelids suggestively. "As I was saying, I haven't got all my *teeth*, but . . ." And it was true, thought Rose, dabbing the cloth into the cement polish and sliding the tin on ahead of her—it was true that his body looked young. "Like new, strong garden wire," he would say to her. "Look how my muscles are twisted tight."

She just couldn't understand why he was so thin. He didn't work half as hard as she did. Now he even had a young boy in the garden to help him with the heavy work—the digging, the manuring, the pruning. Often enough, she noticed that he seemed to have nothing to do while she was laboring over her floor. He would puff at his pipe, supervising the arrangement of the garden furniture, while the tall Xosa houseboy nervously erected the garden umbrella, like a photographer's assistant who wanted to make the foreground arrangement of umbrella, table, and circle of chairs exactly right for the photographer's "View of Table Mountain." And it was Kobus, the master artist, who argued about the umbrella—the height of it, the tilt of it. "No, no, man! Turn it a little this way. Now lift up, lift up! So. So."

She switched the polishing rag over into her other hand and crawled farther down the stoep. Here she could see herself reflected in the thin glass of the French doors that led into the still, glimmering interior of a drawing room. She worked more slowly now, as she continued wearily thinking about Kobus. She knew she spoiled him, but the funny thing was she didn't mind spoiling him. Maybe if she had been lucky enough to have children, like everyone else she knew, she wouldn't have so much time to worry about him and all



his little nonsenses. Never mind that he hurt her so much by complaining how big she had become. Never mind that, she thought. She could forgive him anything as long as he left that girl Karima alone. She wasn't going to take too much notice of what the cook said, she decided all at once, because the cook was the biggest scandal-mouth she knew. Deep in her heart, she knew that her Kobus loved her, even if he never said so, even if he got cross when she asked him, even if he never showed her. Thus she reassured herself, and by the time she had worked her way past the drawing room and down the length of the stoep, she was feeling much happier. She was just below the kitchen window when the cook's voice rang out from indoors, laughing through the gingham curtains: "Rose! Rose! Do you want to *die*? Just take a look at Kobus on the new machine!"

Rose stood up slowly, to prevent a sudden ache. Leaning against one of the columns, she grasped the stoutly twined stem of a vine. Perspiring and breathing heavily, easing the pain in her back with her large hands, now reddened by the polish, and blinking her eyes against the bright shimmer from the garden, she tried to see what the cook was talking about.

At length, she saw him. There he was, far down the lawn, sitting high and proud on the new electric mower. The machine must have just arrived, and Kobus was driving it for the first time. Turning his head this way and that way in regal condescension, he curved past the tall, bowing silver trees and glided superbly under the red arms of a prunus tree. Now, turning up toward the house, he flicked his pipe out, emptying the ash in the air as he passed a clump of moon-lily trees, whose pale blossoms fluttered like scented handkerchiefs. He smiled here and there—at the craning necks of the strelitzias, at the round, freckled faces of the bronzed hydrangeas that surged back and then forward as he passed them on the slope of the bank. How he smiled, and how he looked about him, and how he clasped his hands together, to show how easy it was for a person like him to be king! And yet, for all his triumphant, playful gesturing and smiling, Rose noticed there was an air of real majesty about this little man, which suddenly silenced the cook's laughter.

"And this is *my* husband, my Kobus!" Rose said to herself, and a great feeling of pride settled disturbingly inside her throat. She and the cook watched him in silence for some time.

ON DRINKING ENGLISH BEER

The beer that's iced is an abomination.
  Beer should be tepid, like the English sun,
And drunk with slow and cautious jubilation,
  In foaming pints, full-measured, one by one—

Not fiercely, like the whisky of the Highlands,
  Or with abandon, like the wines of France,
But stubbornly, as round the stubborn islands
  The stolid waves perform a stately dance.

Drink slowly, but with grim determination,
  For there are barrels brewing by the Trent
That must be drunk in regular rotation
  By men of purpose and of studious bent;

Drink merrily, but not with outward showing
  Of too much merriment, for this would shame
Those decent dustmen, reverently throwing
  Darts, in the doubtful semblance of a game.

Be gaily glum, be sombre in elation:
  This is for thirsts that last a thousand years;
This is the very lifeblood of a nation.
  God save the Queen! God bless the brewers! Cheers!

—R. P. Lister

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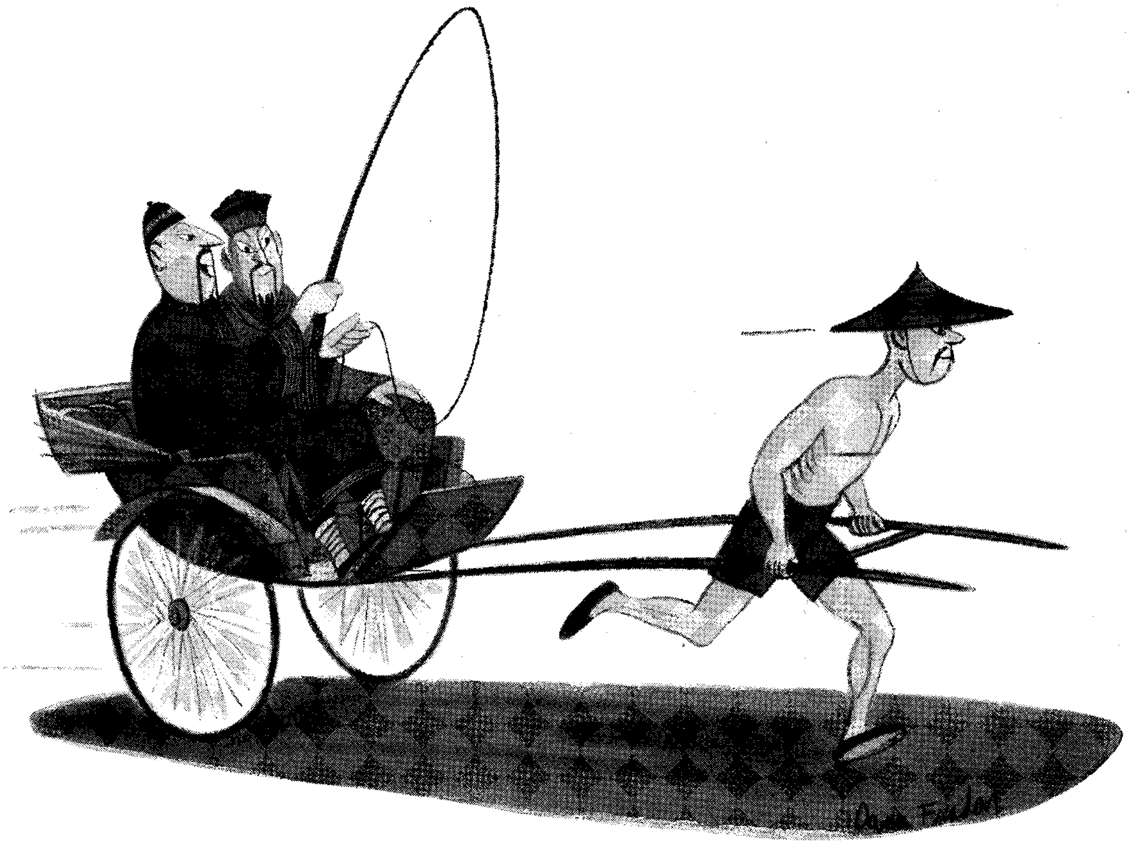
"Of course, you know why he is carrying on like that," said the cook at last, sounding as if she were anxious to understand both herself and the majestic air of the gardener. "You know, Rose, why he is fancying himself so."

Rose turned and looked at her through the window, and the cook pursed her lips and lifted her eyes significantly.

Then Rose walked heavily off the stoep onto the trim grass and looked up at the upstairs windows, softly curved under one of the gables. Out of one of them there fluttered a bright-yellow duster, as gay as the flirtatious notes of young laughter that came spilling through the air after it. She caught a glimpse of Karima's face, and then, without changing the position of her feet, she pivoted round, wiping small beads of perspiration off her upper lip. Kobus rose in his machine, looked high up at the window, and removed his cap. He bowed with it magnificently, but with that solemnity with which an old king might bow as he offered up his heart to his new queen.

IT was still dark when Rose woke up the next morning, feeling depressed and as much sickened by her own weakness as by the nauseous vapor of stale wine that filled the room. The good Lord only knew, she thought, what a fine thing it would be if she could punish this little man who lay beside her, stinking so miserably of cheap wine. Moving very gently, she leaned across his shrunken form, slipped the fingers of her left hand under his head, and lifted it in her palm, as carefully as a mother might hold the wobbling head of a new baby. Then she was able to remove her right arm, on which he had been lying, drunk and content. She used both hands to settle the little head back on the pillow. As she looked at his face, she grew even more cross with herself. She should have flung his head back hard on the pillow. The trouble was the pillow was too soft. She raised half upright and leaned across him again, to reach the candle that stood in a Bovril bottle on



"*It gives you that little extra burst of power you need for passing.*"

• •

a packing case at the far side of the bed. Yes, if only the pillow had been a rock, she would have thrown his head down on it. She was sick of him, just sick of him! Look at the way she even had to stretch to get the damned candle. What other woman would bother to move the furniture around like that to save a *dronklap* husband from falling over it? No other woman would be so thoughtful. Just look at the way he was making such a fool of her at Schoonzicht! They were all laughing at her, the servants there. Even that old scandal-bag of a cook was dying of laughter behind her back. Even that good-for-nothing child Karima, pretending to flirt with an old man, was laughing herself sick at her. And maybe Karima wasn't just pretending. Maybe every word from that old cook was true. Maybe Kobus *was* all muddled up with Karima. Maybe Karima *was* pregnant. Shame on him, the dirty old man!

She lit the candle, and for a while she lay in the flickering light, supporting her heavy chin on one hand, her elbow pushing down the side of the bed while she glowered at all the inanities and cruelties of life. Here she was, too old ever to have a child of her own, when the good Lord Himself knew how she had always longed for a child, just like every other woman. They all laughed at her, she knew—all of them in the cottages nearby, and each cottage full to bursting with uncared-for children. And it could be that even Karima was having a child, if the cook spoke the truth. And Karima didn't want a child; she would just as soon throw it away.

Rose turned, heaving her body, and lay looking at Kobus. Each spongy pore of his squeezed face seemed to be exuding wine, yet he looked helpless, like a baby, pathetically innocent of all the things she was accusing him of.

She patted the blanket up around his chin and puffed the pillow softly around his head, and from the midst of his sleep he smiled at her, as though he were acknowledging her tender concern for him. Looking at him, she wondered for a moment whether he had come up to the surface—all the way up through the shadowy delights of his dreams—just to smile at her. She very nearly stroked his wizened brow, but pulled her hand away in time. She knew very well what he was dreaming of if he smiled like that. Let him. What did she care? She was finished with him.

She climbed carefully out of the bed. She lit the paraffin stove, put the kettle on to boil, gathered up her clothes into a bundle under her arm, and was just about to go outside to dress when she changed her mind. Why should she go out into the cold and dark to dress by the river? What did she care if he woke up and started in again about how huge she was? If he didn't like what he saw, let *him* get up and wait outside while she dressed. As she stood justifying her rebellious mood, her clothes under her arm, Kobus stirred. Hurriedly she slipped her faded dressing gown on and tied the cord.

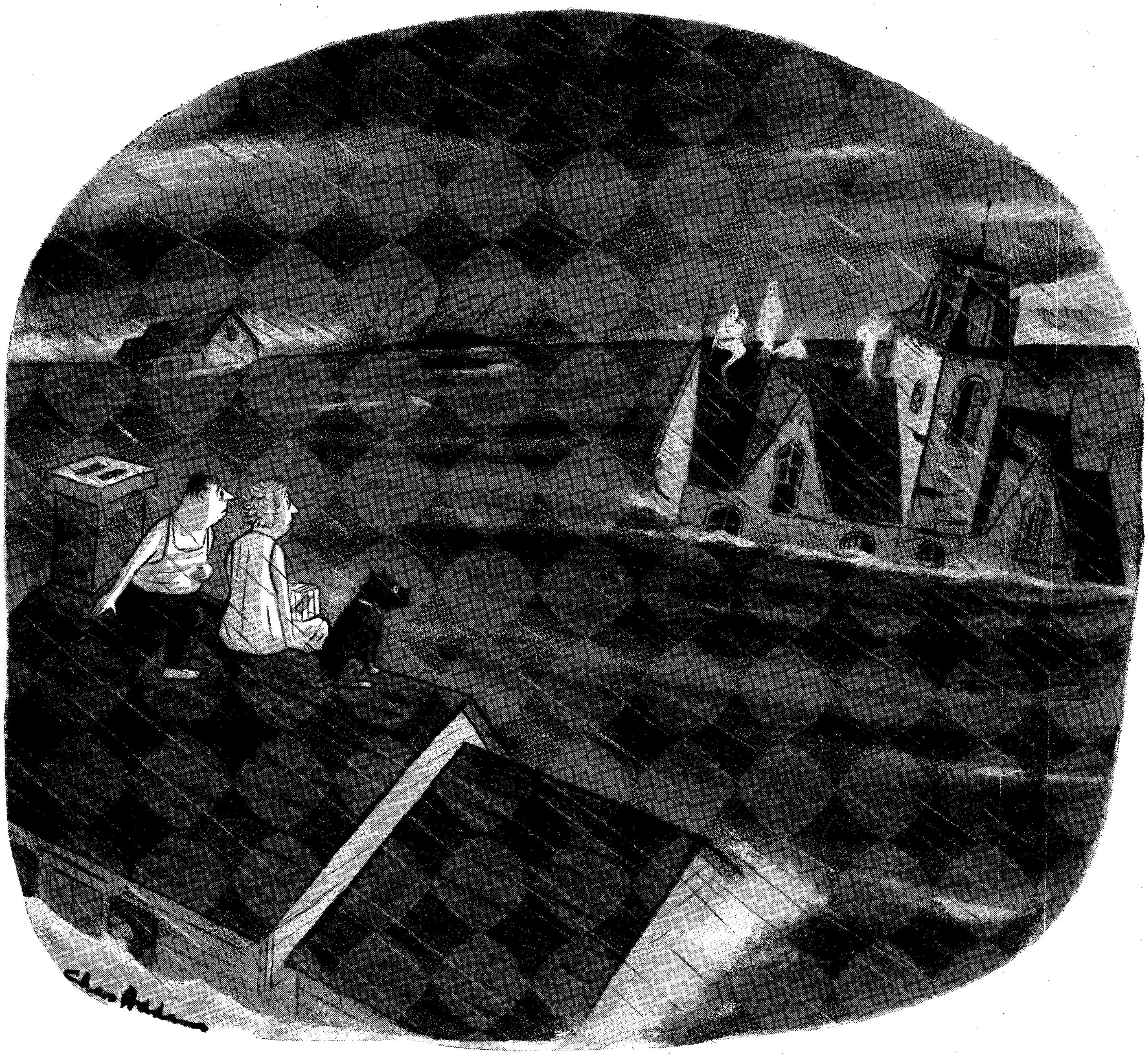
"Rose!" he called, in the parched voice she knew so well. "Rose," he said again. There was something so pathetic about his cry—a cry for water, she knew—that she dropped her clothes on the bed and reached for the mug of water that stood on the box, near the candle. She held the mug for him, and he rose up on his thin elbows and drank from it, swallowing hard.

"Want some more?"

"Just so a tiny droplet," he pleaded, and she filled the mug from a pitcher and held it to his mouth again.

"Want some more?" she asked, a second time. But he jerked himself upright, his face looking eager in the shadowy candlelight, his eyes and nose bright and birdlike. A shiver of cold excitement seemed to spiral through him as he leaned forward and clasped his knees under the blanket.

"Jirr, but I had a dream! Such a dream—it is like I am having it now. I am a general. A proper general—not one of your tuppenny-tickey sergeants. A general riding in a cart, with white horses trotting, bells ringing, bells shining all over. And there I am—a proper general—riding with my wife around and about the Grand Parade. And from all the buildings there everyone is falling out, shouting and looking and singing. And the whole of Cape Town is there, rushing to our cart, old woman, just rushing to see us and wave to us, waving flags and shouting—never mind just non-Jurropeans but all the Jurropeans as well. And a band is playing and the people are dancing. 'The gen-



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eral!' they are shouting. 'The general's wife!' they are shouting. And you should just see us, how we sit there, waving at them, thanks and smiles all around. And the children—jirr, you never seen in your life so many children singing holiday songs and running to see us! Even the Jurropean children. The flags! The decorations!"

Perhaps overcome with the wonder of it all, he spluttered and stopped. She sat down on the bed, not noticing, for once, how it sagged under her great weight. His hand took hers. His was a narrow hand, with cupped fingers, looking, she always thought, as if twenty-five years of raising seedlings had made them curve over into an attitude of permanent tenderness. She tried now to straighten the bent fingers with her own thick hand. She stroked the rough skin, into which grains of soil had sunk so deeply that they would never be washed out.

"You mean, Kobus," she said at last, "*I* was the general's wife?"

"I told you," he said peevishly. "How many times has a person got to tell you something?" Then he brightened again at the recollection of the dream. "And there we go—the two of us, if you please, riding like I was riding the machine yesterday. The way they clap! 'The general!' they shout. 'The general's wife!' "

She stood up and gathered her clothes under her arm, leaving him to marvel at his dream. She was much later than usual this morning in going out to wash and dress, but she didn't worry. She didn't care if anyone saw her or if she was teased by some quick-legged child. She followed the path that curled around the sleeping cottages and down the bank to the stream. Here she undressed and washed herself deliberately and proudly. She was fully dressed when the wind began to lift the dark, and the first gleams of daylight came through the trees. The first cock began to crow with a loud, splendid voice, as if he, like Table Mountain, supported the vaulted sky overhead and prevented it from falling.

—SONIA ROLLNICK

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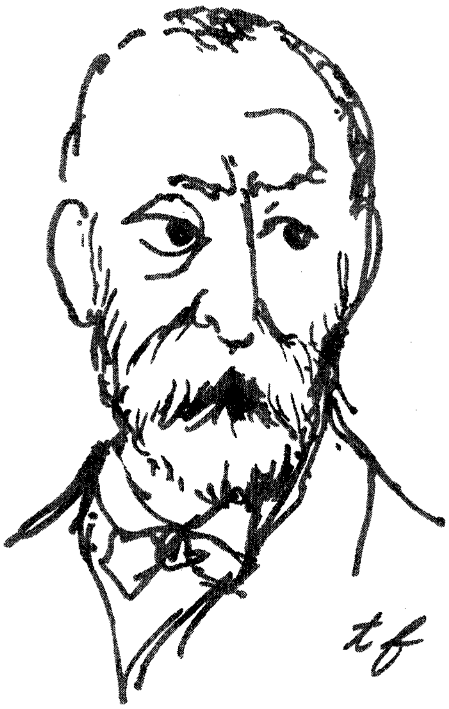
The agency . . . recently purchased a two-engine plane for use by its executives. Asked if he does any flying, Mr. Adams replied: "Well, I'm pretty rusty, so the only times I take over are when I'm alone with the pilot. If I kill anyone it might as well be me."—*The Times.*

You and that crazy pilot.

ANNALS OF SCIENCE

ADVENTURES OF A PACIFIST—II

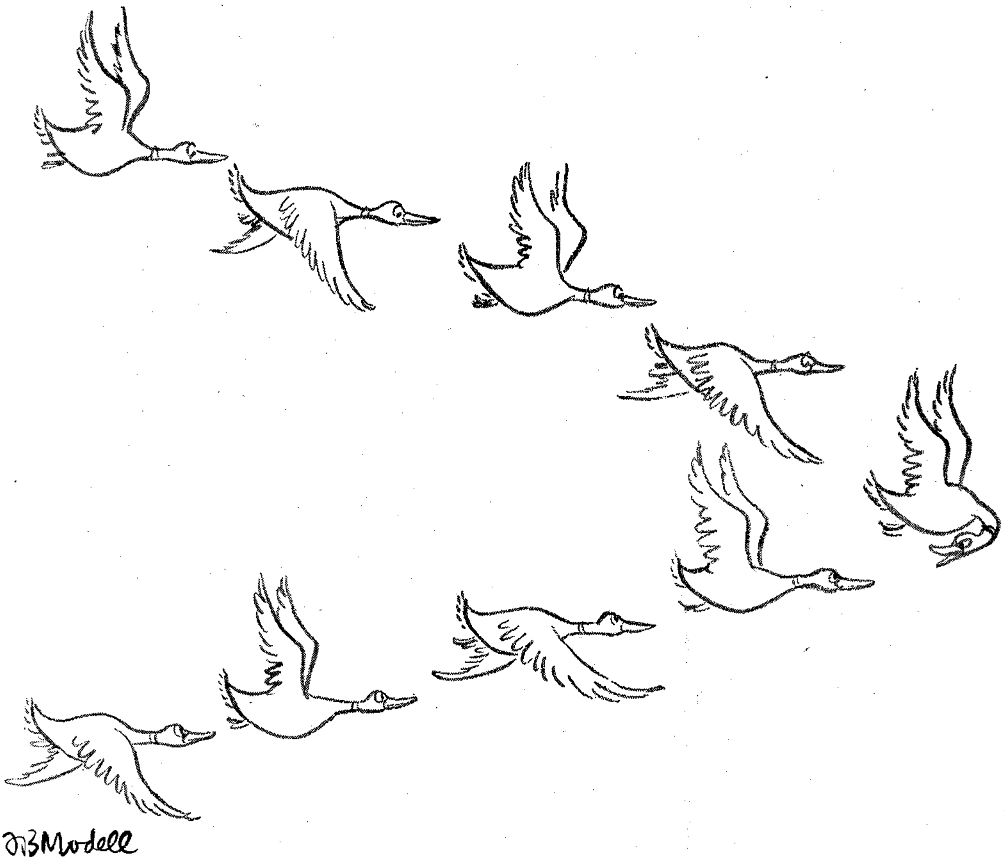
IN Scandinavia, the tenth of December is almost always a bitterly cold and snowy day, and ever since 1901 it has been a day of high ceremony as well. At one o'clock in the afternoon, there is an august ritual in the Assembly Hall of the University of Oslo, during which a Norwegian dignitary presents the Nobel Peace Prize to the winner of the year, while the King of Norway and the members of the nation's parliament look on, and that evening the King usually honors the winner at a state banquet. (The following day, the prize-winner returns to the Assembly Hall to make what has often turned out to be a major speech.) In Sweden, December 10th is observed with even greater pomp and pageantry. At about four o'clock, a distinguished international crowd of two thousand persons, in formal dress, gathers in the auditorium of the Concert House in Stockholm, and at half past four a trumpet sounds, an orchestra breaks into the Royal March, and the King and Queen, the Princes and Princesses enter the auditorium, followed by the winners of the Nobel Prizes for Science and Literature. The Royal Family take seats in the front row center, and the laureates go up to the platform, where each of them is introduced and extolled by a Swede of appropriate eminence. Each then walks down to shake hands with the King, who gives him a leather-bound diploma and a memorandum informing him how and where to pick up the approximately forty thousand dollars that goes with the prize. When this brief ceremony is over, about half the people present pile into chartered buses, which take them to Stockholm's City Hall, a red brick structure that is one of Europe's most beautiful buildings. There, in the immense Golden Hall, a banquet is held. It starts with a toast to the King, and then he toasts the memory of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, who died in 1896, dedicating most of his fortune to the establishment of the prizes. After an elaborate dinner come a major speech by a prominent Swede and short speeches by the prize-winners, in their own languages. Then the King and the winners step onto a balcony overlooking the Blue Hall, where the students of the University of Stockholm have been having their own banquet. The students spring to their feet and serenade the King and the laureates, and soon afterward dancing begins in both halls. It goes on until two o'clock in the morning, and liquor flows freely; by midnight the formality of the occasion has pretty well worn off.



Alfred Nobel

During these lengthy proceedings, the name of Alfred Nobel is mentioned constantly, and with veneration, but it is safe to say that if he could be present, he would enjoy neither the rigmarole nor the conviviality. Celebrated as he was in his lifetime, not only as an inventor but as a businessman, it was always painful for him to be in the public eye—"I am not aware that I have deserved any notoriety, and I have no taste for its buzz," he once wrote—and he looked upon state occasions with horror. Essentially, he was an introspective semi-recluse who thought a good deal about the welfare of mankind in general but disliked most of the people he met and believed that practically everybody disliked him. On one occasion, he wrote of himself, "I am a misanthrope, but exceedingly benevolent. . . . Very cranky, and a super-idealist," and these conflicting forces do seem to have governed his troubled and lonely life. Like many persons who are unhappy a large part of the time, Nobel had a tendency to exaggerate his plight, and he even managed to convince himself that he was physically repulsive. Actually, according to those who knew him, he was not handsome but he was not ugly, either; he had an impressively lofty brow and penetrating eyes, and if he sometimes frightened people off, it was largely because his expression was habitually stern and sombre. A short man to begin with, he seemed still shorter, because he had a weak spine, which made him walk with a stoop. This was only one of a series of afflictions that plagued him from infancy onward—convulsions, migraine, neurasthenia, and angina pectoris. Even as a youth, he always looked worn out, and at forty-three he referred to himself as an "elderly" invalid.

While bad health no doubt had a lot to do with Nobel's chronic pessimism, there were other reasons for it, too. For one thing, his inventions and his efforts to launch the high-explosives industry in many parts of the world brought him into contact with a swarm of shady characters, who tricked him, dragged him into court, and stole from him; for another, he felt that his work was misunderstood on a massive scale. All his life, he looked upon high explosives as instruments of peace, yet he came to be regarded as a munitions king, and he used to refer to his reputation—his "powder-smelling name," he called it—as a kind of cosmic joke played upon him as he worked away in his quiet laboratory. While he could sometimes be gracious, witty, and even ebullient, his company manner generally involved a good deal of self-depreciation—an often macabre poking of fun at himself—and he was given to spending much of his time alone, either working on experiments or reading the works of poets and philosophers (his favorite writer was Shelley) or turning out vast stretches of introspective poetry and fragments of morbid prose, in Swedish or English. Every now and then, he became so tired of people that he would disappear for a few weeks, and when he returned from these expeditions, he would explain only that he had been called by the "spirits of Niflheim"—in Norse mythology Niflheim is the northernmost region of the world, wrapped in eternal cold and darkness—and had gone off "to live among trees and bushes, silent friends who respect the state of my nerves." Owing to the nature of his business, he was forever on the move—a newspaperman once called him "Europe's richest vagabond"—and at one time or another he lived in Sweden, Russia, Germany, France, Scotland, and Italy. He liked



"Will whoever's doing all the honking back there please pipe down?"

• •

to think of himself as a man without roots of any kind, and although his voyagings were anything but purposeless, he once complained, "I drift about without rudder or compass, a wreck on the sea of life." He had several fine homes, but they all seemed empty to him, and he often remarked that he was contented only while he was working. Wherever he was, the laboratory was his true home.

When Nobel was thirty-seven and at the height of his fame, one of his relatives asked him for an autobiographical sketch, and he prepared the following, which is quoted in full: "Alfred Nobel, a miserable half-life, ought to have been choked to death by a philanthropic physician as soon as, with a howl, he entered life. Principal virtues: keeping his nails clean and never being a burden to anyone. Principal faults: that he has no family, is bad-tempered, and has a poor digestion. One and only wish: not to be buried alive. Greatest sin: that he does not worship Mammon. Important events in his life: none!" Sometimes, in a less sardonic mood, Nobel spoke of how much he longed for death, but his fear of a live burial suggests that actually his hold on life was tenacious. This phobia was so powerful that when he came to write his will, he asked that competent doctors examine his body to make sure there were "definite signs of death" and that he then be cremated.

Alfred Nobel was born in Stockholm on October 21, 1833, the third son of Immanuel Nobel, who came of old Danish peasant stock (the name had originally been Nobelius), and Andriette Ahlsell Nobel, the daughter of a minor Swedish government official. Unlike his older brothers, Robert and Ludvig, who were four and three, respectively, when he was born, he was a sickly infant. He wrote later:

> My cradle looked a deathbed, and for years
> A mother watched with ever-anxious care,
> Though little change, to save the flickering light,
> I scarce could muster strength to drain the breast
> And then convulsions followed, till I gasped
> Upon the brink of nothingness—my frame
> A school for agony with death for goal.

In other ways, too, his entry into the world seemed ill-fated. A few months before his birth, his father had gone bankrupt. Immanuel Nobel, who was a man of parts, if not of much practicality, had attended an engineering school in Stockholm, and had then gone to sea; upon his return he had set himself up as an inventor, and finally he had tried his hand at architecture. He wasn't doing badly—among other things, he was designing a suspension bridge—when a house he had bought burned down, wiping him out. Once the bankruptcy proceedings were completed, Immanuel opened a small plant for the manufacture of elastic cloth, but that project also failed, and in 1837, apparently to escape his creditors, he set off for Finland, where he again took up the practice of architecture. Over the years, he had been sketching designs for sea mines, and in 1838 he moved to St. Petersburg, where he managed to interest the imperial government in his ideas and where, with a new-found Russian colleague, he set up a factory to produce not only mines but wagon wheels, steam hammers, and other products. At first, it was known as Colonel Ogareff's and Mr. Nobel's Authorized Wheel Works and Cast Iron Foundry, but eventually Immanuel severed his connection with the Colonel, and since by that time his two eldest sons had taken their places in the firm, he renamed it Fonderies et Ateliers Mécaniques Nobel & Fils. In 1848, things were going so well that Immanuel wrote a Swedish friend, "If my sons work harmoniously and carry on what I have begun, I believe that, with God's help, they will never want for their daily bread, for there is still much to be done here in Russia."

Two years later, Alfred Nobel went to work for the firm. He had been well educated by private tutors, and now, at seventeen, was regarded as the intellectual of the family. He spoke not only Swedish and Russian but English, and was soon to learn French and German; he was well versed in philosophy, history, and literature; and his scientific talents were already strikingly evident. His father decided that, young as Alfred was, he would make a useful scout for the firm, and sent him off on what turned out to be an extraordinary grand tour; he went to a number of European capitals, keeping a lookout for new technological ideas and sending reports back home, and even made a short visit to America. In New York, he met a fellow-Swede, Captain John Ericsson, who had designed the first screw-propeller steamer and was later to design the world's first steam-propelled iron-

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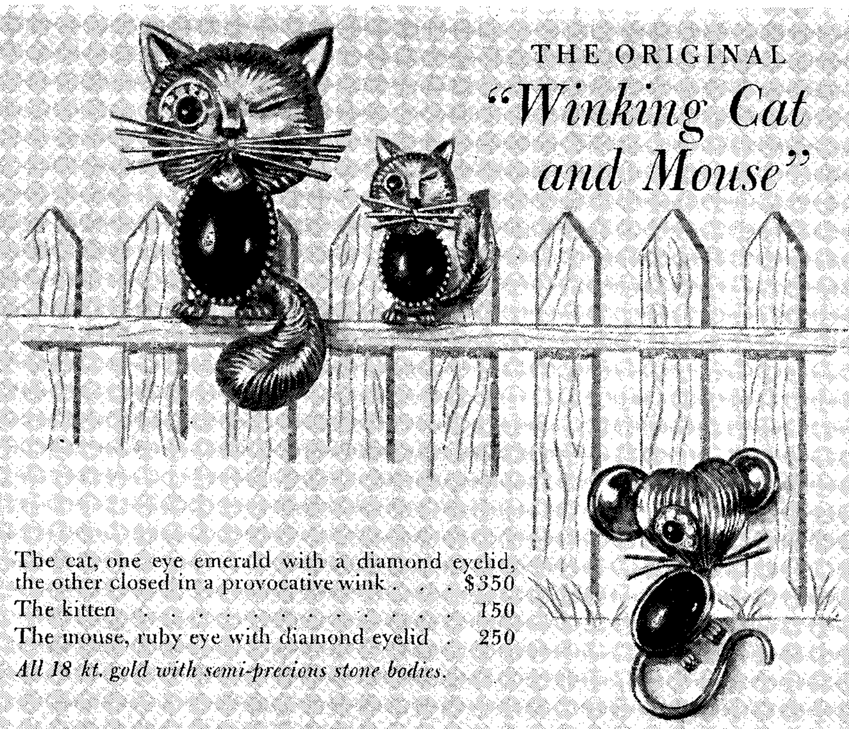

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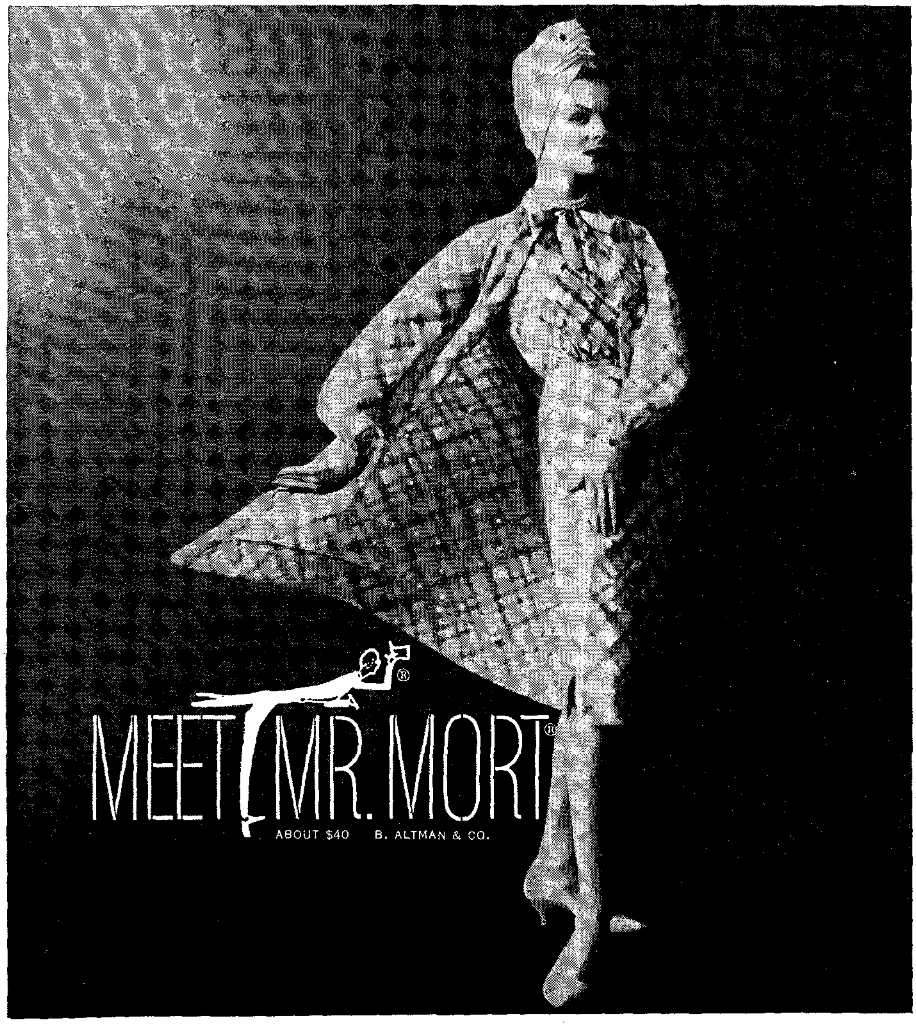
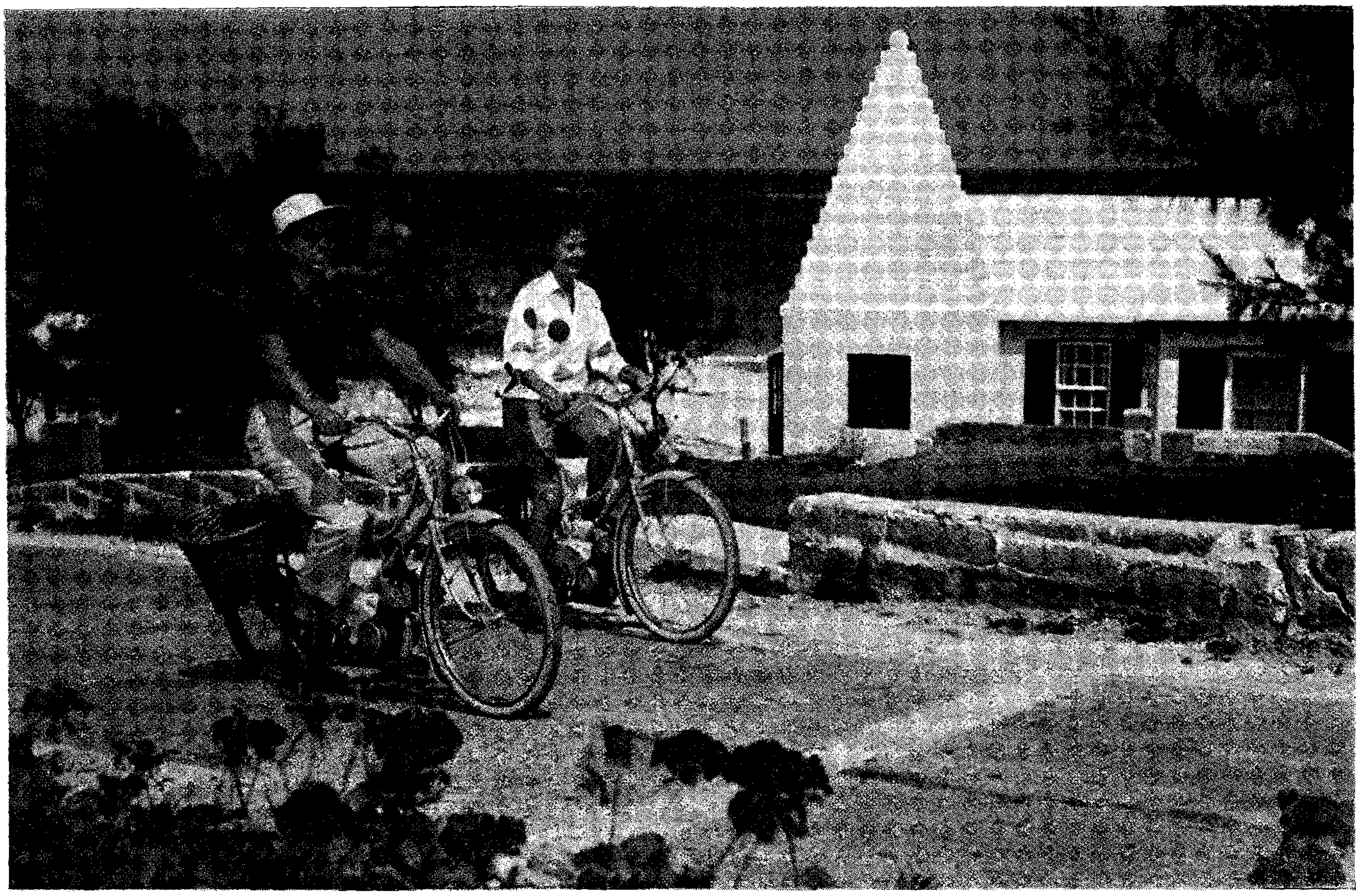


clad ship—the Monitor. Ericsson apparently took to the boy, for he gave him some tips about steam propulsion that helped Nobel & Fils make a big haul when the Crimean War broke out, in 1854. Under the pressure of war, the Russian Navy hastily decided to convert its sailing vessels to steam, and some of the work came the Nobels' way; in one year they built eight ship's engines—a remarkable feat, particularly since they had to forge their own machinery and machine tools before they could build any engines at all. As things worked out, the newly mechanized ships never had a chance to prove themselves—most of them were scuttled in the harbor of Sevastopol to block a landing by the British and French—but Nobel & Fils' mines, while too small to do much damage, apparently helped ward off the enemy in the north, for a British admiral reported that the Baltic Sea was "full of infernal machines."

During those banner years for Nobel & Fils, Alfred continued to cover a good deal of ground, investigating scientific developments in France, Italy, Germany, and Sweden. By now, he was a confirmed invalid and hypochondriac, suffering from severe headaches that frequently kept him in bed with cold compresses at his head; from time to time he visited the fashionable European spas, and the waters seemed to help him, though he found the company boring. No matter how bad he felt, however, he seldom let illness interfere with business, and in 1856 he had to step up the pace of his travels, for with the end of the Crimean War came the end of Immanuel Nobel's brief period of good fortune. Immanuel had borrowed heavily to enlarge his factory, and now he found himself out on a limb; the Russian government not only failed to come up with any new orders but reneged on old ones. In a frantic search for money, Alfred visited financiers in London and Paris, but he had no luck, and in 1859 Immanuel Nobel surrendered the factory to his creditors and went back to Sweden. His sons still made St. Petersburg their headquarters, however, and Ludvig opened a machine shop of his own there. As a result of his travels and the anxiety that went with them, Alfred suffered a pretty complete physical and nervous breakdown. Returning to St. Petersburg, he spent a couple of years convalescing, and then, in the spring of 1862, began to frequent the machine shop, where he lent Ludvig a hand and also conducted some experiments of his own. These had to do with nitroglycerin, a powerful explosive that



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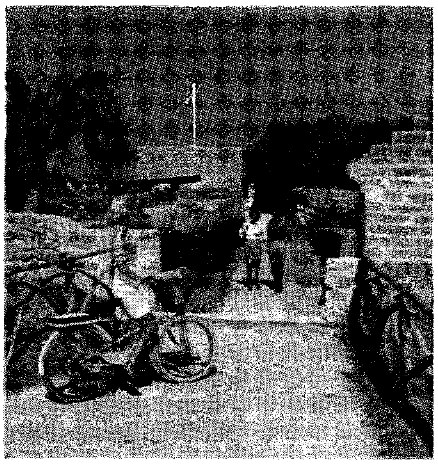
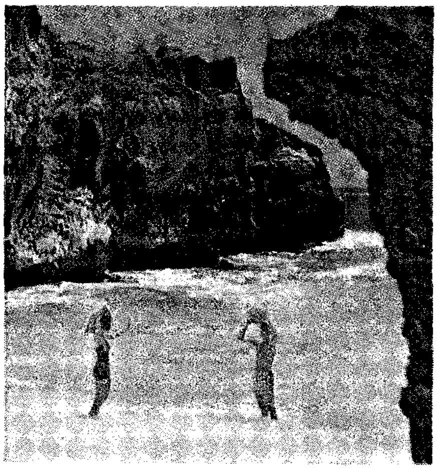
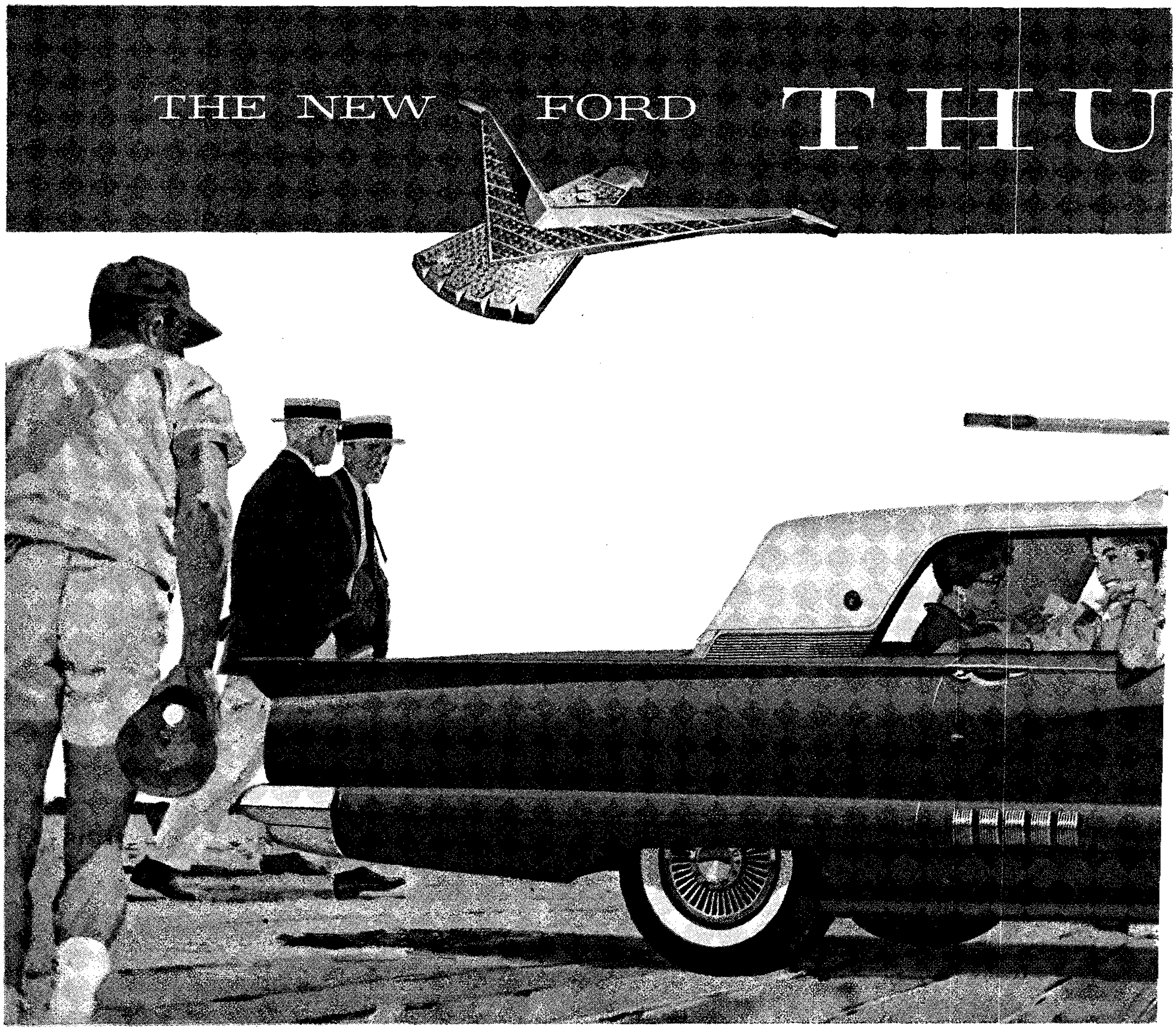


One of Bermuda's historic forts

Guests gather on charming terraces



Sheltered beaches of soft pink sand



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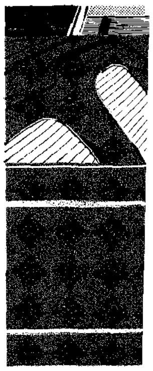

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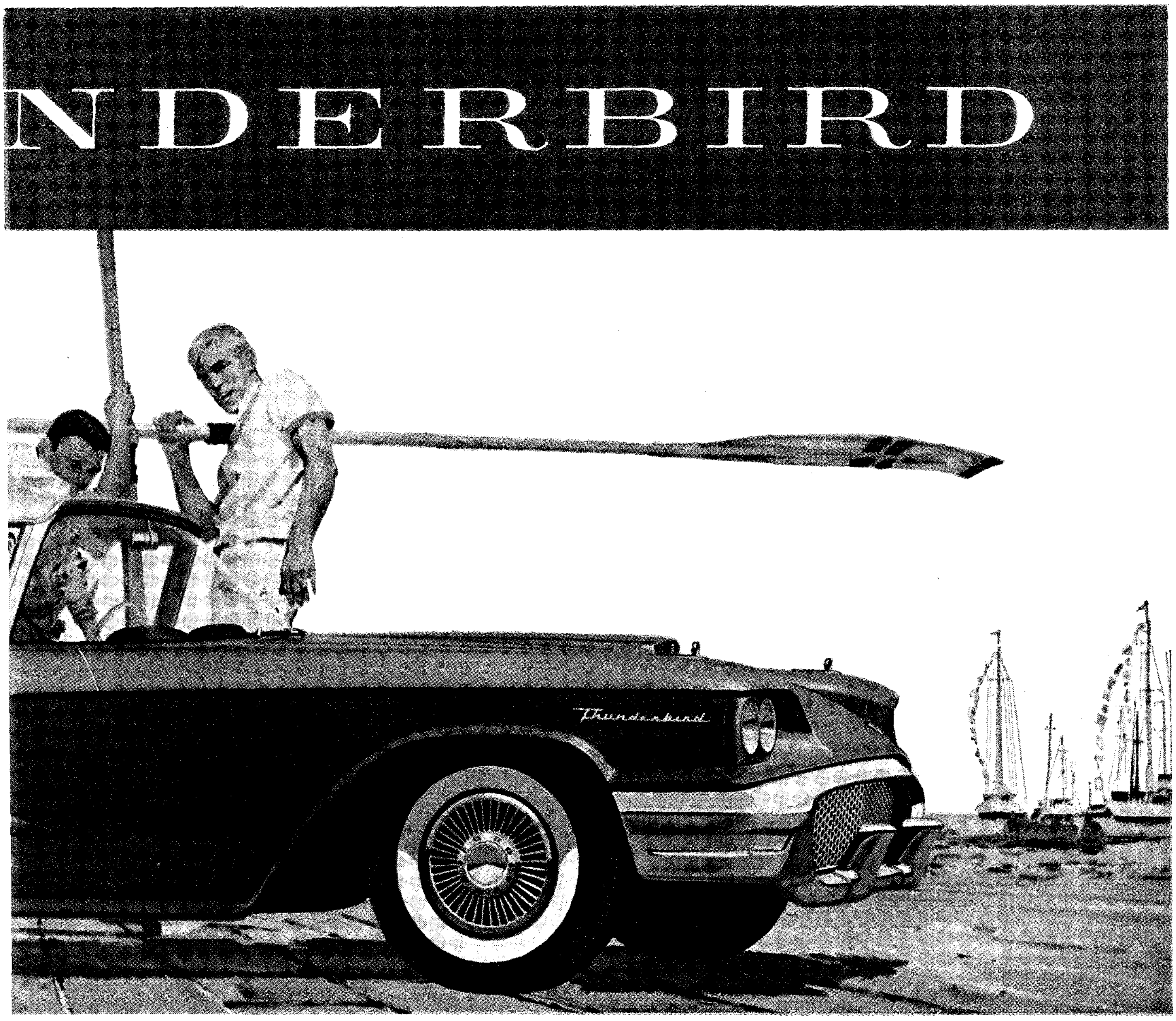
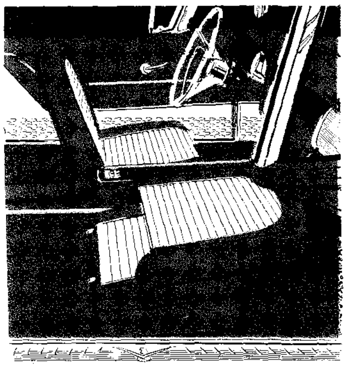
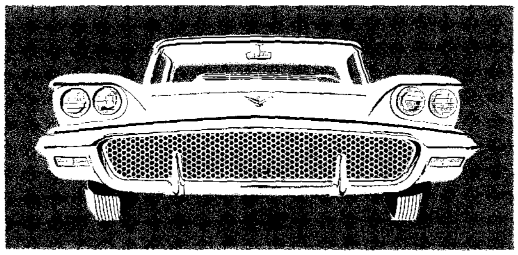
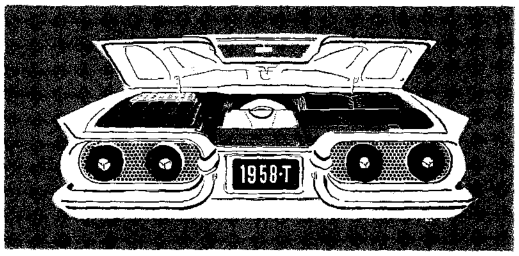


America's most individual car!



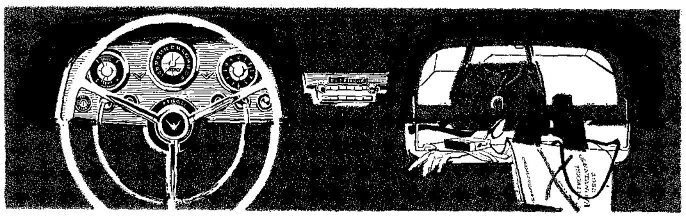


Thunderbird's single unit construction welds body and frame into *one* solid piece of sculptured steel for extra roominess, safety and strength.



Entirely new trunk compartment: Over 20 cubic feet of trunk space provides room for four full-sized suitcases, golf bags, plenty of other gear.

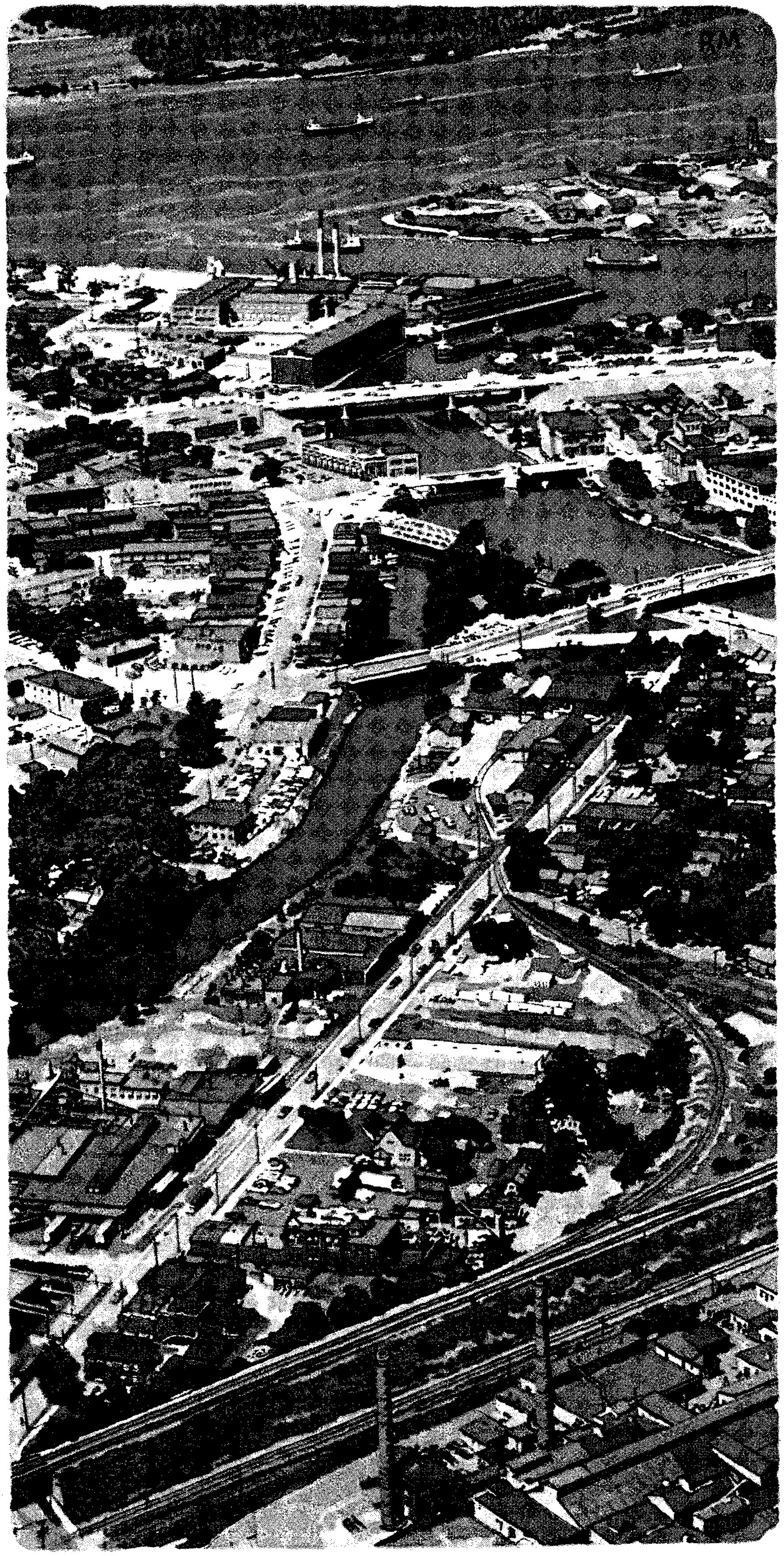
Wide, glide-through doors designed for *direct access* to all four seats. Console contains controls for power windows, heater, radio speaker and ash trays within easy reach of all passengers.



Brilliant new instrument panel with unmistakable sports car personality, safety padding and deeply recessed control cluster. Special feature: Glove box door serves as a tray!

ANOTHER FIRST FROM FORD

"UPSTATE, N.Y."



THE PICTURE at left—showing the Tonawandas, on Upstate, N. Y.'s Niagara Frontier—makes interesting "reading" for any executive responsible for locating a new plant or distribution point.

Transportation is fast and economical. Here the New York State Barge Canal (centre) joins the Niagara River, which gives easy access to the Great Lakes and the new Seaway. Railroads and the superb New York State Thruway offer added shipping flexibility. Across the river is a great market—Canada.

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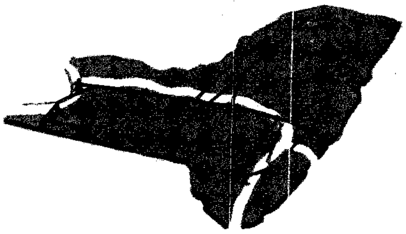

The New York State Thruway flows through the heart of the Niagara Mohawk System, which extends from the Niagara Frontier across the state to the Hudson River.

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NIAGARA MOHAWK

had been invented only sixteen years earlier by a young Italian chemist named Ascanio Sobrero. Because nitroglycerin proved to be a substance of hair-raising instability, neither Sobrero nor any of a number of other scientists—including Immanuel Nobel—who experimented with it had even come near finding a way to put its tremendous force to practical use. It was Alfred Nobel who succeeded in harnessing the stuff.

The idea that led Alfred to his triumph was a simple one—to use a small gunpowder explosion to detonate a much larger explosion of nitroglycerin. He tried it for the first time in St. Petersburg in the late spring or early summer of 1862, and it worked; two years later, after long and hazardous experimenting, he perfected a device, containing nitroglycerin and gunpowder, that guaranteed fairly safe explosions. This he called Nobel's Igniter. In 1864, having taken out the necessary patents, he began manufacturing Igniters in a small way in Sweden; in 1865 he set up a larger factory, in Germany; and in 1866 he made another trip to America, where he helped establish a firm called the United States Blasting Oil Company, and where he ran into so flamboyant a collection of promoters, adventurers, and out-and-out rascals that he decided Phineas T. Barnum was the spirit of America incarnate. In Europe, too, he fell in with unscrupulous operators, but his initial difficulties there stemmed less from trickery and deceit than from a series of disastrous explosions, which occurred as a result of impurities in the nitroglycerin itself and of carelessness in its handling. While Nobel took the disasters philosophically ("One cannot expect an explosive substance to come into general use without waste of life," he said afterward), he was a man with a conscience, and he set about trying to make nitroglycerin safer to transport. In his German factory, he experimented with various absorbents that he hoped might stabilize the oil, and in the fall of 1866 he began mixing it with a claylike substance called kieselguhr. The result, which he named dynamite, was not quite as powerful as pure nitroglycerin, but it was much safer to ship, and it soon became a great deal more popular. In 1867, Nobel's factories produced eleven tons of dynamite; in 1874 they produced more than three thousand tons. By then, he had expanded his empire from three factories to twelve—in quick succession, he built plants, or collaborated with others in building them, in Austria-Hungary,

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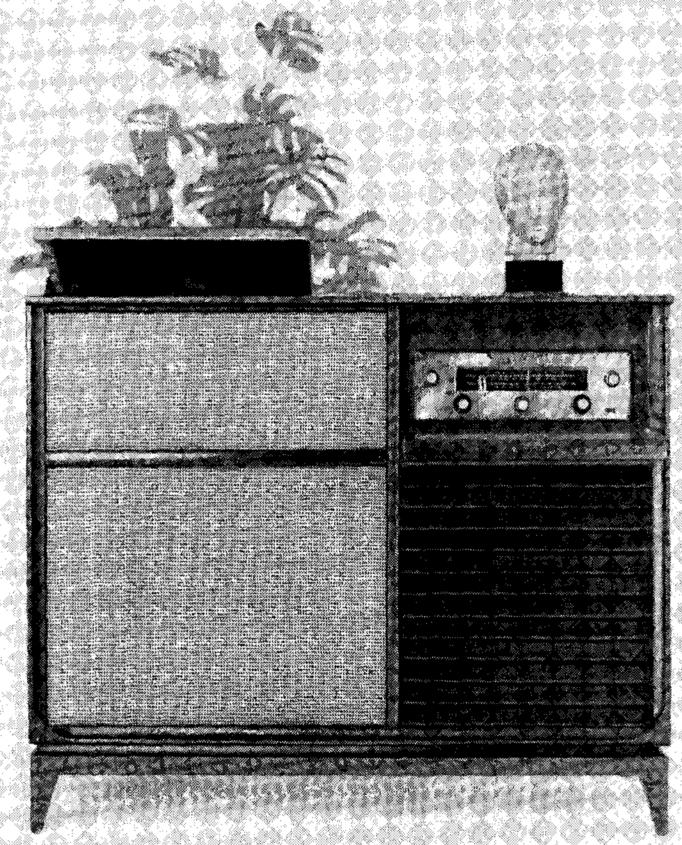

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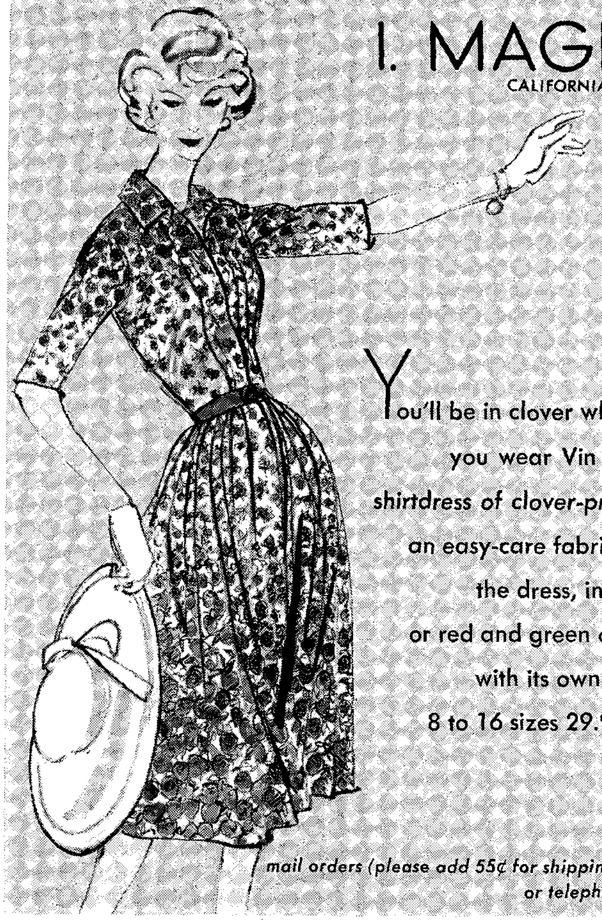

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Finland, Scotland, France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Portugal—and dynamite was hailed as the fastest-growing business in history.

DURING those years, Nobel was one of the most peripatetic men in Europe. Roaming from one country to another, he demonstrated the docility of dynamite, campaigned against laws forbidding its manufacture and transport, fought off fraudulent patent claims, and negotiated with scores of financiers to set up his companies. Fairly typical of his early experiences was the series of adventures he had in England. He began his missionary work there in July, 1867, with a demonstration of the properties of dynamite—he called it "my safety powder," to allay British fears—before a group of scientific experts in Merstham, Surrey. First, he threw a ten-pound box of it from a rock sixty feet high, without producing an explosion. Then he burned a box of it on a pile of wood, again without an explosion. Finally, using a fuse, he set off a series of dynamite blasts in proper and impressive fashion. In the months following the demonstration, he continued his campaign by writing a stream of letters to the London newspapers and by appearing frequently before learned societies. It looked as if he had won over both the public and the government, and British sales of dynamite were rising sharply, when, in the fall of 1867, eleven men were killed in a nitroglycerin explosion in Belgium. The British recoiled with fright, and Parliament passed an act forbidding the import or sale of nitroglycerin or any substance containing nitroglycerin, unless the latter could be "proved safe;" in that event, the Home Secretary was authorized to issue special permits for single shipments. Nobel protested bitterly, but the cards were stacked against him. To help administer the act, Parliament had hired a chemist named Frederick Abel, who had been working with guncotton—another powerful new explosive, made by treating cotton with a mixture of nitric acid and sulphuric acid. Abel insisted that dynamite was far more dangerous than guncotton, and although that was simply not true, his position gave him a solid advantage in debating the matter with Nobel. The demand for dynamite was so great, however, that the Home Office soon relaxed, and began to grant licenses to manufacture and ship dynamite somewhat more freely. Then, in 1875, a new and less stringent Explosives Act was passed, permitting English ports to

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TALK!
TALK!

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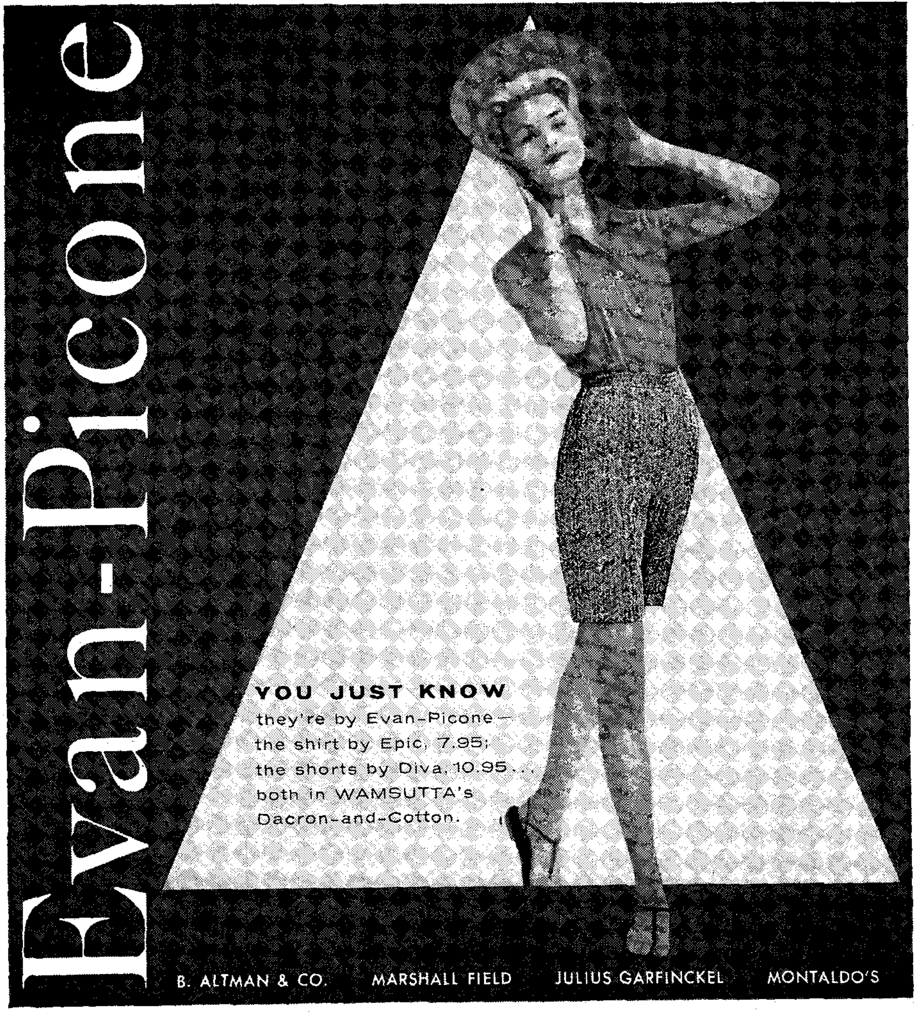
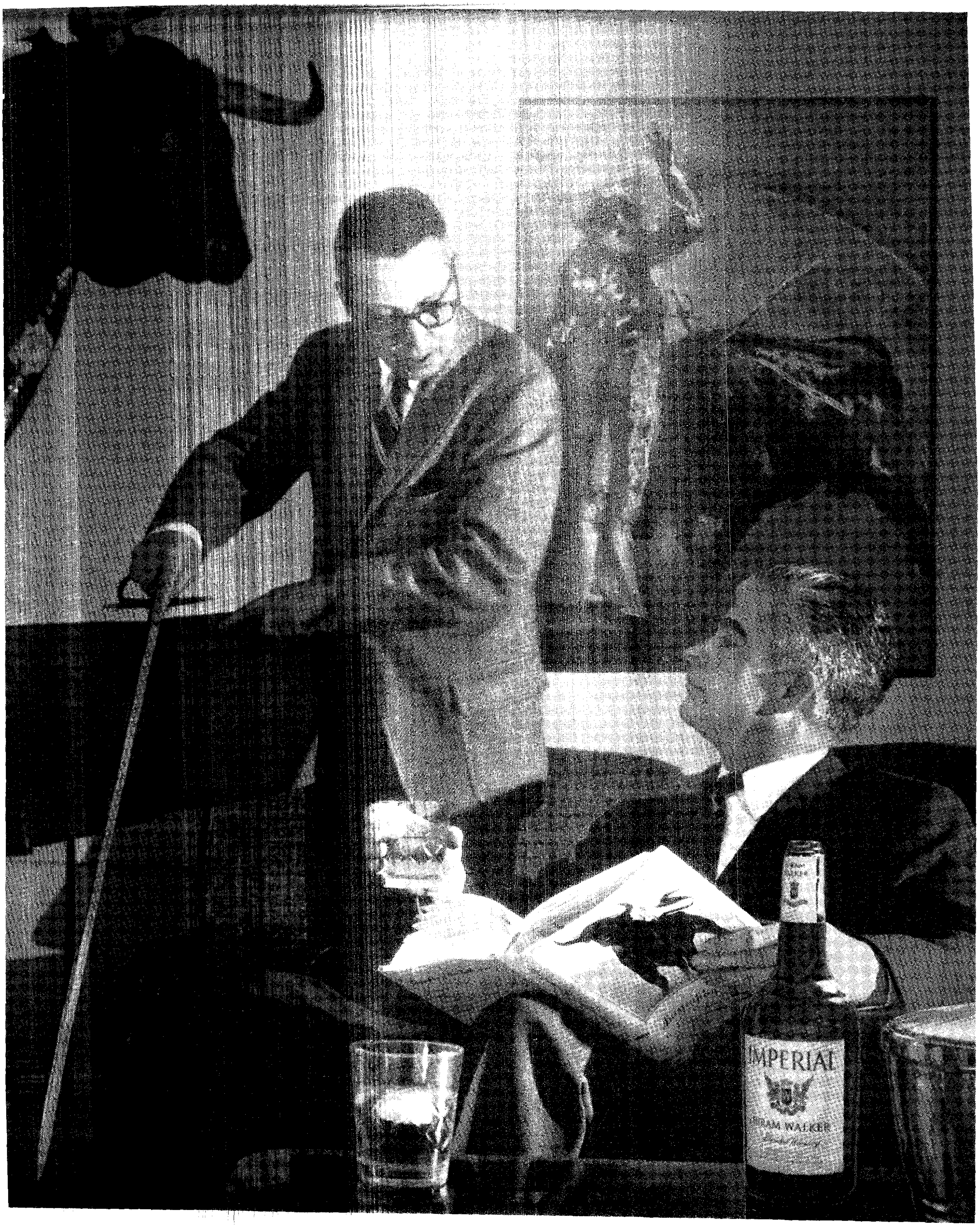


make their own rules for receiving dynamite shipments (for a time, the port of Leith required that wagons carrying dynamite be drawn by horses "wearing shoes of flannel or another suitable material"), and Nobel was firmly established in Britain. In 1871, with the coöperation of a group of Scottish financiers, he had built an explosives factory in Ardeer, Scotland, on the banks of the Firth of Clyde. Two years later, he bought a small stone cottage near Ardeer, and he lived there, on and off, for a couple of years, but he never liked the place. "If I had not got my work here, Ardeer would certainly be the most depressing place in the world," he wrote to a friend. "Picture to yourself everlasting bleak dunes with no buildings. Only rabbits find some nourishment; they eat a substance which quite unjustifiably goes by the name of grass. . . . A few yards away the ocean begins, and between us and America there is nothing but water, a sea whose mighty waves are always raging and foaming."

It may be that—in the beginning, at least—Nobel enjoyed the rough-and-tumble of money-making more than he cared to admit, but in France he got more than he had bargained for, and his experience there, on top of the disillusionment he had suffered in America, totally soured him on the business world. In 1868, he had signed an agreement with a French steelmaker named Paul Barbe, who was to put up the money for a dynamite company and to split the profits with him fifty-fifty. For a year or two, the project was stalled; there was a gunpowder monopoly in France, and it did everything in its power, which was considerable, to prevent Barbe from putting up a dynamite factory. Then, in the summer of 1870, the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and Barbe went into the Army. During the war, the Prussians began using dynamite to blow up barricades and roadblocks, and the French government, realizing that it had overlooked a good idea, started a hunt for Barbe. It turned out that he had been taken prisoner by the Germans. On September 2nd, Napoleon III decided to capitulate, and a few weeks later Barbe was released and headed for home. By the time he got there, France had begun to fight again, under the leadership of the Minister of War, Léon Gambetta, and Barbe received orders to start producing dynamite as soon as possible. He hurried to Paulilles, in the south of France, and quickly set up a makeshift factory there, but before he could deliver his first con-



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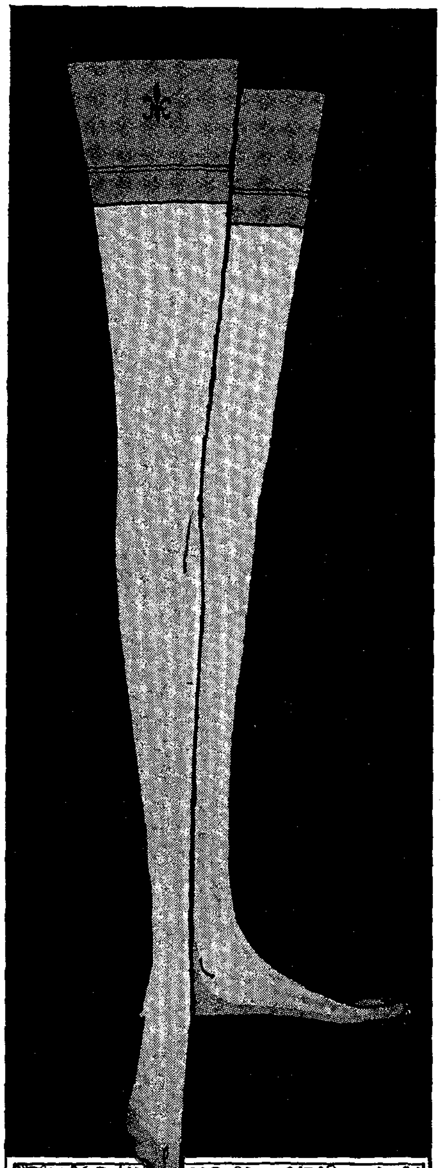

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signment, Gambetta's forces, too, had surrendered. The dynamite business, however, had made a start in France.

Nobel, who had spent the war years in Scotland and England, had been out of touch with Barbe, but in 1873 the two men got together again. Nobel had liked Barbe at first meeting, and now, as the two men came to know each other better, he decided that Barbe would make the perfect business associate. Before long, Nobel was letting Barbe handle practically all of his business affairs, not only in France but throughout Europe. This arrangement left Nobel free to spend more of his time in the laboratory, and in 1875 he made his third important discovery. For some months, he had been searching for a way of combining guncotton and nitroglycerin to utilize the best explosive features of both. One day, he cut his finger, and to stop the bleeding he applied collodion, a form of nitrocellulose; that night the pain kept him awake, and the next morning he got up at four o'clock, went into the laboratory, and concocted a mixture of guncotton, nitroglycerin, and a derivative of collodion. The hunch was a sound one; the new substance—blasting gelatin—turned out to be more powerful than pure nitroglycerin and just as safe as dynamite, and it quickly became the most valuable explosive ever used for peaceful purposes.

As for Barbe, he had his work cut out for him. Under Nobel's loose rein, the various explosives factories had been competing with each other mercilessly—the Scottish firm, particularly, was always trying to undersell the others—and as soon as Barbe took over, he decided that the future of the industry lay in consolidation. For years, he negotiated patiently with the various companies, persuading them to pool information and maintain uniform prices, and eventually he evolved the first European versions of a thitherto peculiarly American institution—the industrial trust, which, as designed by John D. Rockefeller, gives the corporations that belong to it only as much autonomy as is consistent with a good firm centralized price policy. Barbe set up two such trusts—one, with headquarters in London, embracing the German and English companies, and the other, with headquarters in Paris, the companies in France, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy—and everything was going along splendidly until Barbe himself got mixed up in a variety of other enterprises, including politics.

In 1885, Barbe was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Three years

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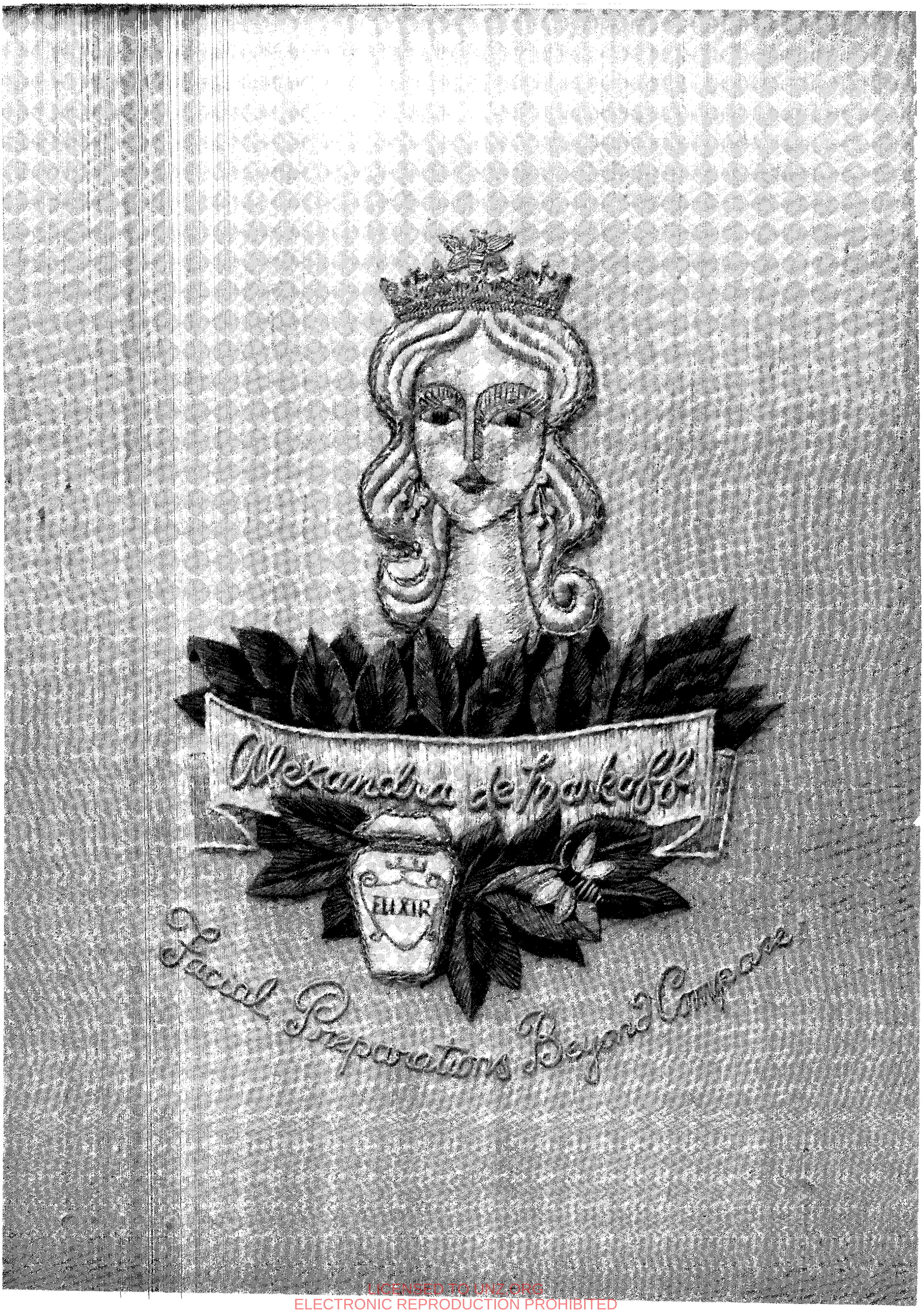
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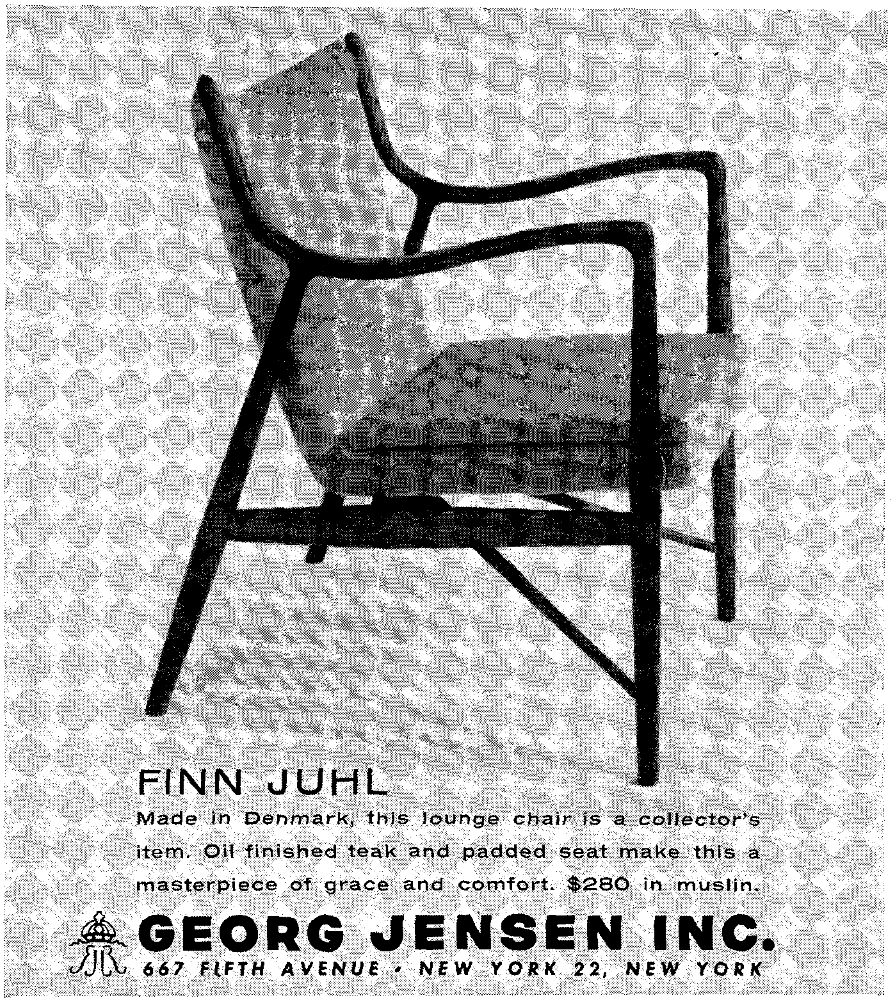

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later, two things happened that were to have an immense effect on the explosives industry. One was that Nobel invented ballistite, or smokeless powder, which combined nitroglycerin and gunpowder in such a way that the mixture could be used in firearms without bursting the guns. This was his first and only purely military invention, and he indicated later that he had pretty much wandered into it because of his interest in the theoretical problems involved. He immediately offered to sell the patent rights for ballistite to the French Ministry of War, but the Ministry had already accepted another variety of smokeless powder that had been invented by a Frenchman, and Nobel wound up by selling the rights to the Italian government instead. The other major event of 1888 was that Barbe accepted half a million francs from a group of speculators who were out to persuade the Chamber of Deputies to authorize a national lottery for the financing of a canal across Panama. The lottery project eventually resulted in the ruin of several hundred thousand small investors, but the scandal didn't come to a head right away, and meanwhile several of the manipulators of the canal scheme became interested in the French dynamite trust. Barbe gave one of them, Rudolphe Arton, an important job in the trust's management, and Arton proceeded to engineer some fraudulent deals, involving speculative purchases of glycerin, that were to cost the firm a good deal of money.

Toward the end of 1888, the lottery project fizzled out—largely because its sponsors had been paying themselves and their friends in the Chamber of Deputies too handsomely—and as more and more unsavory facts about it came to light, Barbe received a lot of abuse in the French press. Then, striking indirectly at Barbe, certain volatile politicians made much of the fact that Nobel had sold the ballistite rights to Italy. A cry of treason went up, and the whole defamation campaign reached a peak of absurdity when Nobel—who had a laboratory near the laboratory of the French gunpowder monopoly, in Sevran—was accused of military espionage. It was pure, noisy French politics, but Nobel was so disturbed that he fled to Hamburg. While he was there, Barbe died suddenly, and Nobel subsequently learned that Arton's speculations had brought the dynamite trust to the verge of bankruptcy. Nobel was a director of the trust, and he feared that he might be held financially responsible; he was so certain he was a ruined man that he

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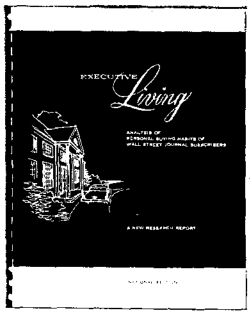
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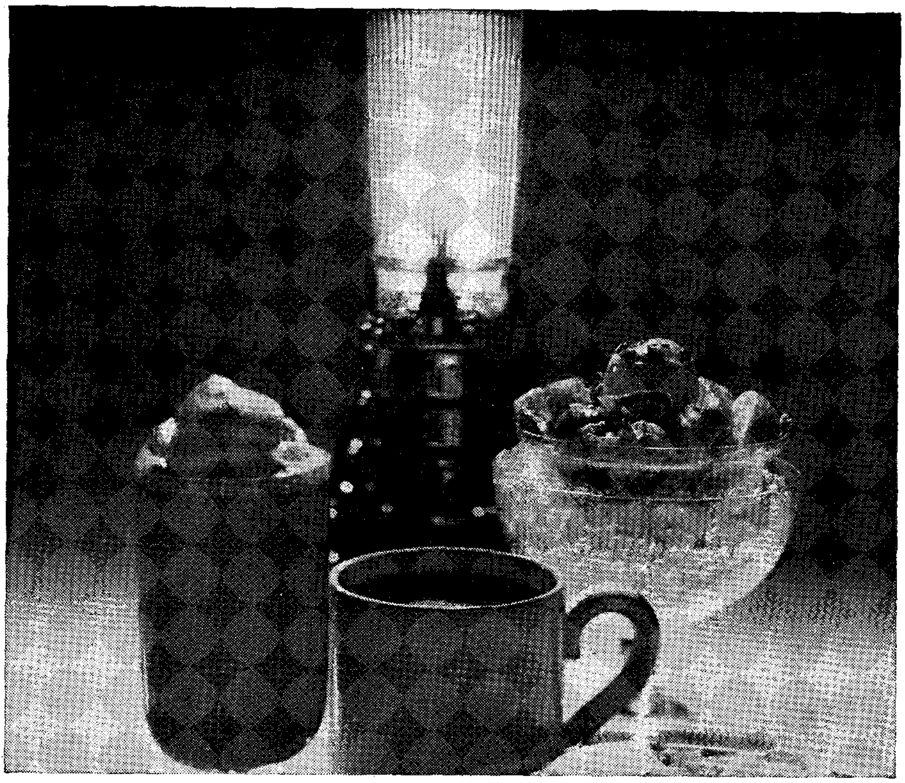

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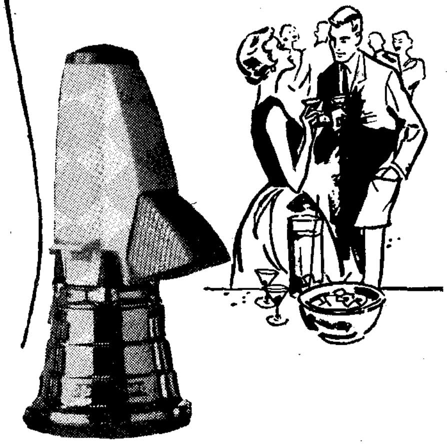

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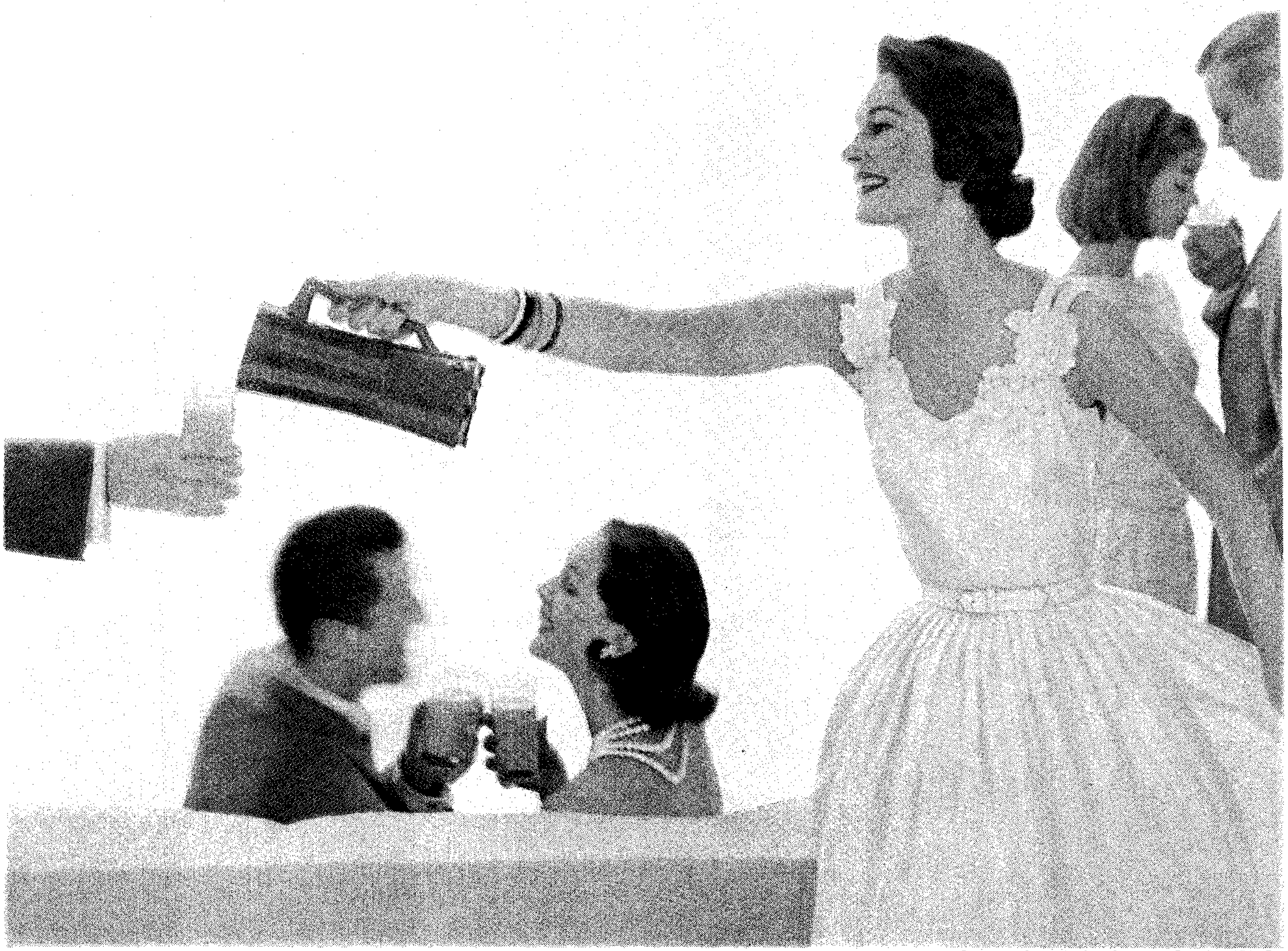
applied for a job as a chemist with one of the German dynamite firms. Before taking up his new duties, however, he rushed back to Paris, and found that things weren't quite as bad as he had thought. In a few weeks, he cleaned out the whole management, and then subscribed heavily to a new bond issue. Arton went to prison, and that doubtless would have been Barbe's fate if he had lived. As for Nobel, in preventing the collapse of the trust he all but brought about his own. Physically and spiritually, he was at the end of his rope, and he felt more isolated and betrayed than ever. "We are dealing with a pack of crooked lawyers and bloodsuckers," he wrote to a nephew. "Nothing in the world is more dangerous than to be a director of a French stock company."

Betrayal, or something close to it, was also striking at Nobel in England, where his old antagonist, now Sir Frederick Abel, had come up with still another variety of ballistite. Sir Frederick and Nobel had become fairly chummy after their struggle, and the Englishman had expertly picked Nobel's brains for information about ballistite; then, varying the formula and the method of manufacture slightly, he had patented the result, which he called cordite. Nobel protested, and a "friendly suit" was begun in the British courts. It was eventually decided against Nobel, but the grounds were largely technical, and one of the Lord Justices wrote, "It is obvious that a dwarf who has been allowed to climb on the back of a giant can see farther than the giant himself." Being called a giant hardly mollified Nobel. He went back to Paris and, as he often did when he was upset, took up his pen, embarking on what he said was to be an Aristophanic farce about the British court system, called "The Patent Bacillus." It was practically unintelligible to anyone who hadn't followed all the twists and turns of the cordite case, and after writing a few scenes Nobel gave it up.

Some time before, in a typical expression of disgust with the non-scientific part of his work, Nobel had written one of his associates, "I wish absolutely to retire from business and all kinds of business. I don't understand any of it and to me it is a torture to act as a pacifier in a nest of vultures." Just as disturbing to him as the machinations of his colleagues was the fact that dynamite came to be used as an instrument of war and of terror—in an anarchist uprising in Russia, for instance, as early as 1872, and at the famous Haymarket



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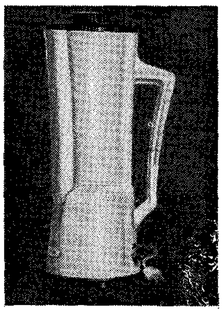

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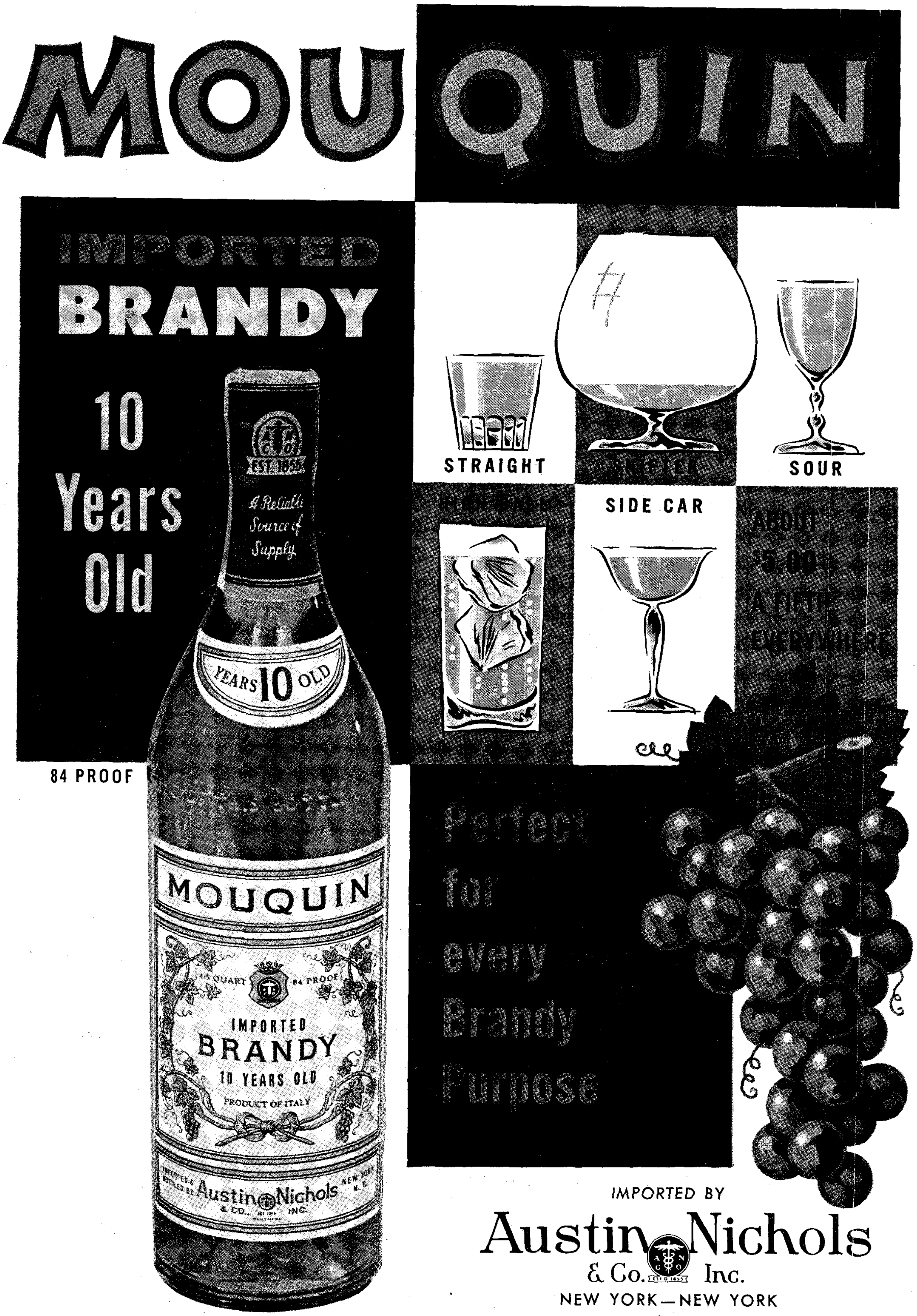
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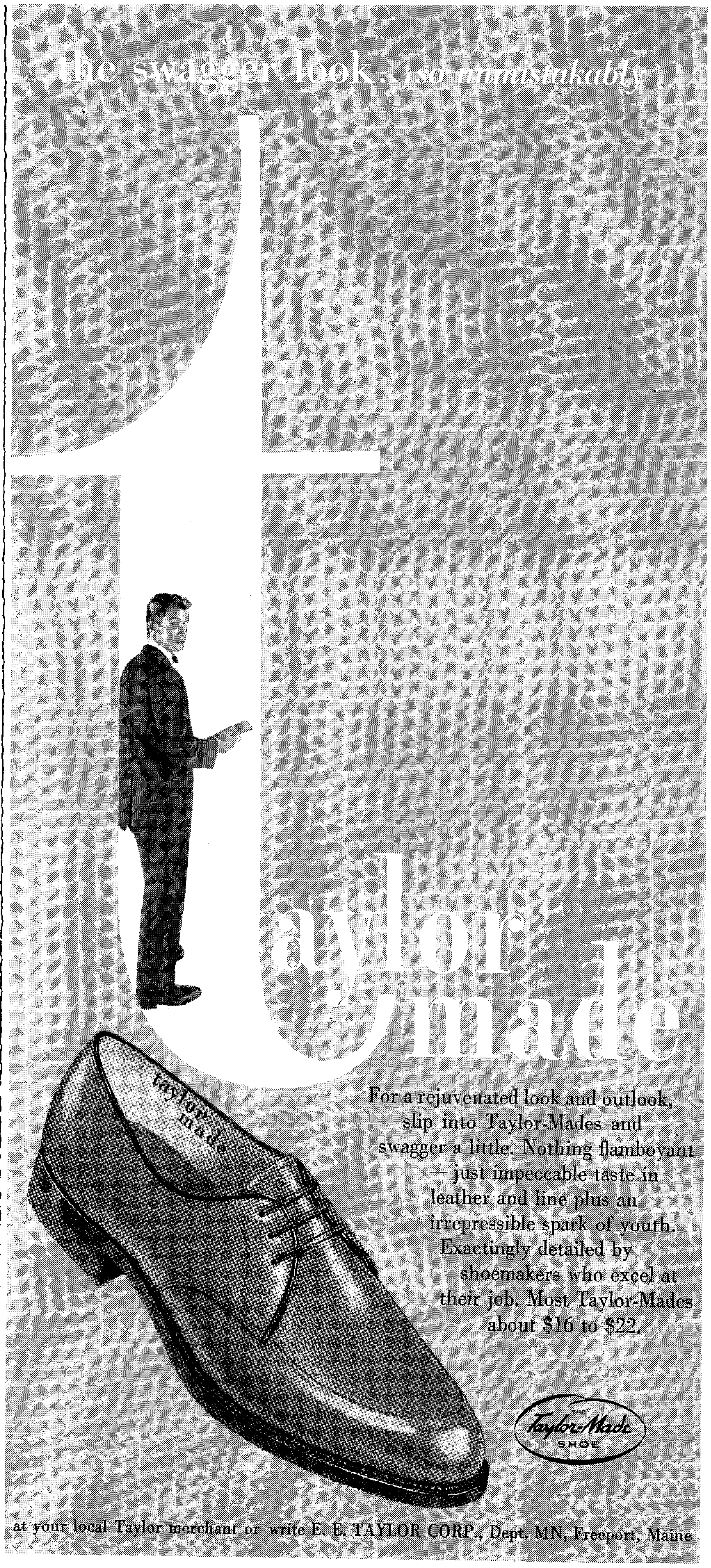
bombing in Chicago in 1886. In the late eighteen-eighties, Nobel began divesting himself of some of his holdings, but he never approached his expressed goal of quitting business entirely. In fact, it seems doubtful whether he really wanted to, for as late as 1893, three years before his death, he bought an old steel plant at Bofors, in Sweden, and converted it into an explosives factory, though this time he avoided trouble by seeing to it that he himself was sole owner and managing director. In his later years, he did on the whole contrive to avoid the directors' meetings of his other companies, and in some cases he stayed on only as a sort of technical adviser or as honorary president. It was not until after his death that those companies became allied, through price-fixing agreements, with the munitions trusts that began to flourish with the approach of the First World War.

WHILE Nobel was weathering his legal and financial storms, his personal life was running its course of theatrical loneliness and gloom. "You refer to my *numerous* friends," he wrote an associate in 1875. "Where are they? They are stuck fast in the morass of lost illusions or in the bogs of money-making. I assure you that numerous friends are to be found only among dogs." A decade or so later, he was harping on the same theme. In a letter to another associate, he said that the only person who offered him any kindness was "a paid servant," and added, "I can see in my valet's eyes how much he pities me, but I cannot, of course, let him notice that." Actually, to judge by his letters, he seems to have been close to several people, and he was closest of all to his family—particularly his mother and his brothers. Robert and Ludvig spent most of their lives in Russia—starting with the little machine shop, they made a fortune not only as engineers and munitions manufacturers but as developers of the famous Baku petroleum deposits—but Alfred wrote to them and their wives constantly, in his usual morose vein. "I have no memories to cheer me, no pleasant illusions about the future to comfort me, or about myself to satisfy my vanity," he wrote Ludvig's wife in 1884. Four years later, Ludvig died, and Alfred went into a period of still deeper depression, which became bottomless in 1889, when his mother died in Stockholm. Alfred had been her chief pride, and she had been his chief confidante. He had always supported her liberally; no matter where he was or how busy he was,



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he had visited her every year; and his letters to her were the nearest thing to love letters he ever wrote. When she died, he issued instructions that space should be left on her memorial tablet "for the next comer." He explained that he was referring to "my old, worm-eaten self," and added, "I suggest this only for the sake of symmetry, for folk such as I are happiest without any portrait, both in the world of light and in the world of shadows. It really seems almost pitiable to wish to be something or somebody in this motley collection of fourteen hundred million two-legged tailless apes, which walk about on this earth projectile as it speeds through space."

One of the most shattering of Nobel's emotional experiences occurred, by his own account, when he was eighteen. He fell in love with a girl whom he met in Paris, probably on his way back to Russia after his first trip to America, and though he never told anybody her name or even what she looked like, he did indicate that the romance was brief and tragic. When it ended, with the girl's death, he wrote a long autobiographical poem, in which he said that the two of them had sealed their love with "the chaste and hallowed kiss of pure affection," and added that the girl

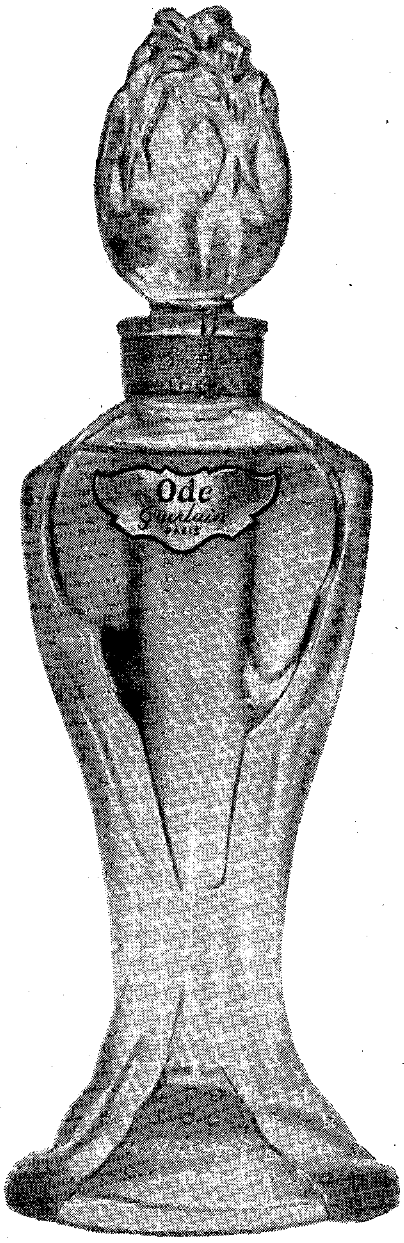
Looked up to me, to me alone, for love.
No selfish motive drew the link between us,
No parents whispered of a proper match.
Why then loved she? Because it was her nature
As fragrance is the nature of the rose. . . .

My life, till then a dreary desert like,
Revived to bliss and hope. I had an aim,
A heavenly aim—to win that lovely girl
And to be worthy of her. . . .
But 'twas not so ordained; another bridegroom
Had stronger claims—she's wedded to her grave.

Swearing to devote his life thenceforth "to nobler duties," he went on to say:

From that hour
I have not shared the pleasures of the crowd
Nor moved in Beauty's eye compassion's tear,
But I have learned to study Nature's book
And comprehend its pages and extract
From their deep lore a solace for my grief.

For many years, Nobel seems to have stuck to his renunciation of all pleasure and all other women, but in the spring of 1875, when he was forty-one, his mood changed. He had been living mostly in Paris hotels for two or three years, and now he bought a mansion at 53 Avenue Malakoff, a fashionable



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boulevard near the Arc de Triomphe. There were stables, a conservatory, a study, and countless rooms, as well as a laboratory, and the place obviously had everything Nobel could wish for, except someone to share it with. Not long after he moved in, he wrote a Swedish friend, whom he had just seen in Austria: "My eyes are in such bad shape that they cannot be used very much, not even for the necessary and beneficial purpose recommended in the Bible; namely, looking at pretty girls. And, speaking of that, have you any clue to the identity of the sweetest little governess I recently saw in Vienna? Absolutely first class—*ne plus ultra*—if you will." The friend had no clue, and early in 1876 Nobel placed an advertisement in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, reading, "A very wealthy, cultured, elderly gentleman, living in Paris, desires to find a lady of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household."

This was answered by a thirty-three-year-old Austrian countess named Bertha Kinsky von Chinic und Tettau, whose family was so poor that she had taken a job in Vienna as a governess with a baronial family named von Suttner. The Countess had tutored the four young von Suttner daughters and had fallen in love with one of the von Suttner sons—Arthur, who was seven years younger than she. He had fallen in love with her, too, but his parents were disturbed by the difference in age and financial status of the young people, and it had been agreed that the Countess would leave. She exchanged several letters with Nobel, who warned her that he was a most demanding man, but added, "If I take a liking to someone, I let my demands drop like a house of cards." Both of them eventually concluded that she could fill the post satisfactorily, and the Countess took a train to Paris, where Nobel met her at the station. He made "a very pleasant impression," Bertha afterward wrote in her memoirs. "He was not indeed an elderly gentleman . . . gray-haired and feeble, not at all." They got along at once, "on an animated and stimulating basis," she said, though she recognized a "satirical tone" in his voice and glimpsed his "sad and sarcastic nature."

Nobel did his best to make Bertha feel at home, and at first, anyway, he seems to have been successful. He let her read his autobiographical poem—she found it "simply splendid"—and told her she reminded him of the girl who had died. For a few days, they talked long and ardently. Despite "the

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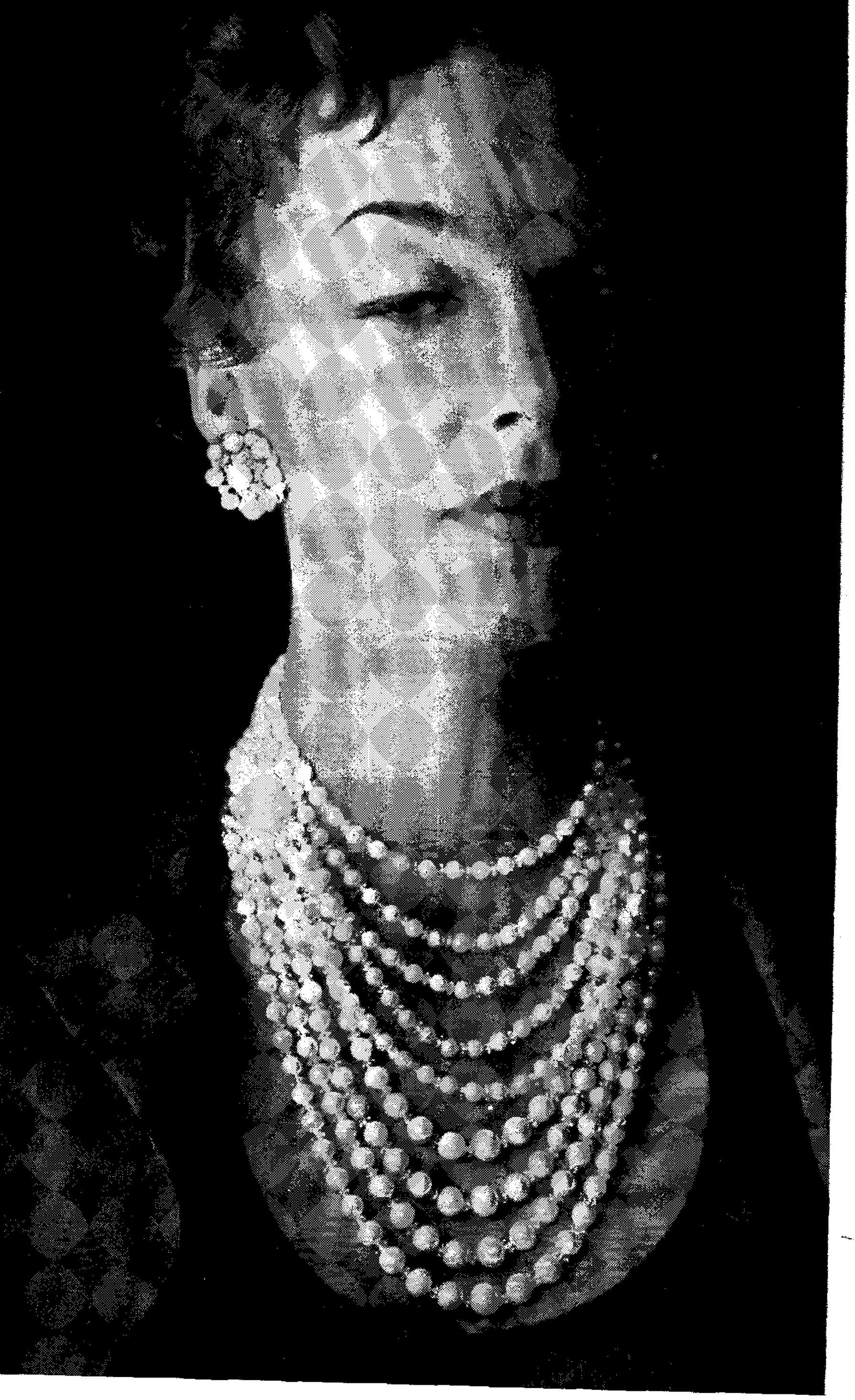

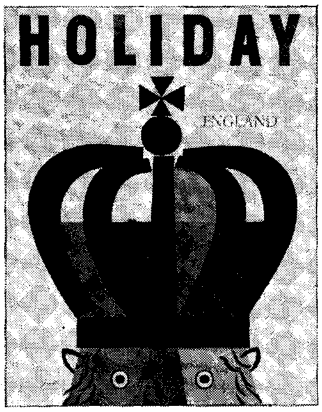

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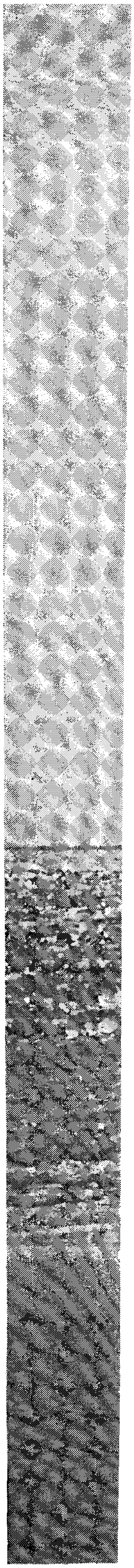

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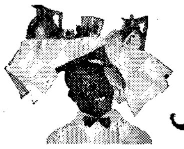
agony of separation" from young von Suttner, Bertha later wrote, "When I was with Alfred Nobel, I was for the moment diverted, for he could chat and tell stories and philosophize so entertainingly that his conversation quite captivated the mind. To talk to him about the world and humanity, about art and life, about the problems of time and eternity was an intense intellectual enjoyment." From the first, though, she saw Nobel's weak points. "He was full of faith in the abstract ideal of a coming loftier humanity," she wrote, "but full of distrust of the majority of men of his day, for he had to make the acquaintance of so many low, selfish, insincere characters. He was distrustful also of himself, and bashful even to the point of timidity. He . . . was always afraid that people were merely flattering him because of his wealth. That was doubtless the reason he never married."

"Are you fancy free?" Nobel asked Bertha when she had been in Paris about a week. She said she wasn't. "He pressed me further," she wrote, "and I told him the whole story of my love and my renunciation." Nobel commented that she had acted bravely, and quickly retired to his laboratory. During the next few days, they spent less time together, and when they did meet, their conversation was quite impersonal, centering for the most part on the military uses of Nobel's inventions, since Bertha, who was to become a famous pacifist, was worried about the damage that nitroglycerin and dynamite might do in war. When Nobel told her he thought dynamite was "too weak," she was visibly shocked, and she was more perplexed than relieved by his explanation: "I wish I could produce a substance or invent a machine of such frightful efficacy for wholesale destruction that wars should thereby become altogether impossible." It was a theme he and she were to pursue for the rest of his life—chiefly through correspondence, for after this initial Paris period they rarely saw each other.

Ten or twelve days after Bertha arrived in Paris, Nobel had to go to Sweden on business, and while he was away, she received a wire from Arthur von Suttner, saying, "Cannot live without you." After a brief battle with her conscience, she sold one of her few heirlooms—a diamond-studded cross—and took a train to Vienna. A month later, Bertha and von Suttner were married, and left for the Caucasus, where she had some friends. Nobel didn't hear from her until after the marriage had taken place, and he was



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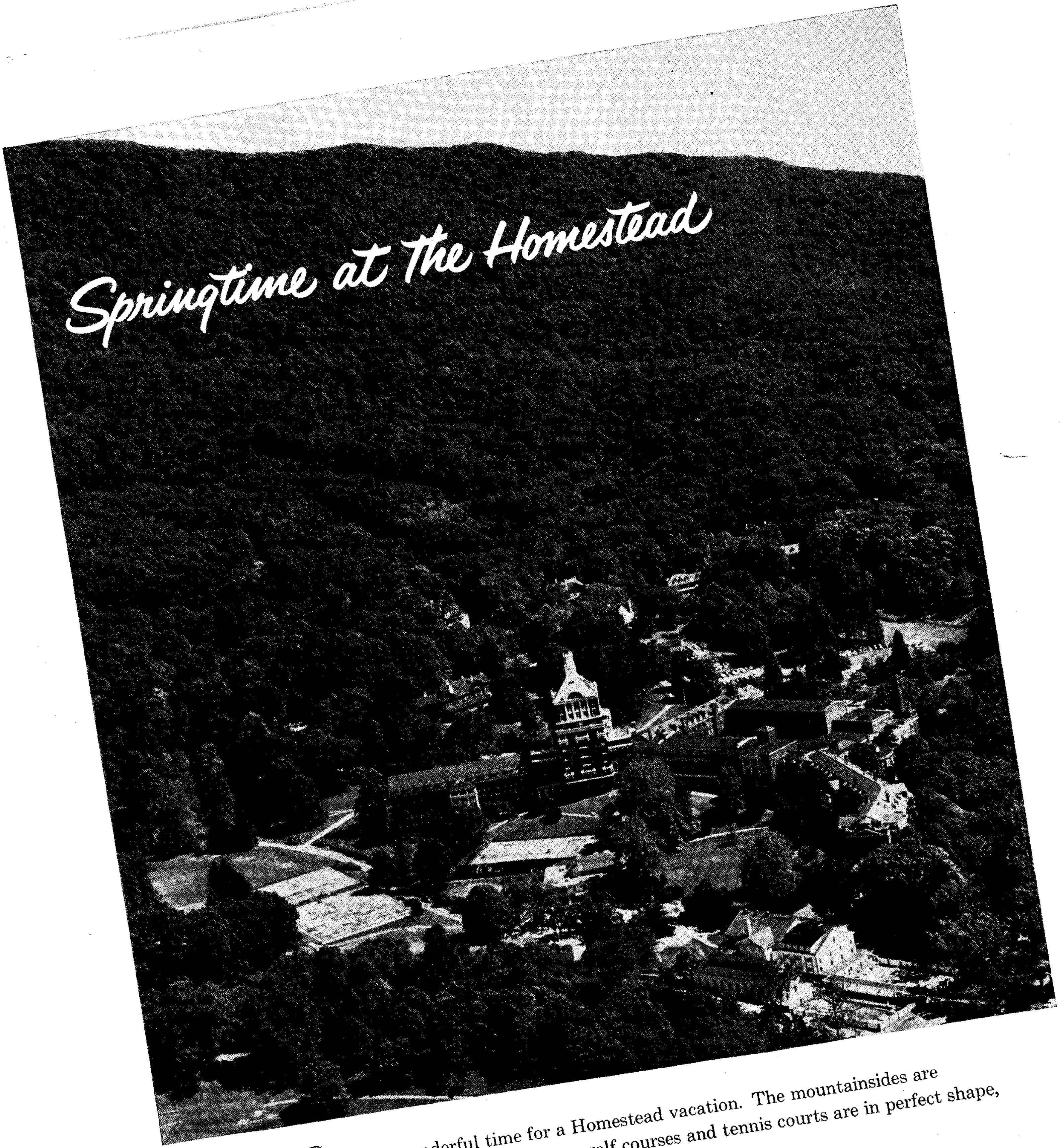

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not only hurt but filled with remorse over having paid too little attention to her. In midsummer, he went to Vienna, hoping to see her again, and when he found that she had left, he fell victim to great despondency and hypochondria. A lonely, middle-aged man on what amounted to the rebound, he went to Baden-bei-Wien, a fashionable Danube health center, and there struck up a conversation with a twenty-year-old girl who was working in a flower shop. Her name was Sophie Hess, she was beautiful, and she was one of four daughters of a lower-middle-class Viennese businessman. She told Nobel that she had to support herself, and he promised to assist her. At first, his attitude seems to have been merely avuncular, but the relationship that soon sprang up between them eventually became a crippling one for both of them.

Sophie was described by Ragnar Sohlman, who in Nobel's later years was his laboratory assistant and closest friend, as "young, pretty, cheerful, gay, capricious, somewhat frivolous . . . and ungifted and indolent." Nobel, Sohlman noted, "compared her at times to a little bird, and perhaps her chirpings relieved him for a while from his attacks of melancholia and nervous depression." It is not at all certain that Sophie was ever, in the technical sense, Nobel's mistress; his idea seems to have been to turn the girl, Pygmalion-fashion, into an educated woman who could fill that dreadful void in his Avenue Malakoff house. It took him a long time to realize that she was not up to the social and intellectual goals he had set for her. In 1877, he installed Sophie in a small and elegantly furnished apartment in Paris, with a maid, a cook, and a woman tutor, and she was soon going on endless shopping sprees and running up bills all over town. Nobel kept paying them, in the hope that she would grow tired of this form of amusement, and—in the role of "the growly bear," a nickname she had given him—kept admonishing her to buckle down to work with her tutor, but she went right on shopping and spending. Then she began to suffer from ill health, and Nobel had to send her to the first of a series of watering places.

As time went on, Sophie appeared more and more interested in marrying Nobel, and he appeared less and less interested in marrying her. In the fall of 1878, he wrote her, "I often force myself to act cool and reserved, lest your affection strike too deep roots," and added that while "for many years I have tried to find someone to whose heart

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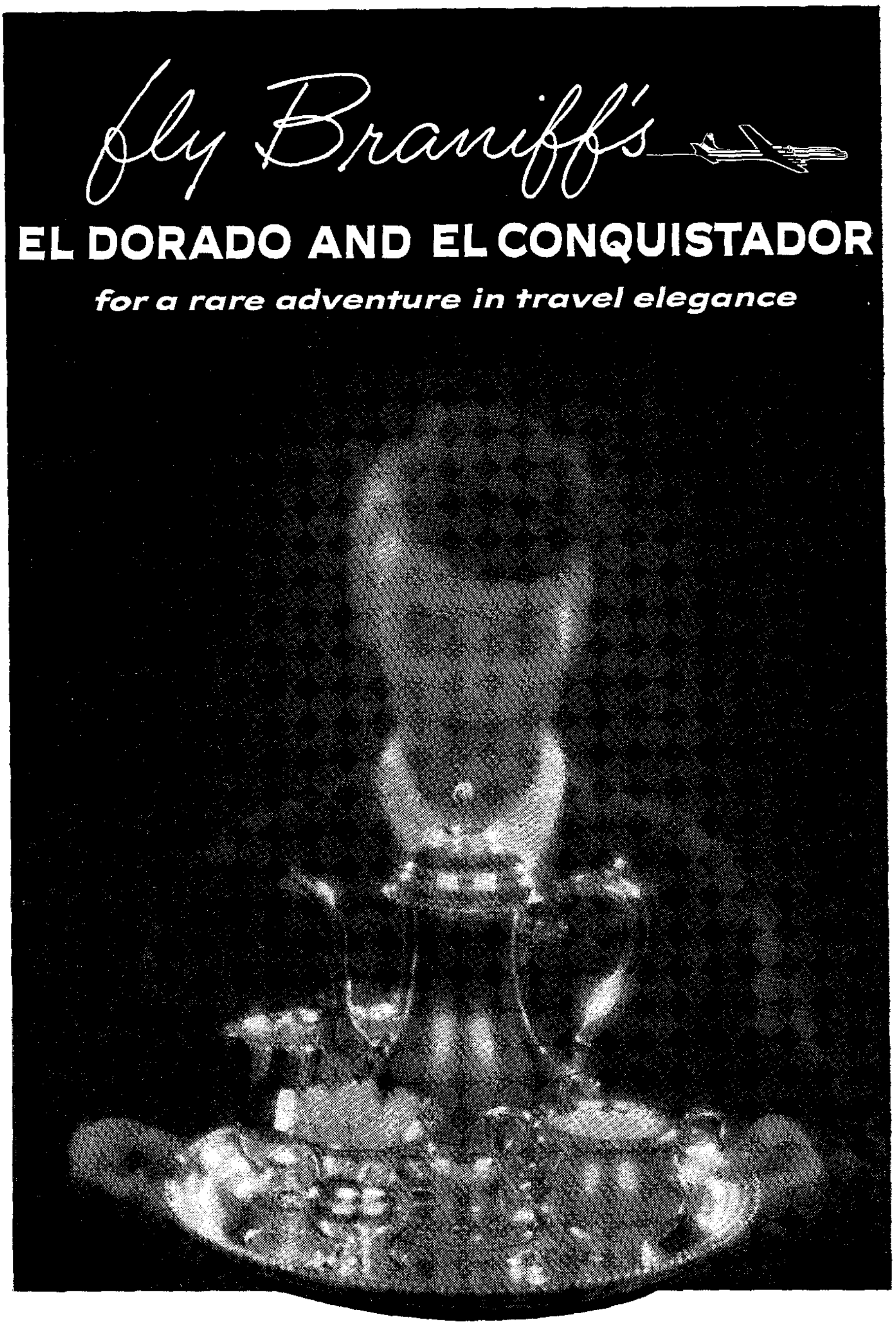
my own could find a way [but] it must not be a twenty-year-old heart whose views of the world and inner life have so little in common with my own." Two years later, in a particularly tragic letter, addressed to her as "Little Child of My Heart," he wrote:

> . . . When *I am now forced* to associate with other people I cannot, unfortunately, fail to see how seriously my lack of social life during the past few years has injured me. I feel so stupid and so out of place that I avoid the people I meet. For that I have to thank my wretched complacency, and presumably I shall never again in my life recover my earlier mental vigor. I do not blame you, dear, sweet little child, for when all is said and done it is my own fault, and you are not responsible. [But] you are not able to realize that for years out of pure generosity I have sacrificed myself, that is to say, my time, my duties, my inner life, my reputation, which always depends on associations with other people, my whole relationship with the outside, educated world, and, finally, also my business interests for an uncomprehending child, who is not even able to see any magnanimity in that sacrifice.

Nobel's bitterness grew as the years passed. "I felt sorry, yes, very sorry for you, and still do, more than ever as I learn to know you better," he wrote in the summer of 1881. "You might perhaps have been able to tie me to you permanently if from *the beginning* you had made life pleasant instead of unpleasant for me. But . . . you did everything to repel even the best of men." In the fall of 1883, Nobel was still calling her "dear, sweet little child" and telling her that "my heart bleeds when I think of how you must drift around so alone in the world," but in the next breath he said, "Can't you ever realize what a terrific burden it must be for a man as occupied as I am to have a lady friend who does not know any human being and who thereby keeps me from every freedom of movement?" The following summer, he told her again that she had "embittered" and "ruined" his life, and now he added, "I consider women, each and every one of them, whether young or old, as annoying trespassers who rob me of my time." Shortly thereafter, Sophie left Paris permanently for Vienna, but Nobel continued to support her, and to avoid gossip, he sometimes addressed his letters and packages to her under the name of "Frau Nobel." In the late eighteen-eighties, she took up with a Hungarian cavalry captain, who eventually married her, and in 1891 they had a child. (The captain later became a champagne salesman, and presently was found drowned in the Danube.) After the child was born, Nobel had a legal guardian appointed for



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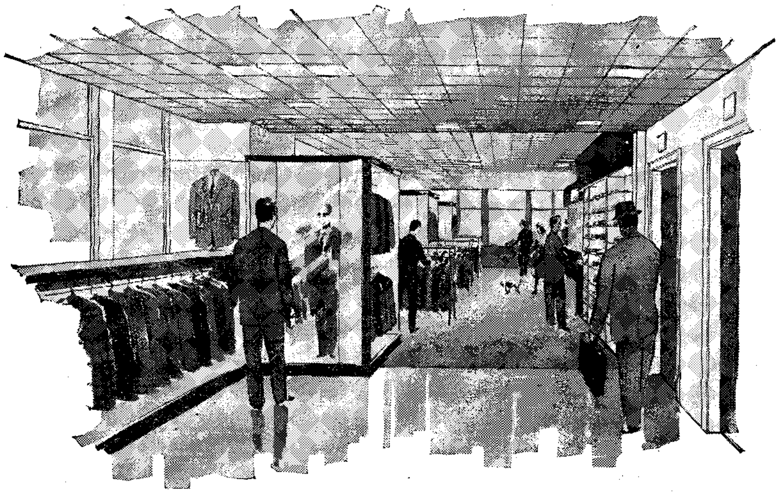

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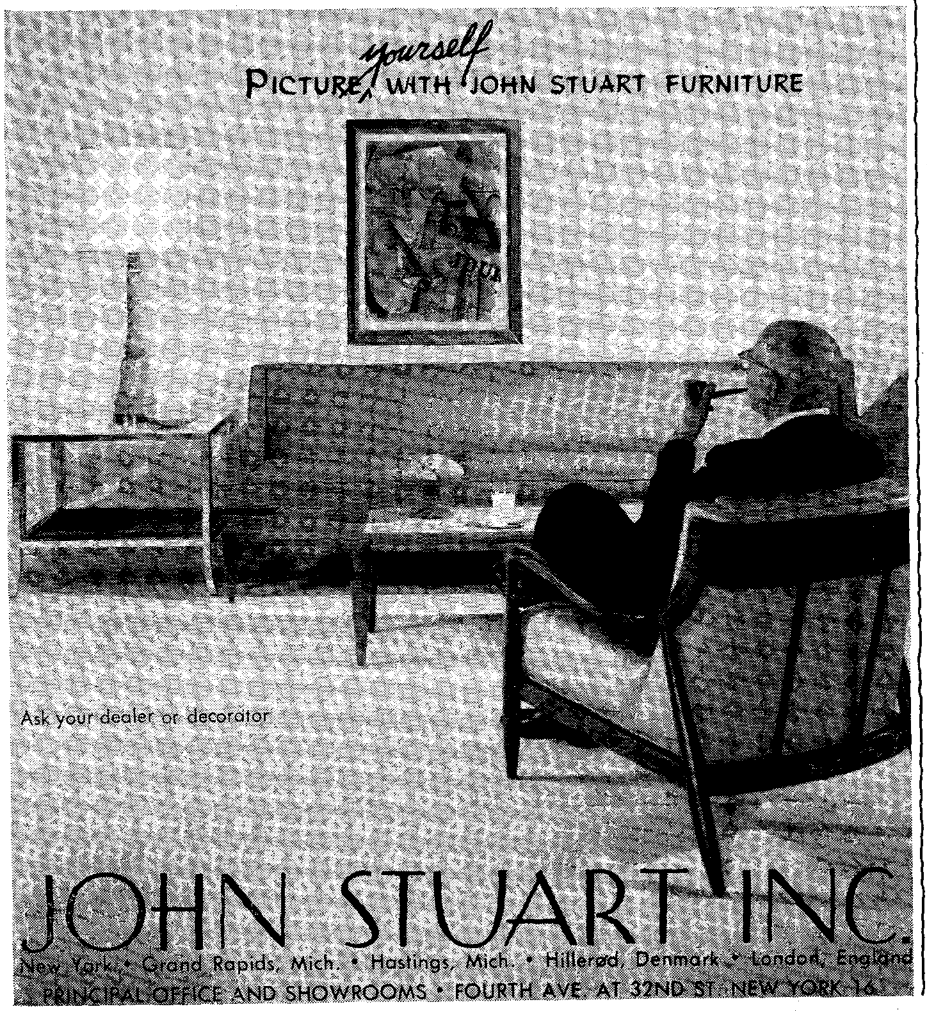

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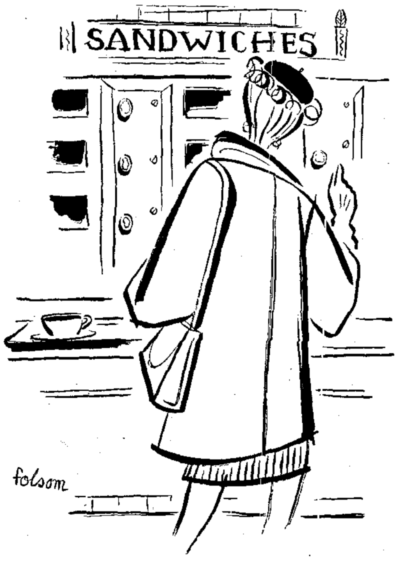
Sophie in Austria; from then on he gave her a regular allowance, supplementing it occasionally in a vain effort to keep her out of debt. Sophie remained a problem even after Nobel's death. She demanded money and claimed recognition as his common-law wife, and eventually the executors of Nobel's will came to an agreement with her: they paid her debts, and she promised to make no more demands and to return the letters she had received from Nobel. The Nobel Foundation has two hundred and sixteen of his letters to her and forty of hers to him. Sophie remained in Vienna, and during the First World War the Foundation regularly sent her food packages. She died in 1919.

Aside from Sophie Hess, Nobel had little to do with women whose intelligence did not appeal to him, but all his life he did enjoy the company of educated women, provided they were not given to idle chatter. Bertha von Suttner noted in her memoirs, "Certain forms of shallowness, of falsity, of frivolity, filled him with wrath and disgust," and he himself once wrote to a Swedish friend, "Personally, I find the conversation of Parisian women the most insipid there is, while, on the contrary, the society of educated and not too highly emancipated Russian women is delightfully agreeable. Unfortunately, they have an aversion to soap, but one cannot demand too much." While he was living in Paris, however, he frequently attended the well-known salon of Mme. Juliette Lambert-Adam, who was the editor of *La Nouvelle Revue*, and when Bertha von Suttner and her husband arrived on a visit in 1887, Nobel took them there. This was the first time Nobel had seen Bertha in eleven years. They had exchanged a dozen polite letters during that period, in one of which Bertha said she had heard a



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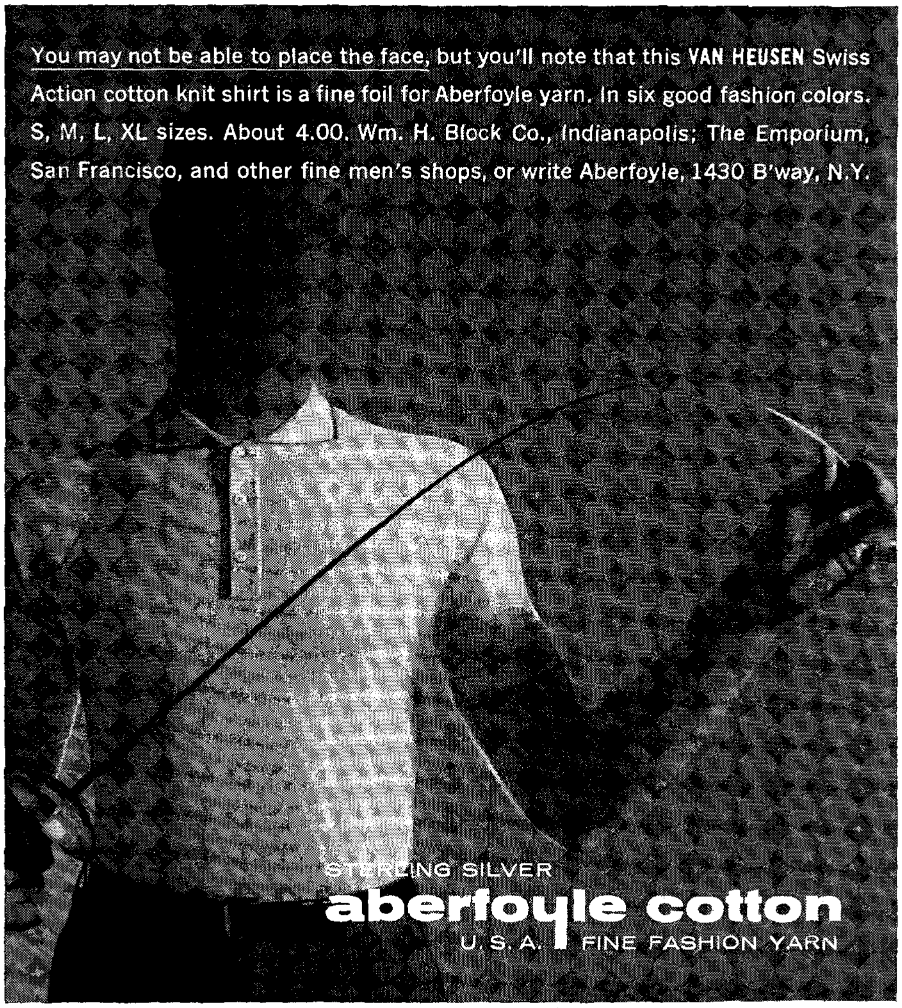

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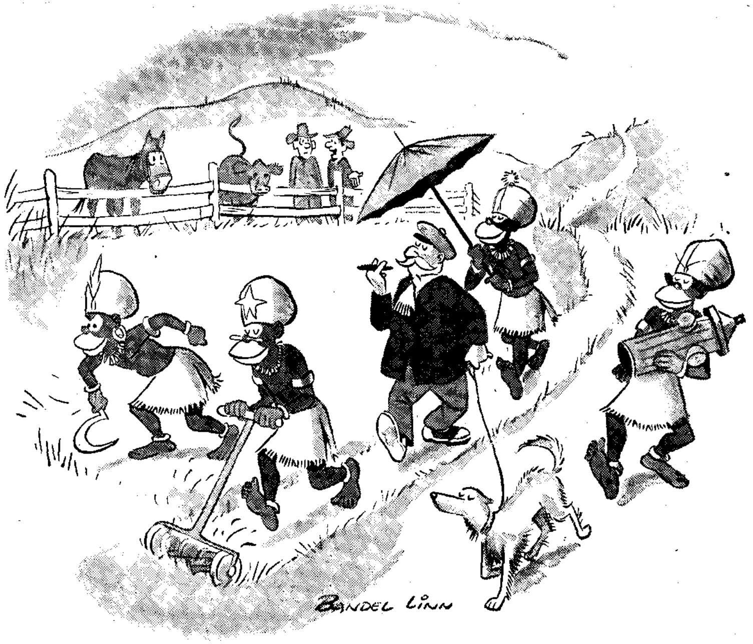

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rumor that he had married a young girl—obviously a reference to Sophie Hess. "There is no *jeune femme adorée*," Nobel had replied. "I shall not find in that direction a remedy against my *nervosité anormale* . . . or against my gloomy ideas." Now Bertha thought he was "unchanged, except that he had grown somewhat gray, but he was more deeply than ever immersed in his inventions." She had changed considerably more. In addition to acquiring a husband, she had acquired a career, having written a searching philosophical book called "Inventory of a Soul." At the time of the Paris visit, she was working on a new book, "The Machine Age," which expressed her fear that the impact of the industrial revolution would put the world on a materialist path to endless wars. Now, for the first time, Nobel and Bertha discussed the problem of peace seriously, and there began an odd interplay of views that was to have lasting importance, for if she did not inspire Nobel to establish the Peace Prize in his will—and a good many people believe she did—she certainly helped frame the concept of it in his mind.

While Nobel hadn't yet crystallized his own thoughts about war and peace, he had been pondering the problem ever since his youth in Russia. Strains of Russian pacifism and nihilism, mingled with Shelleyan notions of good and evil, had been blended in his mind into a peculiar amalgam of philosophical, religious, and political speculation. As Bertha had noted, there was a constant clash between Nobel's cynicism and his idealism, which he unflaggingly expressed in radical, and even visionary, terms. His poems and letters are full of utopian dreams, sometimes couched in tender phrases that perhaps slipped out unnoticed. Formal religion meant nothing to him, and he voiced some pretty strong opinions about "priestcraft," but he was not an atheist, as he was sometimes accused of being. "In religious matters, to know what one *must* believe is as impossible as the squaring of the circle," he wrote in a letter to a Swedish pastor, "but to distinguish what one *cannot* is by no means beyond the bounds of what is possible. . . . Any reflective person must realize that we are surrounded by an eternal mystery. . . . What you believe you see is a matter of individual fantasy." Politically, Nobel called himself a moderate Social Democrat, but he actually seemed to favor authoritarian rule. In one fragment of a novel he wrote, a verbose character named Mr. Future condemns "many-headed" parliamentary governments

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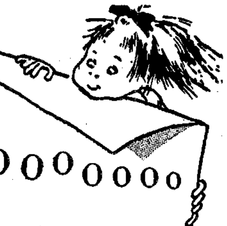
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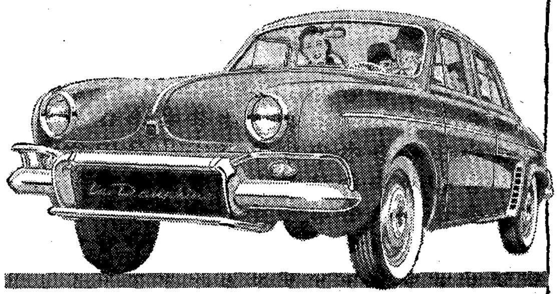
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and favors a state in which fifty provincial governors elected by "the educated part" of the public would, in turn, elect a president with autocratic powers. Nobel's sense of order—his tendency to blueprint the structure of a government as he would a scientific experiment—also guided his developing opinions about peace. When he started thinking about it seriously, he was concerned much more with establishing legal procedures among nations than with organizing popular movements, which was Bertha von Suttner's approach. Gradually, though, she managed to bring him at least part of the way around.

In 1889, Bertha published a novel, "Lay Down Arms," which described, in diary form, the agony of a woman whose husband had gone to war. The book quickly became an international sensation, and its title a battle cry. Nobel called it "an admirable masterpiece," and not long afterward, when Bertha published an eloquent appeal for peace in the newspapers, Nobel again praised her efforts, though he expressed some skepticism about their effectiveness. "And your pen?" he asked. "Whither is it wandering now? After writing with the blood of the martyrs of war will it show us the prospect of a future fairyland or the less utopian picture of the thinkers' commonwealth?" Bertha was making some headway with him, however; he had begun to have doubts about his old theory that the growing destructive power of weapons was the best guarantee of peace. After inventing ballistite, he spent some time dealing with problems of artillery and munitions, and trying to perfect an aerial rocket, and one day he remarked to Sohlman, "Well, you know, it is rather fiendish things we are working on." But then he added, "They are so interesting as purely theoretical problems." To a French friend, he observed, "A mere increase in the deadliness of armaments would not bring peace. The difficulty is that the action of explosives is too limited; to overcome this deficiency war must be made as deadly for all the civilians back home as for the troops on the front lines. . . . War will instantly stop if the weapon is bacteriology." Bacteriological warfare was something Nobel never got into, but his thoughts were turning in another significant direction. To the explorer Sven Hedin, who wanted money to finance a camel expedition to Central Asia, Nobel wrote, "I take less interest in . . . explorations than I used to. As proof of my exceptional inconsistency, I must confess, however, that I take the most lively interest in discoveries of a much smaller world-body, namely the atom. Its form, movements, and adventures, both as an individual and as a contributing cell in the life of the universe, occupy my thoughts more than is proper."

By 1891, Nobel was ready to discuss constructively with Bertha von Suttner the peace movement that then existed, if not to participate in it openly. That year, in Austria, she helped found an organization called the Society of the Friends of Peace, and he sent her a contribution of eighty pounds (which she found niggardly) and a letter that, in the mood of the laboratory, outlined the "modest beginnings" of a plan he thought should precede any clarion call for disarmament. What he had in mind was a cooling-off period for nations in conflict. "Would it be too much to ask," he wrote, "that for one year the European governments should engage to refer to a tribunal formed for this purpose any differences arising between them; or, if they should refuse to take this step, to defer every act of hostility until the expiration of the period stipulated? . . . A year is such a small period in the lives of nations." Some months later, Bertha asked him to let his name be used as one of the sponsors of a pacifist congress in Bern. He refused to do that, but he did attend the congress—"incognito," as he put it—and after the meeting he and Bertha went for a boat ride on the Lake of Zurich and discussed the problem of peace at length. Again trying to persuade him to take an active part in the movement, she asked, "If you knew that the work was well taken hold of, would you help?" Nobel replied, "Yes, I would. Inform me, convince me, and then I will do something great for the movement." He also told her that large inheritances have a paralyzing effect, and that "great accumulations of property should go back to the community and common purposes." From that time on, Bertha bombarded Nobel with literature, though she never saw him again.

By now, Nobel was thoroughly wrapped up in the subject of peace. In 1892, he went so far as to hire a personal adviser on peace—a pompous but knowledgeable retired Turkish diplomat named Aristarchi Bey, who pointed out to Nobel that the cooling-off period was a utopian concept, because a nation that could mobilize and strike rapidly would not be willing to risk the delays that an arbitration procedure would impose. Aristarchi Bey's grasp of *Realpolitik* forced Nobel to become a good deal more

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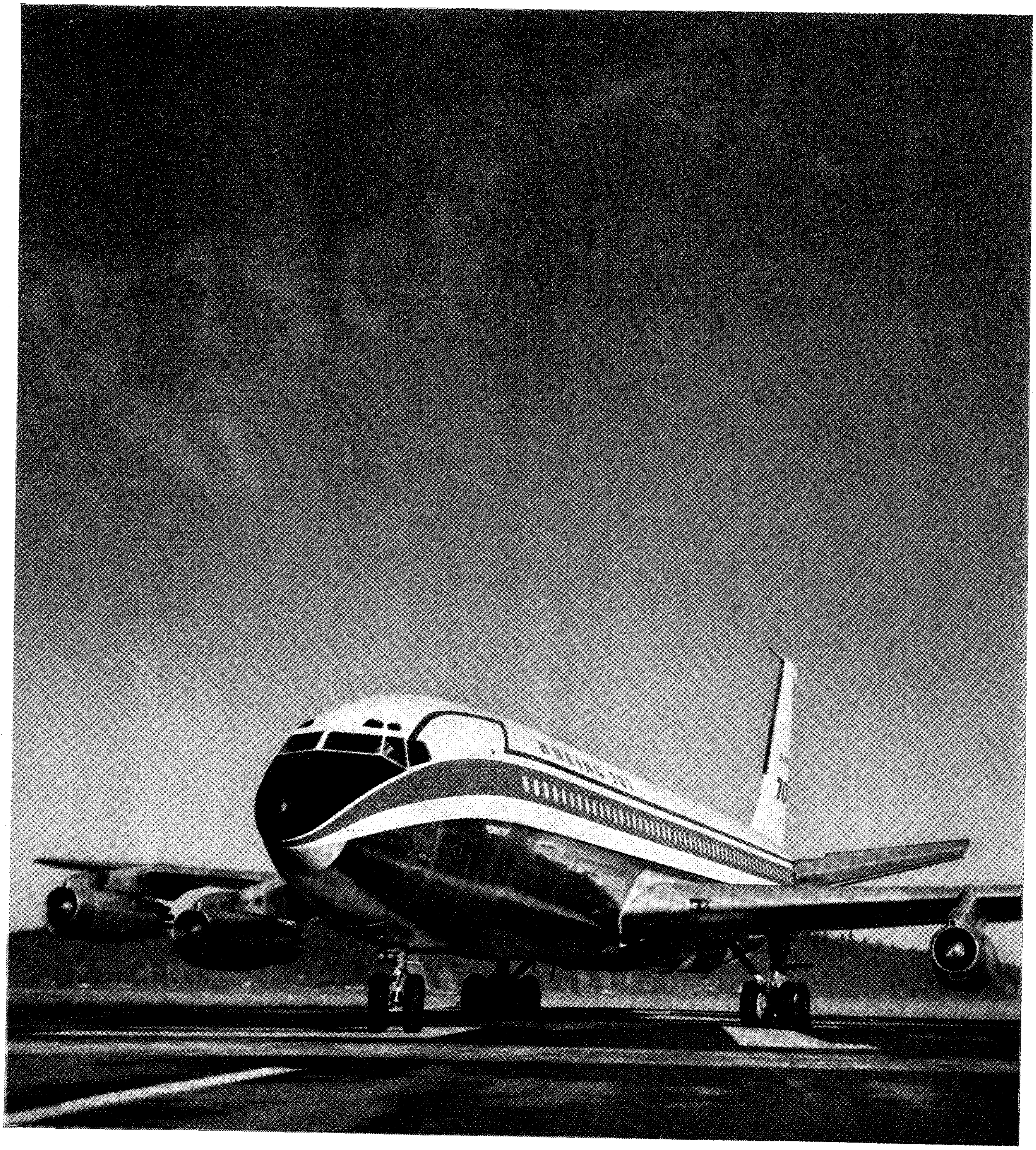
realistic himself, and late in 1892 he wrote a Belgian pacifist about an idea he had for a system of collective security with teeth in it. "I am beginning to believe," he said, "that the only true solution would be a convention under which all the governments would bind themselves to defend collectively any country that was attacked." Following this line of thought, he wrote Bertha von Suttner in January, 1893, that he had definitely decided to put aside part of his fortune for the regular distribution of a prize to the man or woman who had done most "to advance the idea of general peace in Europe" by creating some sort of system whereby "all states should commit themselves jointly and severally to take action against the first aggressor." If he had stuck to this concept, the Peace Prize might well have gone only to statesmen, and might have been something more than the powerful symbol it is, but he backtracked, probably because he wanted Bertha to get the first award, and made the terms much more vague when he got around to putting them into his will. Nobel, as a matter of fact, wrote three wills. The first of them—written in 1889, when he asked a Swedish lawyer for "a suitable form," because "my hair is gray, I am worn out, and I must prepare for shuffling off my mortal coil"—has never been found. The second, written in March, 1893, said in sweeping terms that he wanted to reward those who made original discoveries "in the wide field of knowledge and progress," and added that "such persons should be especially considered as are successful in word and deed in combatting the peculiar prejudices still cherished by peoples and governments against the inauguration of a European peace tribunal." In his final will, dated November 27, 1895, he both widened the range of his prizes and got far more specific. He established three annual prizes for science, covering physics, chemistry, and medicine; he established a prize for literature, which reflected his own lifelong labors with the written word; and he established a prize to go "to the person who shall have done the most or the best work for fraternity among nations, for the abolition or reduction of standing armies and promotion of peace congresses."

That he had Bertha von Suttner in mind seems to be indicated in his last letter to her. She had written to him about the Seventh World Peace Congress, in Budapest, and had ended by saying she hoped he felt better, for she had heard his health was rapidly fail-



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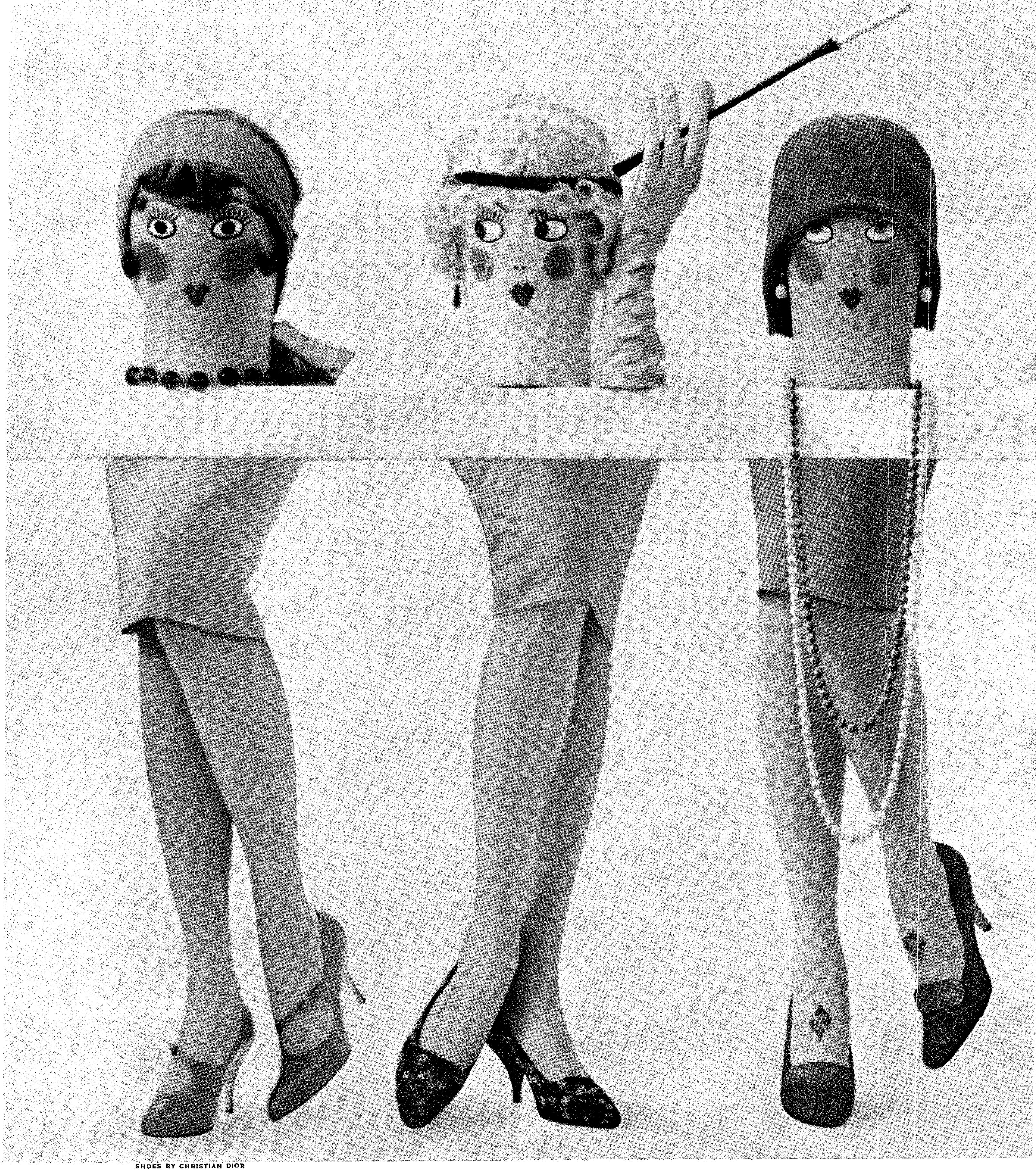

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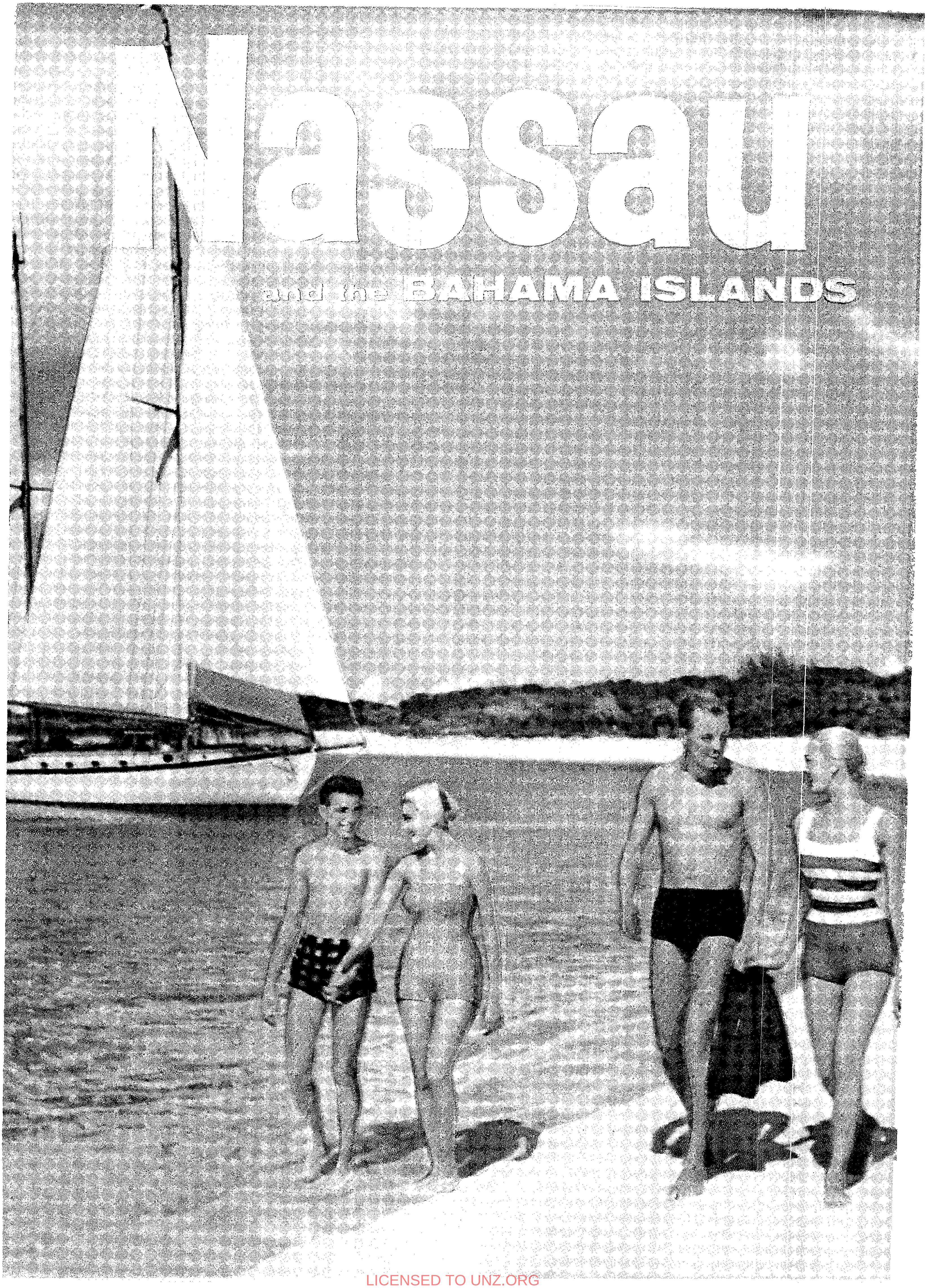
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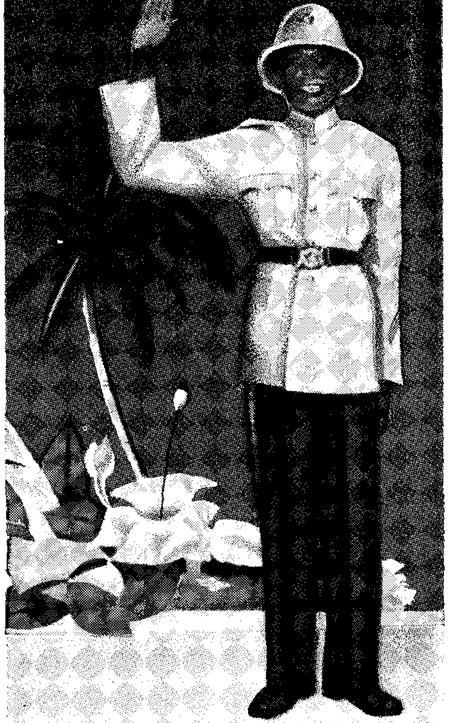

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ing. On November 21, 1896, he replied, from Paris:

Dear Baroness and Friend:

"Feeling well"—no, unhappily for me, I am not, and I am even consulting doctors, which is contrary not only to my customs but also to my principles. I, who have no heart, figuratively speaking, have one organically, and I am conscious of it. But that will suffice for me and my petty miseries. I am enchanted to see that the peace movement is gaining ground. That is due to the civilizing of the masses, and especially to the prejudice-hunters and darkness-hunters, among whom you hold an exalted rank. Those are your titles of nobility.

Heartily yours,
A. Nobel

Actually, a few days before he had written this, his doctors had told him that he had an advanced calcination of the aorta and must have complete rest, and the very next day he went to Italy—to a villa he had bought in San Remo in 1891. Here he lived alone, as he had practically everywhere, and here he also died alone. On December 7, 1896, he had a stroke while sitting at his desk, and on the morning of the tenth he was found dead in bed by his butler. Bertha von Suttner read of his death in the newspapers.

The death of Alfred Nobel did not end the wrangling that had always surrounded his name; indeed, it produced one of the bitterest conflicts of all. Nobel had never had any use for lawyers—he once called them "niggling parasites"—and he had written his last will without any professional legal help. This left twenty-five thousand dollars to each of twenty relatives—eight of them belonging to the so-called Russian branch of the family, the rest to the Swedish branch. The balance of the estate was to be invested in "safe securities," and the interest was to finance the annual prizes. In some particulars, the will was monumentally hazy, and in others it was, if anything, excessively precise. Nobel neglected to specify who was to invest and administer the fund for the prizes, but he was very exact about who was to choose the winners—the Royal Swedish Academy of Science for the physics and chemistry awards, the Royal Caroline Medico-Chirurgical Institute, in Stockholm, for the medical award, the Swedish Academy for the literary award, and the Norwegian parliament, or Storting, for the peace award. Yet he hadn't bothered to consult any of these institutions about their willingness to take on the task.

The validity of Nobel's will became a matter of public dispute, and the

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battle lines were quickly drawn. The Storting was immediately ready to carry out Nobel's wishes, and so was the Russian branch of the family. The Swedish branch of the family deplored the will (because the personal bequests were small), and so did Swedish liberals (because the prizes did not cover social-welfare projects), Swedish conservatives (because the whole notion was too "international"), and King Oscar II, who advised one of Nobel's nephews that Alfred Nobel had been "influenced by peace fanatics and particularly by women," and urged him not to disregard the family interests in favor of the "fantastic ideas of your uncle." Meanwhile, there was some question as to where Nobel's legal residence had been and where the will should be probated. If the decision should be in favor of Paris, where most of his securities were on deposit, the outlook for the will was bad, for French law was much stricter on such matters than Swedish law, and French death duties were a great deal higher. Consequently, Ragnar Sohlman, who was one of Nobel's executors, withdrew all valuable papers and documents from French banks and secretly conveyed them to London or Stockholm in small bundles, carrying each one separately to the Gare du Nord in a horse cab. "With a loaded revolver in my hand," he wrote later, "I sat in the cab prepared to defend the suitcase in case a collision with another carriage had been arranged by robbers—at that time a not unusual occurrence in Paris."

This dramatic phase of the struggle ended when the Swedish courts ruled that Nobel's legal residence had been Bofors, the small town near Stockholm where he had bought the last of his factories and had lived for several months a year thereafter. Now the Swedish branch of the family changed its tune somewhat; its members agreed that Nobel's intentions should be carried out, but said that they themselves should be the ones to manage the fund. Meanwhile, some old fogies in the three Swedish academies raised various sorts of minor objections. But Sohlman, abetted by the Russian branch, fought on, and in June, 1898, he won; the academies agreed to accept their roles, and the Swedish branch accepted an out-of-court settlement that gave them a somewhat larger portion of the estate—their original bequests, plus a year and a half's income from the estate—and the assurance that they would be consulted about the award procedures. When Nobel's assets in

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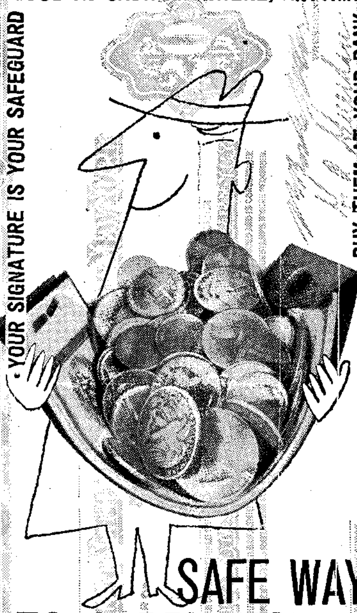

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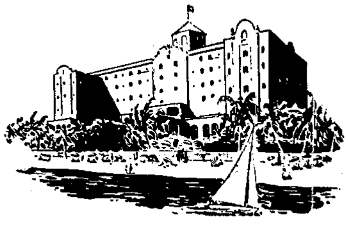

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eight European countries had been appraised, and when the Swedish branch, the Russian branch, and dozens of lawyers all over Europe had been paid off, just under eight million dollars was left.

Early in 1899, after months of discussion, the three academies, both branches of Nobels, and the Swedish and Norwegian governments agreed on a plan for administering the fund. The crux of the plan was to create an independent organization called the Nobel Foundation, which was formally set up in 1900. The Foundation proceeded to erect a headquarters building; to establish four Nobel Institutes, which were to conduct research in connection with choosing the prize-winners, and which have since done original work; and to invest the money in the "safe securities" that Nobel had stipulated. (Practically all of it is now invested in Swedish stocks, bonds, and real estate, though three hundred thousand dollars has been invested in blue-chip securities in this country. Over the years, the dollar value of the fund has increased to about twelve million.) In 1901, with all its machinery in operation, the Foundation gave out the first Nobel prizes.

PICKING the winners of the Nobel prizes is a long and complicated process, starting more than a year before the awards are announced. First, early in that preceding year, the academies send out invitations to selected universities and individuals all over the world to nominate candidates for the following year, while the Storting sends its invitations to members of parliaments, jurists, previous prize-winners, and other notables. (The academies occasionally add candidates of their own, and now and then unrecognized geniuses have attempted to nominate themselves.) The deadline for nominations is February 1st of the following year, and deliberations go on until fall, when the decisions are made and announced. The winners are then expected to go to either Stockholm or Oslo for the annual December 10th ceremony. Perhaps the toughest choice to make is the winner of the literary prize. Nobel, who always preferred high-minded writers, made this task tough by declaring in his will that he wanted to reward works of "an idealistic tendency." It was left to the Foundation to try to define exactly what he had meant. One of Nobel's friends quoted him as saying, "I would like to help dreamers, as they find it difficult to

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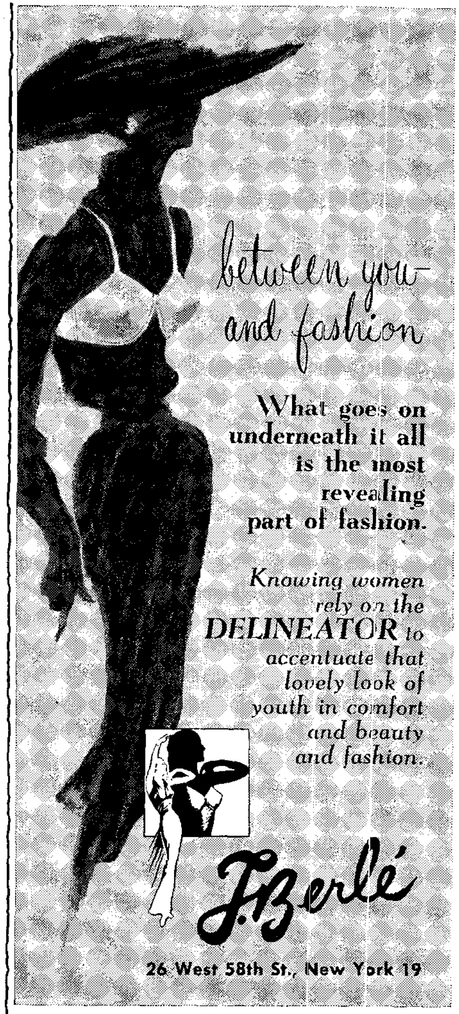
get along in life," which seemed to indicate young and penurious writers. However, the will also said that he wanted to honor work that had proved to be of "the greatest benefit to mankind," and this seemed to indicate older, well-established authors. Of the fifty-two winners so far (there were no prizes during some of the war years), only seven, including the 1957 winner, Albert Camus, have been even relatively young; none was under forty, and most have been over sixty. The Swedish Academy, whose eighteen members are almost invariably over sixty themselves, is regarded as the stronghold of Swedish conservatism, and it has sometimes tended to slight "modern" literature, though Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, and William Faulkner have been among the writers selected. (Curiously, Faulkner was never mentioned by any of the American nominators, and it was the Swedes who put him up for the prize.) The Foundation has admitted that the prizes have assumed the "character of decorations," and it seems that there has been an effort to choose writers of as many different nationalities as possible, though what might seem to be a disproportionate number of winners—twelve out of the fifty-two—have been Scandinavian. (Nine have been French, six British, five German, and five American, and the rest of various other nationalities.)

Another difficulty for the academies arose out of Nobel's declared wish that the awards honor works and discoveries of the preceding year. The Nobel Foundation got around this by deciding to honor older works if "their significance has not been established until recently," and so the Swedish Academy was able to catch up with a number of nineteenth-century writers before they died. Because reading is a far more universal pursuit than physics, chemistry, medicine, or peace-making, there has been a lot of disagreement over the literary prizes, and the Foundation itself has conceded that "the history of the Nobel Prizes in Literature is a history of inexpiable sins of omission." The most glaring omissions, perhaps, have been Tolstoy (who was one of Nobel's favorite authors but whose "nihilistic tendencies" and "theoretical anarchism" were repugnant to the Academy), Strindberg (who was always having fights with Academy members), Ibsen, Chekhov, Thomas Hardy, Rilke, Conrad, Valéry, Proust, and Joyce.

There has also been a great deal of debate about some of the winners of the Peace Prize, and there would have



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been a lot more if the Norwegian distributors of the prize had not withheld it a dozen times since 1901, on the ground that they could not find anyone they deemed worthy of it. The debate started with the very first prize, which did not go to Bertha von Suttner, as most people had expected, but was split between Frédéric Passy, founder of the International League of Peace, and Jean Henri Dunant, founder of the International Red Cross. No one objected to Passy, but many people objected to Dunant, complaining that he was not trying to avert war but simply to make it less barbarous. Since then, the award has tended to follow the world's changing approach to peace. For example, at the outset the prize usually went to pioneer private peace workers—Bertha von Suttner finally got it in 1905—though on occasion it was won by organizations like the Institut de Droit International, which before the First World War codified the principles of international law. One of the most hotly debated of the early winners was Theodore Roosevelt, who was honored in 1906 for his influence as a mediator in the Russo-Japanese War but whom many people looked upon as a fire-breathing imperialist rather than a peace worker. Between the world wars, the prize usually went to the founders and guiding spirits of the League of Nations—Woodrow Wilson, Fridtjof Nansen, and Christian Lange—and to pact and treaty makers like Aristide Briand and Frank B. Kellogg. Perhaps the most dramatic award of those years was the one, on the eve of the Second World War, to Carl von Ossietzky, a German journalist, pacifist, and anti-Fascist. Hitler had some time before put von Ossietzky in jail, and not only did he refuse to let the winner go to Oslo but he ordered that in the future no German national could accept any variety of Nobel prize. A few German scientists were chosen for science awards during the years of the Third Reich, and although they had to forfeit the money (according to the rules, it must be claimed before October 1st of the following year), they picked up their diplomas in Stockholm after 1945. In the competition for the Peace Prize, the United States leads the field, with twelve winners, including Cordell Hull, Ralph Bunche, and General George C. Marshall. One of the most popular choices, representing old-fashioned workers for peace in private vineyards, was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who won the 1952 prize, and one man who was suggested for the peace award but

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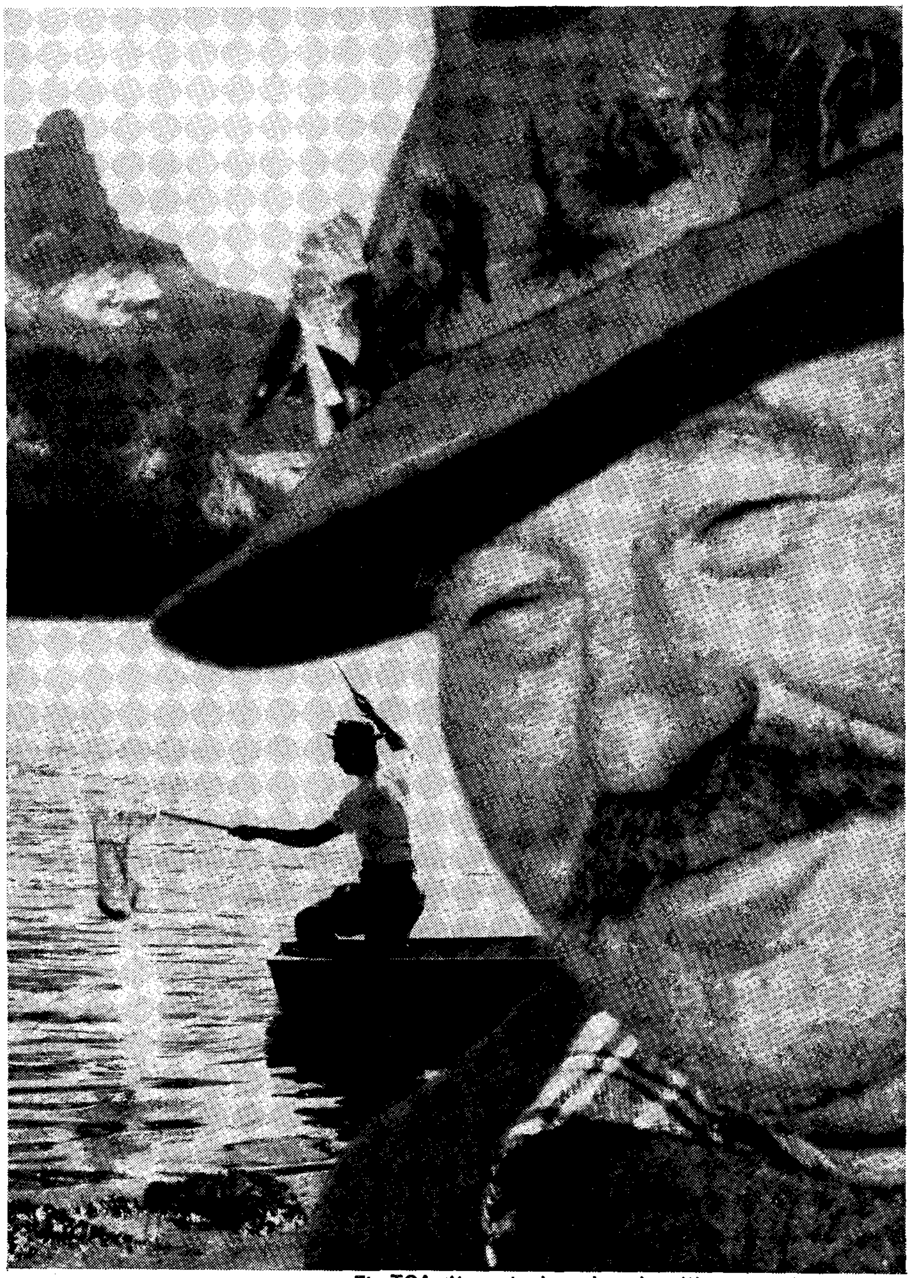

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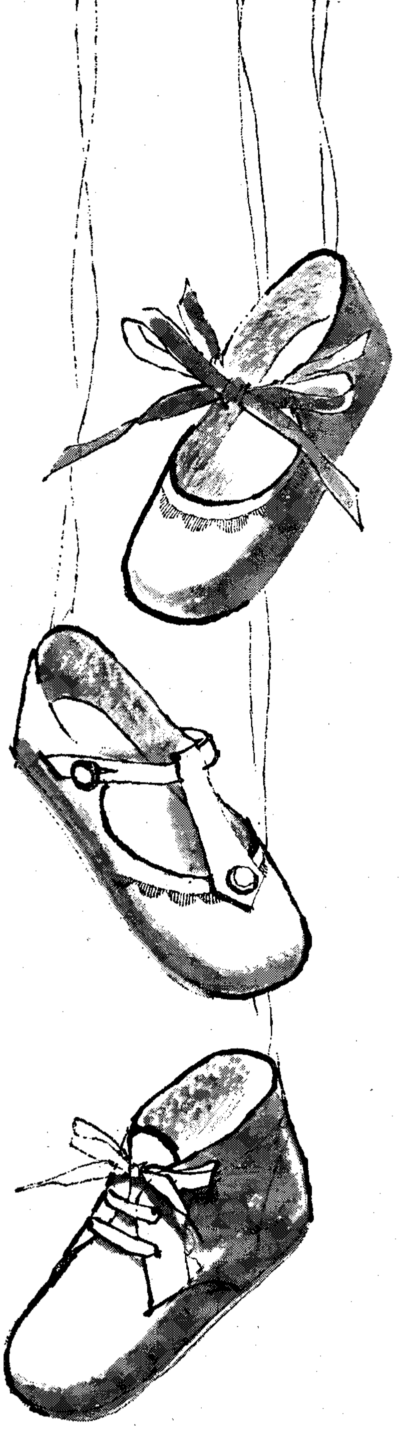

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did not win it was that famous warrior Winston Churchill. In 1953, however, Churchill was given the literary prize, and the citation was a double-barrelled one, recognizing him not only as a writer but as a leader of men in crisis; the award was "for his mastery of historical and biographical description as well as for brilliant oratory in defending exalted human values."

In science, as in literature, Nobel's idea seems to have been to give help where help was needed—in this case, to encourage laboratory research rather than reward scientific achievement—but the prizes for physics, chemistry, and medicine have also tended to go to men whose best work was already done. A tremendous amount of concentrated study precedes the awarding of these prizes: after the nominations are in, the Royal Caroline Medico-Chirurgical Institute and the Royal Swedish Academy of Science spend months evaluating the importance of the work under consideration; writing analyses, which may run to three hundred pages; and, on occasion, seeking the assistance of outside experts. When the Nobel prizes were established, science in general was on the threshold of revolutionary advances, and the awards have commemorated work done in such fields as matter and energy; the radioactive elements; and vitamins, hormones, antibiotics, and chemotherapy. Ever since 1905, when Dr. Robert Koch, of Germany, was honored for his work in combatting tuberculosis and the serum he had developed proved fatal in a good many cases shortly thereafter, the selectors of the prize for medicine have been the most conservative of the lot, taking their time before they acknowledge a new cure or drug. It was not until a decade after the development of penicillin, for instance, that Sir Alexander Fleming and two of his associates were given the prize. (The two-way or three-way splitting of prizes, which has occurred most often in the scientific fields, reflects the growing complexity and specialization of research, as well as the emphasis on teamwork in the laboratory.) All in all, there have been few complaints about the science winners, though there has been some criticism of the academies for overlooking certain men—among them the American chemist Josiah Willard Gibbs, who made far-reaching discoveries in thermodynamics, and the American neurosurgeon Harvey Cushing, who developed new techniques for brain operations. Among the classes of scientists that have been totally or largely dis-

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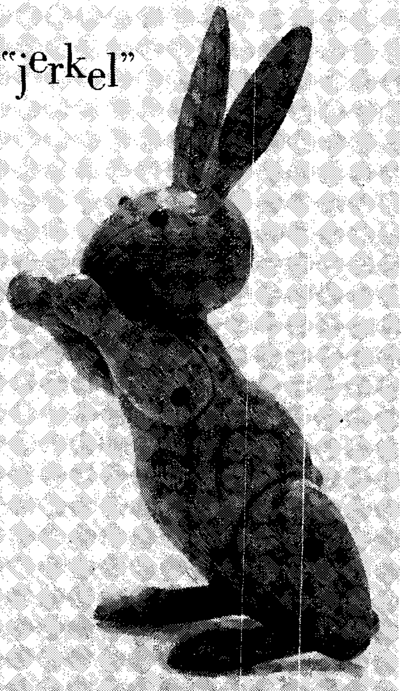

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regarded are inventors, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, and Russians. Thomas Edison and the Wright brothers were never honored, though Guglielmo Marconi was. No psychiatrist of any description has ever received an award, and only three Russians have—two for medicine and one for chemistry. The reason for this is doubtless that the Russians have kept pretty quiet about what they were doing, but very likely their recent achievements in outer space will bring them some recognition from Stockholm.

WHILE it is impossible to know what Alfred Nobel would have thought of the tremendous prestige that his prizes carry, it is possible to conjecture. No doubt, he would be proud of the fact that the roster of Nobel awards constitutes a fairly comprehensive progress chart of mankind's greatest scientific, moral, and literary accomplishments over the last fifty years. On the other hand, he personally never had much use for awards, decorations, or orders of any kind, and he once succinctly expressed his view of them: "I have no order at all for my scientific work. My orders have no explosive basis. I owe my Swedish order of the North Star to my cook, whose skill won the approval of an eminent stomach. My French order was conferred upon me as the result of a close personal acquaintance with a Minister, my Brazilian Order of the Rose because I happened to be presented to Dom Pedro, and, finally, the famous Order of Bolivar because Max Philippe [one of his business associates] . . . wished to give a demonstration of the manner in which orders are conferred." Nobel's distaste for outward show went so far that he never consented to sit for a portrait. In the Nobel Foundation Building, a portrait of him is on display, but it is a posthumous one, projected from photographs. The face portrayed is gloomy, and the cold marble building has the air of a mausoleum. To a visitor, it seems, like Nobel's many homes, a lonely place. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(This is the second of two articles on the career of Alfred Nobel.)

•

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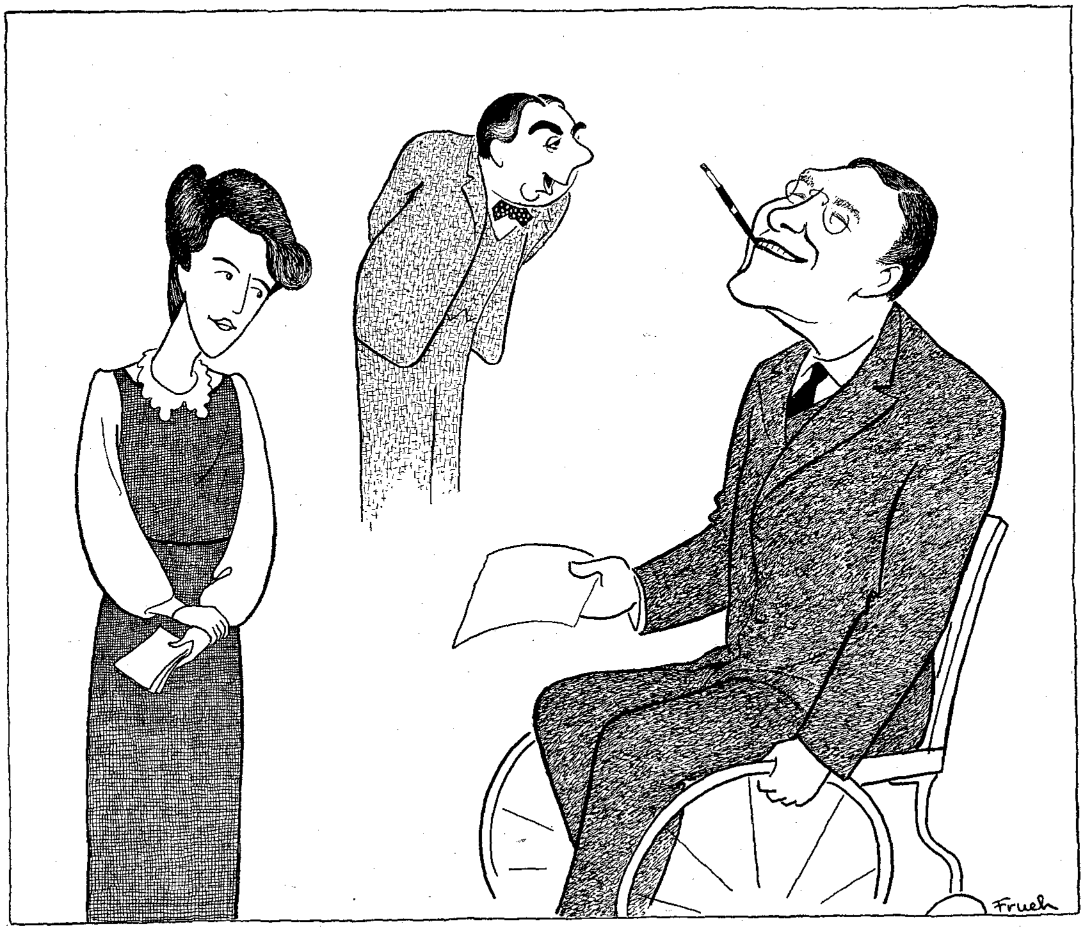
THE THEATRE

ART FROM ALL OVER

PATACHOU, a Parisian chanteuse whose offstage name is Henriette Ragon, is asked to shoulder the greater part of the burden of entertainment in "International Soirée," at the Bijou, and I'm sorry to say that she doesn't strike me as being quite up to this demanding assignment. Successful theatrical personality is almost as impossible to define as love, and it is hard for me to explain why, in my opinion, Mlle. Ragon fails just microscopically to embody it. Her technique is varied, energetic, and, of course, fetchingly Gallic. For the most part, she assumes at the beginning of her songs what might be called a gamin, or Peter Pan, stance—feet apart, arms akimbo, head thrown back—but this pose is seldom more than momentary, and presently the lady is in a state of vehement commotion, employing everything in her possession, including a pair of remarkably expressive hands, to the utmost possible effect. Her voice, like the voices of so many of her compatriots, suggests that it has been used a little too often in too many smoky rooms, but this, in a way, is an amiable failing, and her handling of it, in an assortment of material that ranges from "Mon Homme" to a rather sardonic rendering of "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," is thoroughly professional. Altogether, her performance is very cheerful and winning. The only trouble with it is that it lacks any great originality of style or imagination. It is conceivable that Mlle. Ragon would be quite enchanting in the intimate climate of a night club, where simple high spirits are easy to mistake for more complex gifts, but I'm afraid she is somewhat lost in the chillier reaches of a theatre, where unstimulated audiences are less readily bewitched.

Mlle. Ragon's endeavors make up the second half of "International Soirée." The first exhibits the talents of a Belgian pantomimist called Marcel Cornelis; a quartet of invisible and hair-raising artists known as Georges LaFaye and Company, who have pushed the art of animation to what would appear to be its ultimate boundaries; and a pair of Spanish dancers, Caracolillo and Maria Rosa, who are accompanied from time to time by a guitarist named Rogelio Reguera. These acts, I should say, vary widely in quality. M. Cornelis, who impersonates a lion tamer, a juggler, a magician, and a pianist grappling with the work of a modern composer, might be described as a painfully unsubtle Marcel Marceau, and his offerings are likely to appeal only to the most helpless admirers of this theatrical form. The dancers, who are nimble, decorative, and more than usually ferocious with their castanets, are, I suppose, engaging enough, though the chances are that you've seen the same thing at least as well done many times before, and the guitarist is agreeably accomplished at his specialty, too. The puppeteers, however, are a sheer delight, whether they are filling the air with floating lights and colors or playing little tricks with exploding musical instruments or acting out a wonderfully peculiar romance between a top hat and a feather boa. They are responsible for whatever real novelty and wit and pictorial excitement there is in "International Soirée," and I regret that I can't report more coherently on their unearthly doings. The master of ceremonies in charge of all this revelry is Hiram Sherman, whose charming take-it-or-leave-it attitude is almost enough to offset the striking inanity of the jokes he is called upon to make.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO"

The jaunty figure in the wheelchair here is Ralph Bellamy, who, of course, represents F.D.R. in Dore Schary's play at the Cort. His companions are Mary Fickett and Henry Jones, who play Eleanor Roosevelt and Louis McHenry Howe.

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THE RACE TRACK

Coast to Coast

WITH the opening of Jamaica just around the corner, horseplayers hereabouts will note with interest that Hirsch Jacobs, the old pigeon fancier, is saddling enough winners to keep his hand in. Early last week, he started Promised Land in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, which wound up the Santa Anita meeting, and Promised Land obliged by beating Tall Chief II, as well as Eddie Schmidt and Solid Son, who ran a dead heat for third money, and ten other runners over the mile-and-six-furlongs grass course. On his way home from California, Jacobs stopped off at Bowie and won the Bowie Handicap on Saturday with Paper Tiger. It was the fourth time he had sent out the winner of this Maryland fixture; last year and the year before it was Joe Jones, and back in 1940 it was Conde Rico. This was Paper Tiger's second victory in five days at Bowie, and once more he gave his many backers chills and fever as he galumphed along far behind until the last half mile. Of course, it's always thrilling—especially when you win—to see a horse come through the stretch with a great rush. (I suppose it isn't sporting, but I like to see the beast I've bet on stay lengths in front all the way.) Paper Tiger's next appearance will be in the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap a week from Saturday. His running mate will be Promised Land.

Perhaps it was just as well for Promised Land that the Kerr Stable shipped Round Table to Florida and passed up the San Juan Capistrano. Round Table has beaten Promised Land three times this winter, and I have a notion that he would have done it again, even though the distance was farther than he likes. Anyhow, Round Table pointed up his arrival at Gulfstream Park by setting a track record the other afternoon. He should have no trouble winning Saturday's Gulfstream Park Handicap.

From all accounts, Promised Land was much the best of the runners for the San Juan Capistrano, keeping fairly close to the pace for nearly a mile and a half and then holding the lead in the stretch against the challenge of Tall Chief II. Incidentally, his share of the purse—$70,000—raised his earnings at the track to $117,850, a total second

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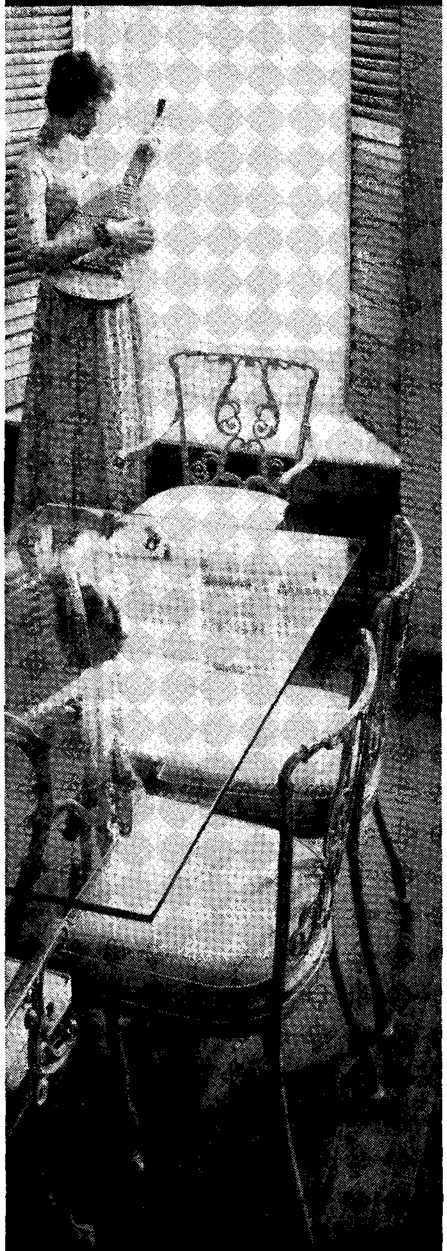

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only to Round Table's. Summing up Santa Anita at long range, I would say that except for the performances of Round Table and Silky Sullivan, who seems to have caught the public's eye as no other horse has since Native Dancer, it was a dull meeting, though eminently successful financially. More than a million and a half people saw the races and bet $115,000,000.

THERE is a legend that the first race horse to be named in this country was Young Fire, so called because, the story goes, he was rescued from a fire when he was young. Nowadays, the perfect name is supposed to suggest the animal's pedigree, and that isn't always easy, as any owner can tell you. The Jockey Club has all sorts of rules on the subject, of course. For instance, no name that has been used during the past fifteen years can be duplicated (there are already nearly four hundred thousand in the registrar's files), and no one can claim the name of a famous racer, like Man o' War, no matter how long he has been dead. You can't choose a name consisting of more than sixteen letters and spaces, or name a horse after a living person without that person's written permission, or name one after a commercial product, although occasionally such a name gets by. I was looking over the 1958 nomenclatural crop the other day and, as you might have expected, found a two-year-old called Sputnik. He's a colt by Ambiorix out of Moon Star II, and is owned by the Greentree Stable. Then, there's Tight Money, who is by Requested out of Despondent, and is owned by the Kennedy-Veale Stable. At the moment, Calumet Farm's most promising youngster is On and On, by Nasrullah out of Two Lea, and with that parentage he should go on and on. And, though she's done nothing to distinguish herself so far, there's a three-year-old Bwamazon Farm filly at Gulfstream who has caught my fancy; she's by My Request out of Five Spot, and her name is Loan Me Five.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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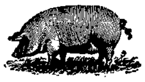

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Confusion in the Arbor

"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS," Eugene O'Neill's rural twist on the Oedipus theme, has been made into a most peculiar movie. The New England appleknockers that O'Neill concentrated on are played here by actors who have plainly never stubbed a toe in a stony northeastern field, and the mid-nineteenth-century house where O'Neill installed his broody crew is represented as the sort of old-fashioned hideaway that *Better Homes & Gardens* subscribers would just love to get their pretty hands on. As the dominant occupants of this hygienic haunt, we have Burl Ives, Anthony Perkins, and Sophia Loren. Mr. Ives, in the role of an old goat of seventy-five who plans to reach a hundred, portrays a New England patriarch as if he were lately and fractiously come from Missouri; Mr. Perkins, as his son and the sweetheart of Father's third wife, seems rather fragile and petulant to be the cuckolder of his sire; and Miss Loren, as the object of Mr. Ives' and Mr. Perkins' desires, conducts herself as if her only problem were to keep her eyes open under a most generous application of mascara. Not one of this threesome ever bothers to integrate his acting style with that of his colleagues, and so we have the principals in the cast virtually doing independent turns, as though "Desire Under the Elms" were some sort of vaudeville.

As written by Irwin Shaw and directed by Delbert Mann, the film sticks close to the details of O'Neill's melodrama, even while muddying the waters of his big concept of an indomitable ancient who is so devoted to the farm he has created out of the hard soil of New England that he would rather have it perish with him than see it go to sons he is certain will not worship it as he does. Two of his sons (Frank Overton and Pernell Roberts), the get of his first wife, decide that life with Father is too oppressive to be borne, and light out for California to seek gold. But the third son—Mr. Perkins—is as mad about arable real estate as his elder. Then, when Father acquires a third

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wife, it develops that the lady is also beset by the notion of having a parcel of land of her own, and presently she has soft-soaped the old man into a promise that if she bears him a son, he will make the nipper his heir. As it happens, her husband isn't quite the man he has been claiming to be, and, *faute de mieux*, the lady accepts the embraces of her stepson. Obviously, this is steamy stuff, and in the closing reels of "Desire Under the Elms" something of the excitement comes across. But many long and dull stretches come first.

IN "The Lovemaker," a film made in Spain with both French and Spanish dialogue—French being the language used in the local exhibit—Betsy Blair, whom you'll remember for her fine performance as the spinster in "Marty," is once again cast as a lonely woman in her thirties, residing this time in a Spanish town. By way of breaking the monotony of life in the place, a group of young men invent the cruel idea that one of them (José Suarez) should pretend to court her, and then expose the whole wooing as a joke. The picture, which was directed and written by Juan A. Bardem, is completely unpretentious but, in its humble way, quite effective.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

HARK, HARK, THE BARK

One thing always amazes me:
The curious sounds that indicate glee—
The hearty ha-ha, the high he-he,
  The hoarse, harsh ho! ho! ho!

Cows can moo, crows can caw,
Man alone utters the great guffaw,
The haughty heh-heh, the huge haw-haw,
  The hoarse, harsh ho! ho! ho!

Why do people make the noises they do?
You're all very funny, and I am, too,
With our horrid hih-hih, our hollow hoo-hoo,
  Our hoarse, harsh ho! ho! ho!

—MORRIS BISHOP

•

The Forest Home Sewing Circle will meet at 3 P.M. Thursday with Mrs. Charlotte Strong, Trumansburg Rd. The program will be in charge of Mrs. Marjorie Kellogg and Mrs. Lily Ann Newbury. Each member is to bring food for a bake sale and the recipe of the food. Members are asked to note the change in the hostess.—*Ithaca Journal.*

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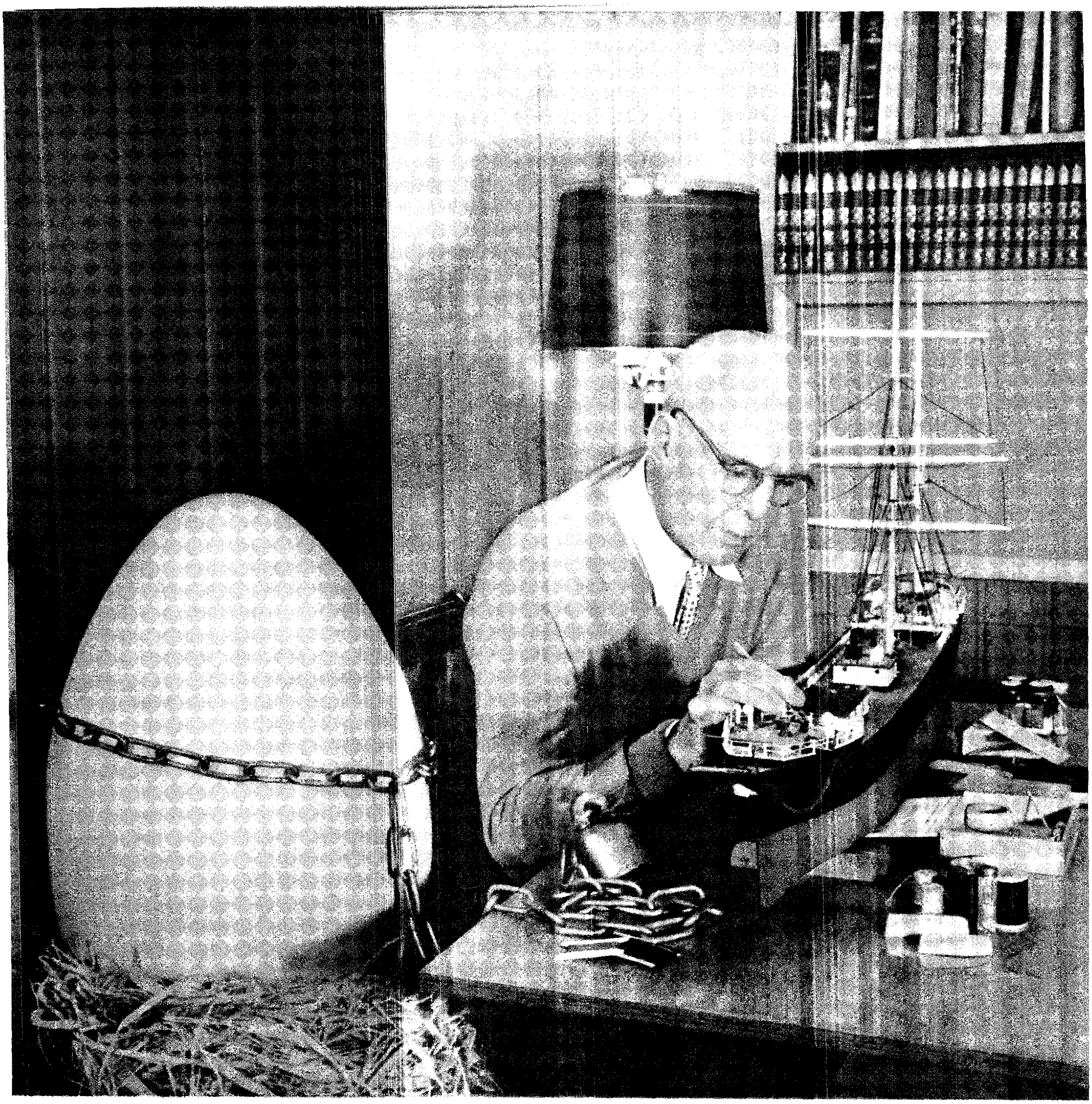

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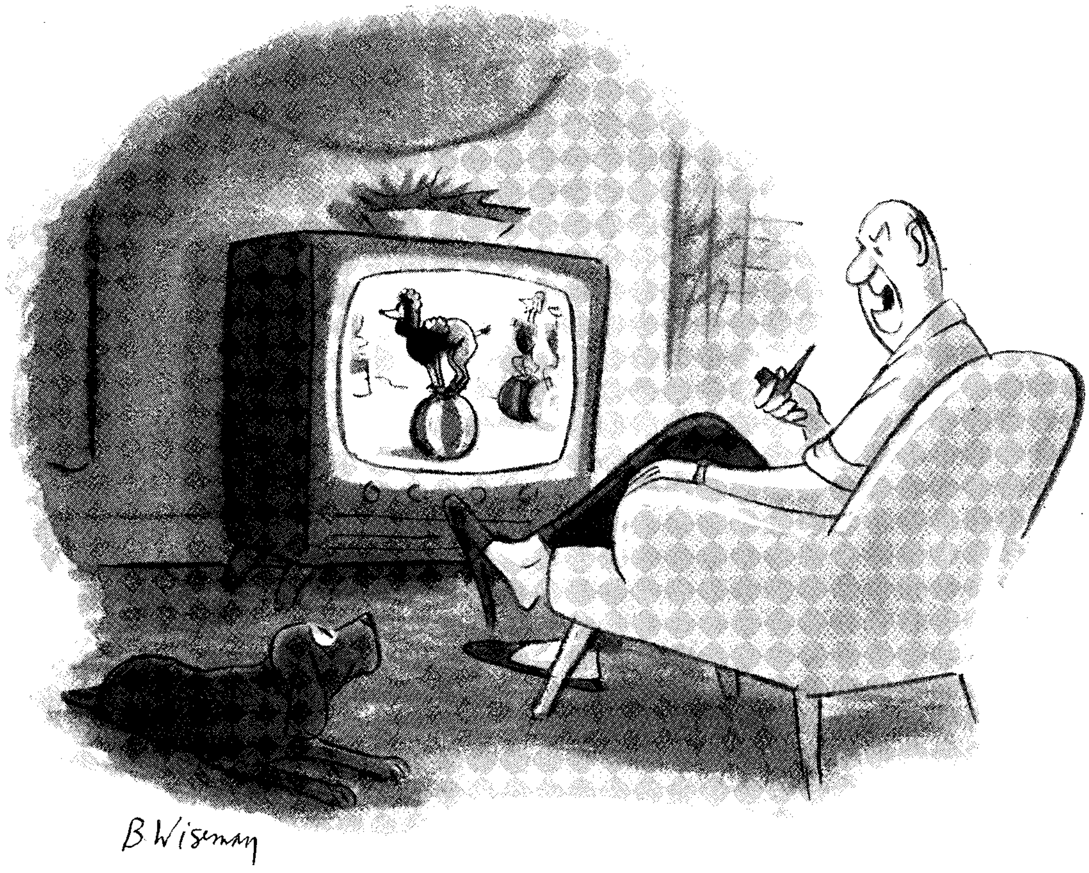
LETTER FROM CEYLON

March 10

HOWEVER thick with uncertainties the political and economic outlook here may be, for the tourist everything in Ceylon was fine up to last week. From a plane, the island looks beautiful to the newcomer, floating out of the sea like a cool green mirage, waving with the topknots of innumerable toddy palms and fantastic jungle foliage, amid which the Douanier Rousseau would have delighted to paint a striped tiger taking an evening promenade. Down on terra firma and queuing up with your passport at the immigration officers' table, where a large security poster enjoins you sternly "Danger! Do not engage the mouth until the brain is in gear," you begin to drip gently and to realize that the impression of coolness is indeed a mirage, but the charm remains. A girl airport receptionist, done up alluringly in a filmy blue nylon sari with a huge official badge pinned functionally to the bosom, decants sticky new arrivals onto the red-hot seats of a waiting bus, which then joggles them at a deliberate pace along a green tunnel of a road lined with palms and more palms, tiny bamboo shacks, and solider bungalows with lacy, cutout eaves and florid curlicues, threading a way among wandering cows and pedestrians and bicycles into Colombo itself. For the newcomer who is visiting for the fun of it, the place can supply a good many attractions, from moderately priced cat's-eyes and moonstones to perfect swimming on sandy beaches without sharks or in the pool at the famous Galle Face Hotel, which turns its great red sandstone bulk broadside toward the Fort, the old Dutch-built part of town, across a long, breezy grass sea walk, on which the residents' dachshunds and fox terriers love to gambol. Especially to visitors arriving thirstily from India, where liquor is rationed, one of the attractions is undoubtedly the fact that all kinds of alcohol, at prices quite a bit less steep, can be, and are, consumed here in large quantities.

What with one thing and another, it would be possible for someone stopping off here briefly to note the cheerful crowds, the cars clogging the shopping district, the tea and rubber brokers bowling along in their rickshaws, and the lion flag of Ceylon waving proudly over the somewhat shabby-looking House of Representatives, and then to catch his plane or ship feeling comfortably that things were doing all right in this best of all possible islands. Last week, however, even tourists got a glimpse of the seamier side of the charming Ceylon picture when the hotel employees of the Galle Face, the Grand Oriental, the Grand Hotel, at Mount Lavinia, and the Queen's Hotel, up at Kandy, all went out on strike, leaving beds unmade, meals uncooked, elevators silent, and the managements (not to mention every gem and curio merchant in town) mourning the loss of several shiploads of tourists, who arrived, stayed briefly, and departed in a huff to spend their dollars in India. The Galle Face strikers held meetings on the green outside the main hotel entrance, squatting under a roughly rigged-up awning from which flew their Communist union's red flag, and, as darkness fell, beating little drums and holding an amiable singsong. The hotel guests, notably less amiable, have had no clean linen, no hot water, and no meals on the premises since the strike began. The manager has emptied the garbage containers, but no one is allowed to make even a cup of tea in the kitchens. At the same time, the harbor tugboats have gone out on strike, and the leading department stores, whose cleaners and other helpers are also out, are open on a half-staff basis, with a week's trash in the unswept aisles. All in all, the casual visitor has been given a rather special and highly uncomfortable look at some of Ceylon's special and uncomfortable problems during the last few days.

COLOMBO was known as Kalambu to the Moors, and was rechristened by the Portuguese in honor of Columbus. Around the middle of the seventeenth century, the Dutch moved in, and ruled the island for almost a hundred and fifty years. The next colonial callers, the British, who arrived in 1796, turned Colombo into one of the greatest seaports in the world before they gave Ceylon dominion status on February 4, 1948. Her Britannic Majesty's authority is vested in the Governor General, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, a bald-headed, genial man with a soft voice and a slight stammer, who is admired by both British and Ceylonese for his diplomacy and who lives at Queen's House, the solidly built white Dutch-colonial official residence down in the Fort. The celebration of Ceylon's



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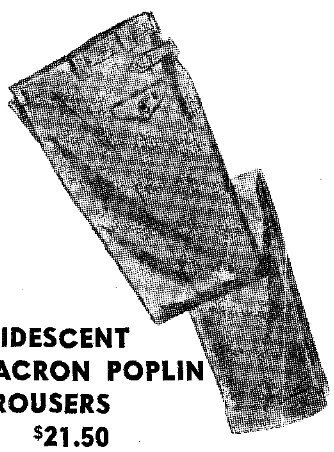
tenth anniversary of independence from British rule came off last month on the green in front of the Galle Face, with the usual parade of troops and a flypast of nineteen Royal Ceylon Air Force planes before Sir Oliver; the Prime Minister, Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike; and a concourse of diplomats and visiting bigwigs sweltering unhappily in uniforms or top hats and tails for the occasion. The jollifications were on a somewhat subdued scale because of the disastrous floods following the heavy rains of last December, which broke down the embankments of the great reservoirs and lakes in the northern, northeastern, and eastern provinces, sweeping away the frail shanty homes of the peasants, drowning some, breaking up railway tracks and rolling stock, and sending huge landslides of Ceylon's red earth down mountainsides to block the hill roads. The ancient ruined city of Anuradhapura was threatened by the pouring waters, and was only saved when engineers breached the embankment on the side opposite the break and reduced the pressure. Local estimates of the bill of damages totted up by the floods vary sharply and somewhat wildly—from three hundred million to as much as a billion rupees (a rupee is worth about twenty cents)—but the latest impression seems to be that the devastation was not so bad as was at first thought. Meanwhile, there are plenty of stories going around Colombo about what happened to some of the relief gifts that the world rushed to the flood victims. Your Singhalese acquaintances (a Singhalese is an island native of the original stock, while a Ceylonese is simply a citizen of Ceylon, and may be a Tamil or a Moslem or a burgher, the last of mixed local and Dutch stock) tell you cynically that beautiful fine white sugar, of a fineness and whiteness that people had not laid eyes on since the war, turned up recently in all the little Colombo bazaar shops—American relief sugar that had somehow lost its way to the floods and landed on the local market. There are also stories of how saris, trousers, boots, and other civilized coverings for the human frame were doled out to villagers who habitually splash around in the paddy fields clad happily in a G string, and how they sensibly took the togs into the nearest town and sold them. The papers reported that at one relief center only five per cent of the people who lined up to collect money and food were able to prove that they lived anywhere near the devastated area. With the astonishing candor that



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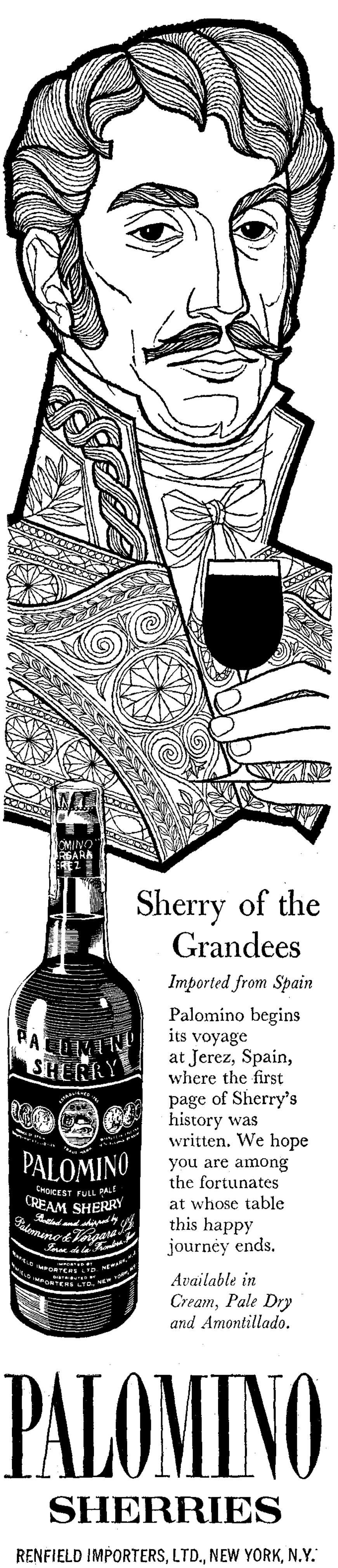
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government officials here appear to use on their colleagues as well as their political opponents, the Minister of Labour, Mr. T. B. Ilangaratne, even stated recently that he felt the floods were a sort of disguised blessing, because they had floated such large chunks of foreign aid into the country.

WHAT in the long run is far graver for Ceylon and her economy than any floods is the series of Communist-inspired dockworkers' strikes that paralyzed Colombo Harbor in January while the relief ships were arriving. On an island that imports practically all its food, including rice, a few straight weeks of such strikes could be a catastrophe. At one point, there was said to be two days' supply of rice on shore and fourteen days' supply outside the harbor, waiting to be unloaded. Butter and sugar were rationed all over the island. Foreign residents returning from leave in Europe had to disembark and see their cars and heavy baggage, which could not be taken off, go waltzing on to Australia, from which Christmas mail meant for Ceylon but overshooting it willy-nilly has recently been dribbling back. Though the port is open again now, it is functioning at a distinctly groggy pace, owing to go-slow dodges among the dockers, and each evening a queue of ships can still be counted outside the breakwater. One evening last week, there were fifteen waiting at anchor, flying assorted national flags, but this was a poor score; the number has been as high as thirty-two. It has just been announced that a government-chartered ship called the Koala, carrying a cargo of rice, has claimed two hundred and seventy thousand rupees—four times its cargo's value—in demurrage charges for the sixty-nine days it was forced to hang about before discharging. The price of rice is subsidized, so these charges will simply be whacked onto unsubsidized food prices, which the mounting demurrage bills are sending soaring. During January's strikes, the vitally important tea industry's enormous conveyor-belt system, by which the tea normally proceeds from the up-country estates to the Colombo tea auctions and onto the ships, was put out of gear, with the result that stocks of this precious, quickly deteriorating commodity piled up on the docks while the new teas continued to pour in as usual. Because of the chaotic harbor situation, many foreign shipping firms have ordered some of their ships to pass Colombo by—a severe loss to the island's

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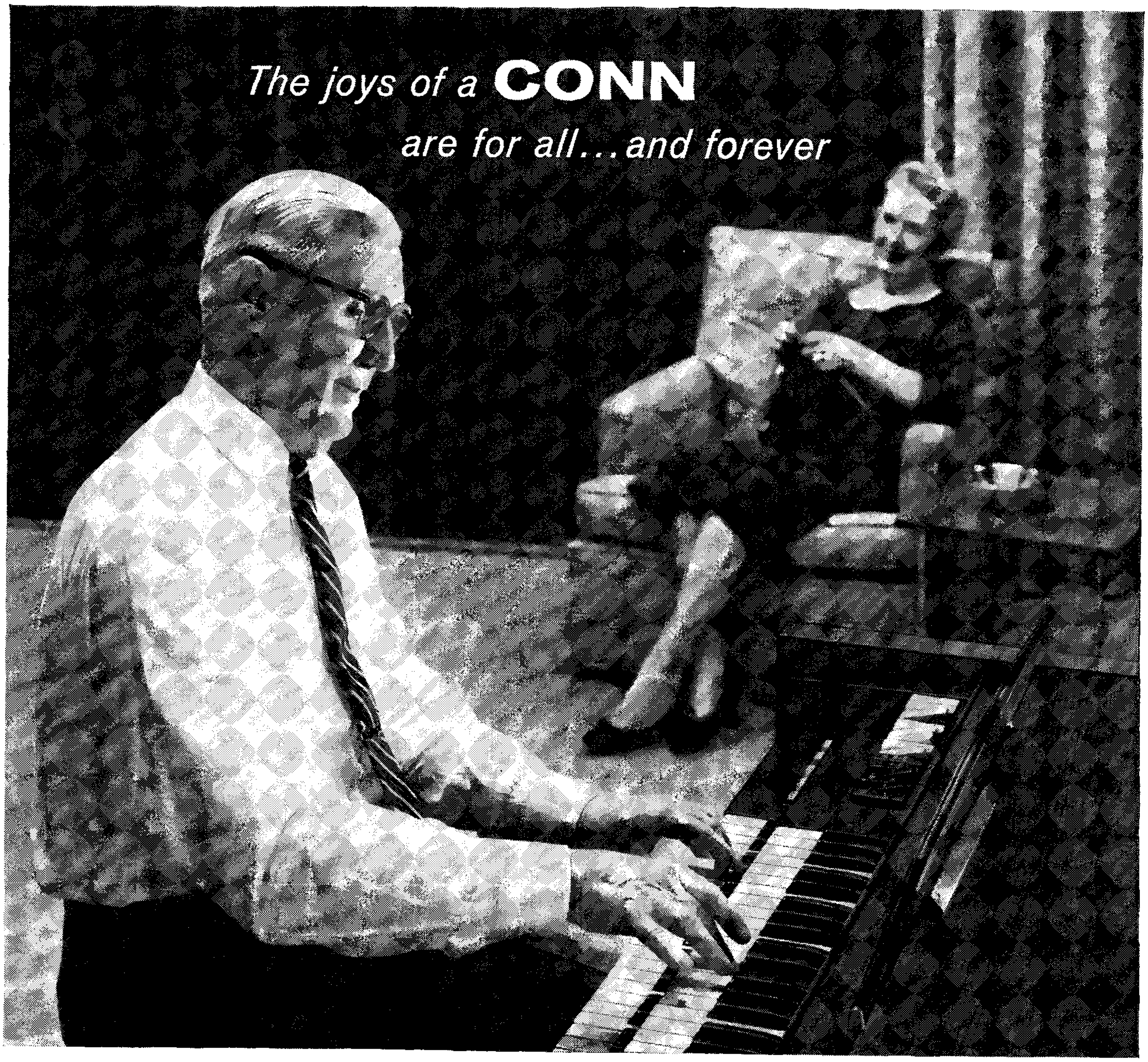
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Besides the dock strikes, there has been mounting labor unrest among workers in all sections of the community, including those in the public services, whose wage claims have been granted by the government—sometimes adding up to as much as a fifty-per-cent raise. Thirteen thousand workers of the Communist-controlled Tea, Rubber, Coconut, and General Produce Workers' Union, together with the engineering workers, have just served notice that they are prepared to walk out forthwith for higher wages, for rent and food allowances, for family allowances, for Sundays off with full pay, for service bonuses, and for all the rest of the benefits of modern welfare-state man, white or brown. In the mounting criticism of Mr. Bandaranaike for his handling of the labor situation, the biggest blasts are being directed at his continuing to keep in his Cabinet the handsome, gray-haired Marxist Mr. Philip Gunawardena, who combines the role of Minister of Agriculture and Food with that of active and fiery leader of one of the dockworkers' unions, which has raised the price of foodstuffs daily with its strikes and acts of sabotage. It is this kind of setup that causes foreign observers of the political scene in Ceylon to be occasionally reminded of some baffling game of flamingos and croquet hoops in which the flamingos twist around and bite the players, and it is often difficult to sort out which side is which or what direction anybody is playing in. Mr. Gunawardena is one of the Trotskyists—that is, Communists who say that their heart does not belong to Moscow—who made a pact with Mr. Bandaranaike before the elections in April, 1956. When Mr. Bandaranaike's Mahajana Eksath Peramuna, or People's United Front, swept Sir John Kotelawala and the United National Party—which had ruled (originally under another name) for twenty-five years—out of office with a resounding thump, Mr. Gunawardena was invited into the coalition government. The question now being thoughtfully asked by the representatives of the British and the United States governments here—not to mention the Russians, in their fine new embassy building on Flower Road—is how much the Marxist tail is wagging the whole dog, but on this point Mr. Bandaranaike, an undoubtedly astute politician, has offered no answers. The popular local explanation for his retention and support of Gunawardena—the likeliest

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potential Brutus in his administration—in spite of violent criticism from some of the other members of his Cabinet, is that a dangerous man generally makes more trouble outside office than in.

The two men are exhaustively compared and discussed in the press and in private conversations everywhere. In both cases, their family backgrounds were wealthy and conservative. Mr. Bandaranaike's father, the late Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, was an aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria, strongly pro-British, a keen racing man, a superbly generous host, and a much loved figure in the Ceylon community. The young Bandaranaike went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he was a contemporary of Anthony Eden's and beat out Malcolm MacDonald, the present British High Commissioner in India, for the post of secretary of the Oxford Union. He is a devoted family man and a devout converted Buddhist. Like many eminent Singhalese, he has a profound belief in astrology, and consults his horoscope frequently. Philip Gunawardena, the son of a wealthy landowner, lived for nearly ten years in the United States (where he went to the University of Wisconsin), was imprisoned by the British with other Marxist leaders in 1940, got out of jail in 1942, joined the Communist Party in 1956, and finally founded his own Trotskyist splinter party, which teamed up with Mr. Bandaranaike's People's United Front in the election. There are those who think that a showdown between the Prime Minister and his extreme left-hand man may not be far off, and that Gunawardena might come out on top in any such clash. If you talk to some of the delightful, highly educated (often in England), intellectual Singhalese about the possibility of the island's going Communist, however, you get the feeling that the word is seen in softer focus here than it is elsewhere. Many of them speak of the possibility in the mildly indulgent tone that a mother back in the twenties might have used when speaking of a son at college whose politics were faintly pink. "Are we going Communist?" one woman, seated on her prettily furnished veranda overlooking an English flower garden, where her three gardeners worked among the roses and verbena, repeated after an inquiring visitor the other day. "Well, I suppose it's inevitable, isn't it? Philip Gunawardena is the only strong man we have who knows what he wants and where he is going. Change in the world must come, and new ideas with it—isn't that so?" She lifted the silver

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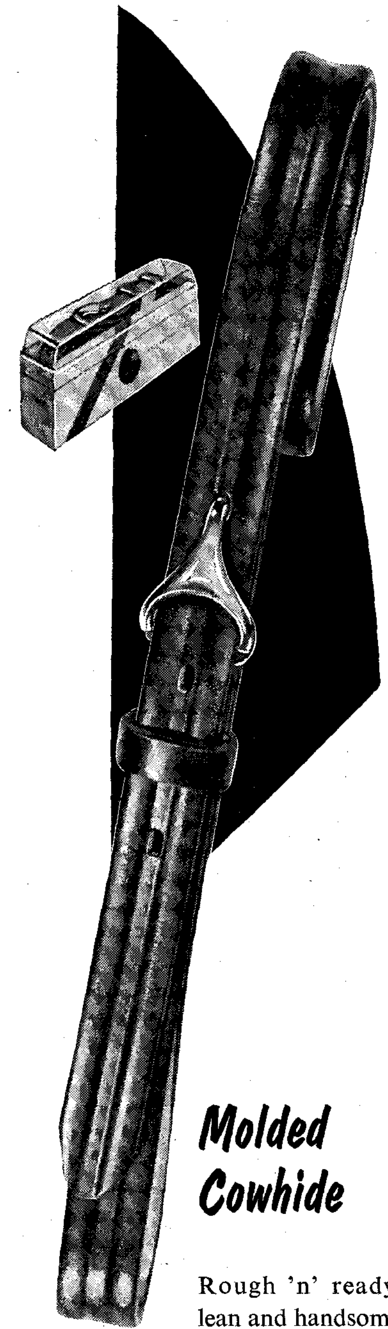

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teapot and poured the visitor another cup of tea.

THE two issues that led to the crushing 1956 defeat of Sir John Kotelawala and his Right Wing U.N.P. (popularly known as the Uncles and Nephews Party, it being said that Ministerial offices had a way of staying snugly in the family) were language and religion, and they are still very much in the front of the picture today. Mr. Bandaranaike's election pledge to make Singhalese the only official language of Ceylon was fought tooth and nail by the leaders of the Federal Party, who represent the nine hundred thousand Tamils in the north and east of the island. These are the southern Indians whose families settled here so long ago that they are part and parcel of the country. The other nine hundred thousand or so Tamils, who came over more recently as laborers, mostly on the tea estates, are now stateless Indians, since Mr. Nehru refuses to admit that they are Indians, and the Ceylon government grants very few of them citizenship. Six months ago, Mr. Bandaranaike came to a compromise agreement on the language question, according to which Tamil children are taught in separate Tamil-speaking classes at school—an arrangement much criticized by many Singhalese. "When I was a boy," one said not long ago to a newcomer, "I had good friends among the kids who were Tamils or Moslems or burghers, and I didn't give a damn about the difference. Now a boy will say, 'Oh, he's a Tamil. Don't let us have him in our games.' Soon we shall be as bad as the American South and Governor Faubus, you know." For the moment, at any rate, the situation seems to have eased, though the Federal Party ordered black flags of mourning hoisted in Tamil areas on Independence Day to signify that this and other questions remained, in their opinion, ominously unsettled.

A lurking obsession, incidentally, that many Singhalese with one eye on the vast Indian population in their midst often express to new arrivals is fear of the big neighbor to the north. Mr. Nehru has just given calming firm denials to Communist leaders in southern India who have been sounding off for an autonomous Tamil state that would take in the Tamil-speaking areas of Ceylon, but such talk still produces a good deal of uneasy chill here. People say that they are really frightened by two things—the atomic bomb and what will happen to India after

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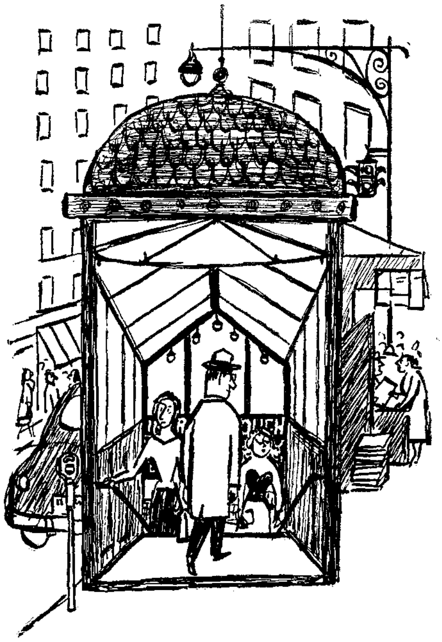
Nehru dies. Many of them think that India will eventually go Communist when his restraining influence is removed—whichever way Ceylon has shifted by then—and that the large body of stateless Indians might offer a handy excuse for India to move right in. It is not uncommon to have a Left Wing Singhalese solemnly assure you, with no consciousness of incongruity, that it is a pity the British Navy is not still sitting, like a reassuring watchdog, up in the great northern base of Trincomalee, which Her Majesty's Admiralty handed over to Ceylon last October.

High on a building in Colombo's business quarter, the words "Two Thousand Five Hundred Years of Buddhism" shine out in blue neon lights. Religion, even more than the language issue, was what put the People's United Front into power. Of Ceylon's eight million people, over five million are Buddhists, and Buddhism, with a worldliness that might have surprised the Enlightened One, is now an extremely powerful factor in the elaborate, confused, and somewhat confusing political scene. The enormous 1956 landslide toward the Left was set moving by the activities of an army of Buddhist monks, who called themselves the Eksath Bhikku Peramuna, or United Front of Monks, and came out of their temples to trudge from door to door in villages up and down the island, canvassing for Bandaranaike and his party as the upholders of the national faith against such dangerous foreign invaders as the Catholic Church, which has a strong following. Here in Colombo, a row is now in process over a public memorial that the grateful pupils of a much



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admired French educationalist, the late Very Reverend Father Le Goc, rector of St. Joseph's College, Colombo, joined together to erect to him. The memorial was to be a clock on a plinth in the middle of a busy traffic intersection. Things got as far as heaving the plinth into position, but when Colombo woke up *next morning*, someone had placed a little statue of the Buddha on top. Because of the ugly current mood, the statue was left sitting there, cordoned off behind barbed wire to prevent further demonstrations, and Buddhists immediately petitioned the Prime Minister to have a little canopy built over it, to protect the Enlightened One from the rain. Since the huge reclining and standing rock figures of Buddha in the ancient ruined city of Polonnaruwa, and elsewhere, have been facing the weather for many centuries without causing distress among the faithful, this sudden concern seemed strange. However, an odd little tin roof has now been built, at Mr. Bandaranaike's orders, and angry editorials and letters on the subject, including protests from Father Le Goc's naturally annoyed pupils, continue to turn up in the Colombo press. No one seems to know what will happen to the clock. Many liberal-minded Singhalese make apologetic fun of the incident when describing it to a visiting foreigner, but all the same it is as good an illustration as any of how strongly the mood of "Ceylon for the Buddhists," which put this government into power, is still running.

As in other countries feeling the exhilarating surge of independence, there is much popular enthusiasm around Colombo for nationalizing everything in sight. The buses—scarlet double-deckers that give visitors nostalgic thoughts of Piccadilly as they lumber along Galle Face front, even though they have sarong-clad passengers hanging out of every window and lack the familiar Oxo and Guinness advertisements—have just been nationalized. According to most local opinion, the efficiency of the service has not notably increased. There are frequent rumors of the impending nationalization of the tea and rubber industries, and the North Ceylon Toddy Tappers Association has submitted plans for nationalizing the toddy palms, from which the highly lethal local drink called arrack (and said to be the cause of the formidable homicide rate in these parts) is distilled. The Prime Minister has declared more than once that the tea estates will not be

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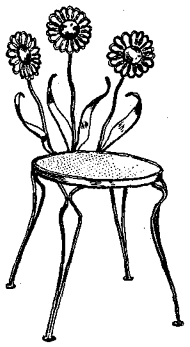

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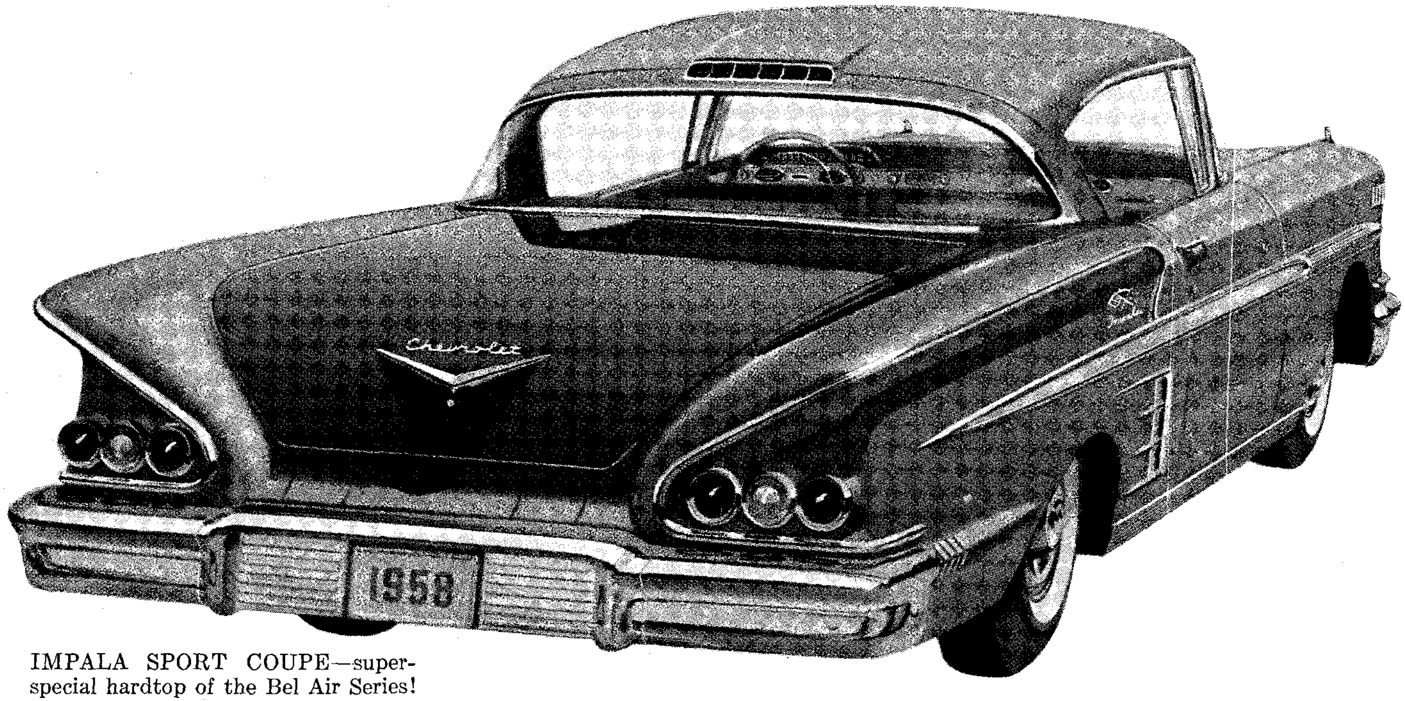

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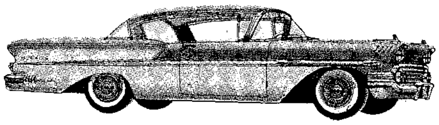

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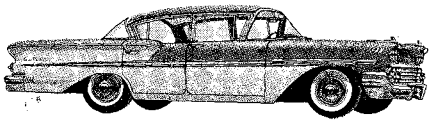

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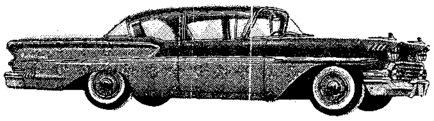

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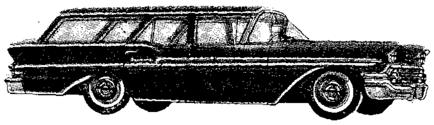

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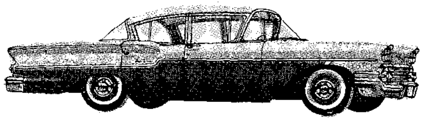

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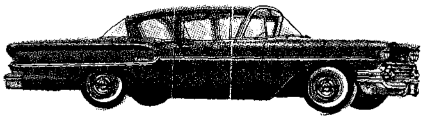

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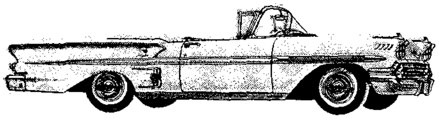

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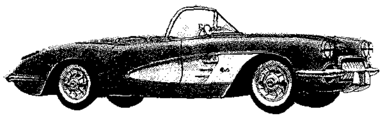

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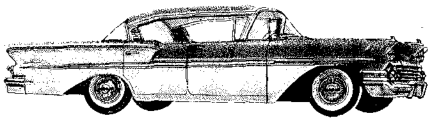

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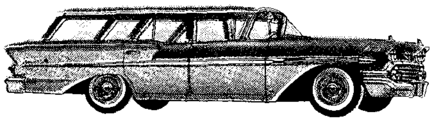

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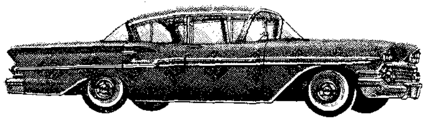

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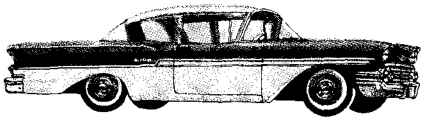

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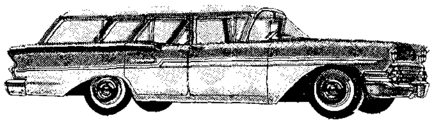

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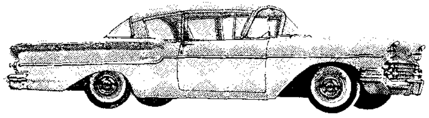

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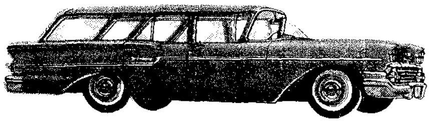

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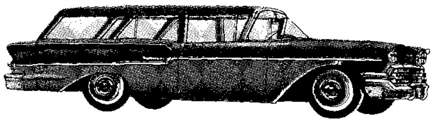

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nationalized during his government's lifetime (it has three years to run), adding candidly that he has no wish to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. However, Philip Gunawardena, whose bitterly contested paddy-lands bill (it aims at bringing every peasant's little strip of rice into a system of supervised collective farming, on Soviet lines) has just gone on the statute books, made a fiery speech the other day charging the British planters with neglect of the tea estates, pointing to the golden eggs that these presumably neglected estates had nevertheless managed to lay for the capitalist shareholders in London, and asserting that "there is no moral right" that could justify the already richly rewarded foreign owners in asking for any compensation whatever when the state finally takes over the industry. The British tea trade in Colombo remained cheerfully calm.

Even so, the climate of uncertainty that this sort of thing makes for is not exactly encouraging new foreign capital to move into the country. On the contrary, foreign investors have been steadily packing up and pulling out while the going is good, and in the past few months there has been a similar movement among Ceylon residents who feel that the red light is showing too plainly for comfort. At British parties, people tell you that though they love the place, they are seriously wondering whether to chuck it now or wait until their next leave to look around at home and see if they can hear of a job in some other part of the Commonwealth. A large number have already left. Several British-owned tea estates have sold out to Ceylonese purchasers (and even for the most casual observer touring around in the beautiful up-country tea-growing area it is amazingly easy to spot these estates, where the jungle is already beginning to creep back in), but the Ceylon government, with anxious thoughts for its foreign reserves, has lately clamped restrictions on the transfer to Britain of the purchase money in any such deals, and this has increased the European business community's worry.

Uneasy or not, the British still seem tucked in here with an outward show of serenity. On the whole, the crust of social life between them and the Ceylonese appears to have softened up in a good many ways, with a corresponding relaxation of some of the starchy old shibboleths. (Friendly relations were badly strained, however, at the time of Suez, when the Colombo papers were without exception so violently anti-British that one irate English

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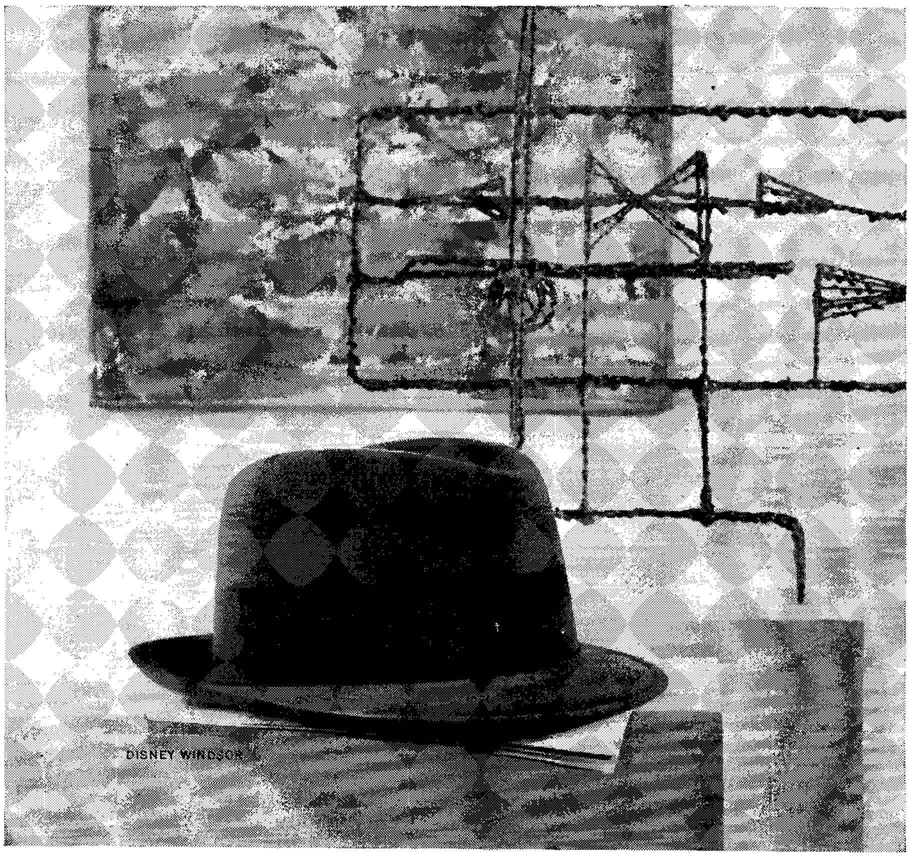

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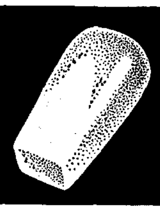

WHITE
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CORN

A delicacy so uncommon few have had the good fortune to taste it

If you have ever dined in New Orleans or Baltimore, you may remember the Country Gentleman white corn prized for generations in those citadels of *gastronomie.*

Well, recently a distinguished new representative of this variety has come to market. These crisp whole kernels are singularly different from other corn.

Their shape is tall and slender. Hence the name "shoe peg", acquired in bygone days when cobblers actually used tiny pegs to fasten fine shoes together.

As you might surmise, their flavor is something quite special, too. The taste of these tender white kernels will prove to be an authentic epicurean revelation.

Naturally, you would hardly expect corn like this to be overly plentiful. For one thing, it is grown from special seed developed through hundreds of breedings and crossbreedings. Then, too, this seed is planted only in certain uniquely favored acres.

But the more knowledgeable food shops now have a modest quantity of this delicacy. Le Sueur Brand White Shoe Peg corn. May we respectfully urge that you try it soon?

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businessman had the London *Times* editorials printed up each day and distributed to his entire staff.) Life proceeds pleasantly enough. Only one club—the beautiful Queen's—is still exclusively British. Though the women may thumb nostalgically through the latest *Tatlers* in the club reading room, the mechanics of running a household are highly luxurious in this land of plentiful labor, compared to what they would be in a little house in Surrey or Hampshire. The men work hard, play rugger and cricket strenuously in the temperature of a Turkish bath, put on white dinner jackets to escort their wives to parties, and get off when they can for a weekend of golf at Nuwara Eliya, a hill station six thousand feet up in Ceylon's spectacular craggy central massif. The foreign community and the young Ceylonese flock out on Sunday mornings to swim at Mount Lavinia or at the surf club just started by an Australian who works for Radio Ceylon. Going racing and watching wrestling are highly popular here. Advertisements of wrestling bouts appear every day in the papers, announcing, say, that Rao Bheem Singh, the World's Biggest Teen-Ager, will meet Usman Khan, the King Kong of Pakistan, or that a couple of beautiful women wrestlers—Shanghai Susie and the H-Bomb—will grapple at the Shrubbery Arena tonight. Photographs of the Queen, generally in her Coronation robes, are displayed in the big stores and hotels and tacked up in many of the tiny shops in the radio-blaring, jolly, spicy-smelling bazaar quarter, the Pettah. Her visit to the island in 1954 is still talked about, and if she returned, hundreds of thousands of Ceylonese would crowd the streets to cheer her. Mr. Harold Macmillan, however, seems to have aroused little local excitement when he dropped in on his recent Commonwealth tour—except for the respectful wonder caused by his turning up clad, as for a nice cold English-summer morning in Downing Street, in a dark suit worn with a waistcoat, and an Anthony Eden homburg. "Oh, he went down all right," one Singhalese journalist said, "but we only push out the boat in a really big way for someone like Chou En-lai now, you know."

Russia, China, and the other Communist-bloc countries appear to be scoring handsomely in Colombo on points, though it is hard to say how big an impact they have on the rural districts, where the villagers are less interested in ideologies than in keeping alive off their scrap of land and one buffalo. The

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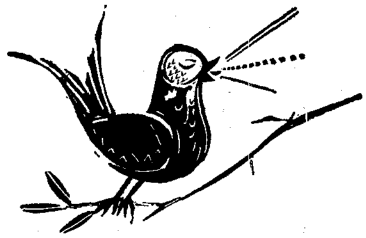

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Soviet Union has just signed a trade agreement with Ceylon, and China has agreed to send seventy-five million rupees' worth of economic aid over the next five years, starting this year. Parties of young Ceylonese are taken off for a whirl of Peiping and Moscow, coming back impressed, and Russian students and schoolteachers keep showing up here in return. Communist cultural delegations of all kinds bustle their way in by plane, like homing pigeons certain of corn. Colombo has recently seen Rumanian dancers (standing room free, so that even the humblest citizen could have a chance of squeezing in to see the show) and Chinese opera. At the Russian Ambassador's parties, the usual diplomatic guests are mixed with a less usual helping of ordinary local working folk. It is popularly supposed that one of the embassy staff is sent out before each party to rope in six taxi-drivers, six weavers, six policemen, and so on. Whatever the selective system, such unheard-of behavior naturally goes down well. The brass nameplates on the gates of the Russian Embassy, incidentally, are written large in Singhalese and Tamil, as well as in English (to which the United States Embassy and the United Kingdom High Commissioner's Office stick for their nameplates), so that every passerby can read and remember. Touches like this—easily understood and appreciated by the simple mass of people here—make it hard not to feel that the Comrades are way out in front, in spite of the American economic and technical aid pouring into the country and the British paternal watchfulness in the background. All the same, their apparent success may be exaggerated. "The Singhalese people are very fond of saying 'Yes, yes' and really doing nothing about it," one woman remarked the other day. "Our old kings up in Kandy used to accept all the fine gifts the foreigners brought them and privately give the order to chop off their heads. Ceylon will say 'Yes, yes' to the Russians and the Americans and try to stay between the two." This, of course, is the neutralist hope that is strongly held here by many.

ONE of the sights of Colombo to which all visitors find their way is the zoo, a twenty-minute car ride along the Galle Road. It is laid out in beautifully planted gardens in such a way that the animals do not seem to be caged so much as to have found themselves nice spots to live in a natural jungle of orange bougainvillaea, pink hibiscus, and huge trees, where brilliant

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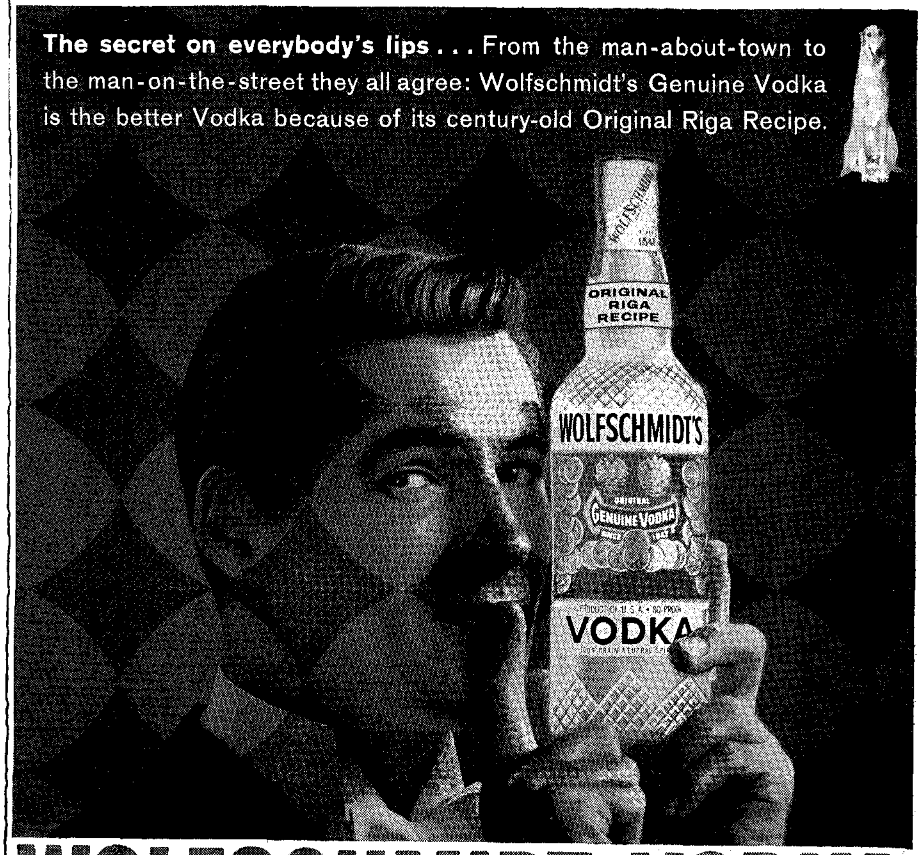
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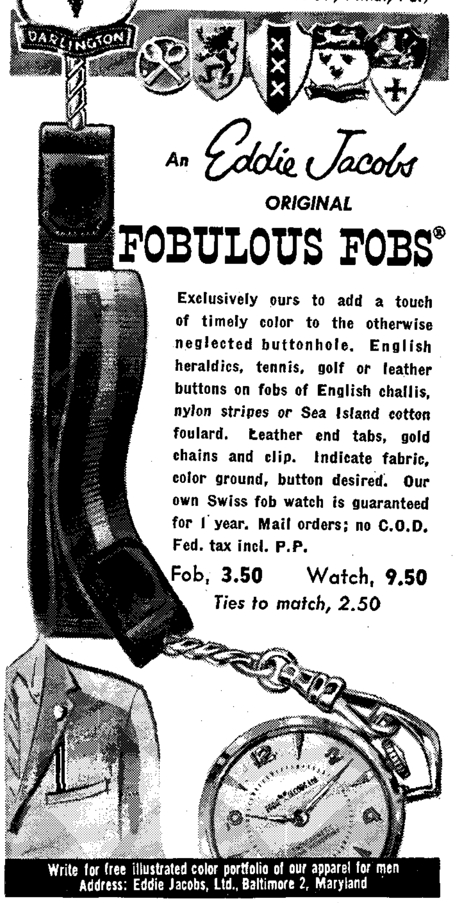

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macaws roam loose. The place is the remarkable creation of its remarkable superintendent, Dr. Aubrey Weinman, a big, heavily built burgher with a quizzical expression, whose genius with wild animals makes zoos in the United States and Europe eager to lure him away from Ceylon. To anyone used to zoos in a cold climate, the look of the animals and birds here is a revelation. The leopards and tigers shine and ripple with well-being, and Dr. Weinman, who makes his daily rounds armed with a bunch of bananas to give to friends along the way, says that this is because they are fed whole carcasses, getting the meat just as they would get it for themselves in their natural state. He admits to having probably the best collection of parrots in the world. The high spot of the zoo for most people, though, is watching the elephants have their morning bath in the lake, blowing bubbles of enjoyment while their mahouts scrape them with broken coconut shells. Dr. Weinman's eye brightens if he meets people who are soon going back to Europe by air, and he asks if they would mind taking along a little something that he wants to send some zoological friend over there—a couple of stick insects, for instance, or a snake. "Could you manage a king cobra, do you think?" he asks. "We would defang him first, of course. He'll curl up in a handbag and be no trouble at all. There's nothing better for travelling than a nice cobra." At this juncture, Dr. Weinman is likely to fish out of his trousers pocket a small, lively snake called Sheila, done up in a blue gingham bag, who used to live loose in his pocket until she looked out one day at a woman visitor, who inexplicably fainted. He shakes his head sadly, puts Sheila back, and ambles along to call on an expectant mother in the ape ward.

The most popular trek in Colombo of an evening is a stroll down the harbor breakwater to the lighthouse when the heat has cooled. It is a pleasant moment of the day. Rows of anglers—men and women, Ceylonese and European—sit along the edge of the breakwater dangling lines baited with ancient prawns or whitebait. Family parties come strolling by, fathers and mothers with pretty daughters in saris colored like kingfishers and butterflies. Striding pink-faced Englishmen in shorts and shirts carry their blond children hoisted on their shoulders. Everyone stops at the end to count the freighters sitting disconsolately outside the harbor, like dogs grouped around a kitchen door.

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There is generally a big turnout to watch one of the P. & O. passenger liners edge her way into port, gleaming in the sunset light, with returning Europeans leaning on the rail and waving to friends on the breakwater. The little evening promenades almost make a report on various aspects of the place—the wonderful beauty of the Ceylon sea and sky, the companionable intentness of the anglers, the lazily strolling assorted family parties, the handkerchiefs fluttering from the liner that is bringing people back for another spell of work, and the freighters waiting to come into the half-working port and unload the food for the island.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

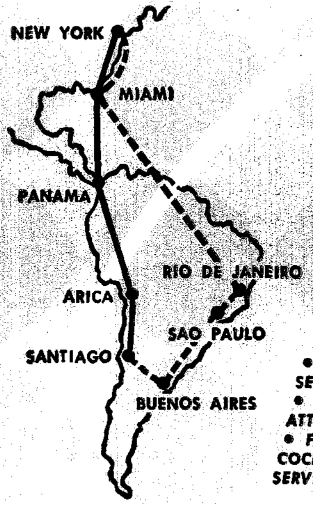
OUR HUNGRY CLERGYMEN

[*Communication from the Dean of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Portland, Oregon*]

The Dean's Corner

I want to talk about weddings this time—not about Holy Matrimony, but about how to treat your clergyman if you're planning a wedding. My parish experience prior to coming to Portland was primarily in the South, New York, and Paris. In these areas the clergyman is considered a member of the Wedding Party. He is included in all the social events surrounding the wedding. In Portland the clergyman seems to have the status of a kind of hired hand. If there is a rehearsal dinner he should be invited to that (I've been invited to *two* rehearsal dinners since coming to Portland). If there is a Wedding Breakfast he should be invited (none of these to date). And if there is a stag dinner for the groom, whether he knows the groom or not, he should properly be invited. If he is not a personal friend of the groom, he will usually decline that invitation. (Three of these so far.) If there is a reception he certainly should be *invited* to that and not just be expected to come,—if printed invitations are sent out, he should receive one. If invitations are informal, by telephone, he should be asked as early as any other guest in order to get it on his calendar. How many times I have had the bride's mother come up to me after a marriage ceremony, as the Wedding Party is preparing to leave for the reception, and say (with that sudden "after-thought" look on her face) "You *are* coming to the reception, aren't you?" Very often that's the first I've even heard that there was to be a reception. Usually I have a previous engagement for *that* kind of an invitation. This is all in Emily Post, you know. None of us like to be overlooked or taken for granted in these matters. This is not limited to my own experience here, every priest of our city that I have talked with about this has found the same things to be true.

If you want to get the real deep-freeze treatment from your clergyman, have your wedding party roll up to the church, forty-five minutes late for the rehearsal, chatting about the wonderful meal they just had at the Waverley Country Club!



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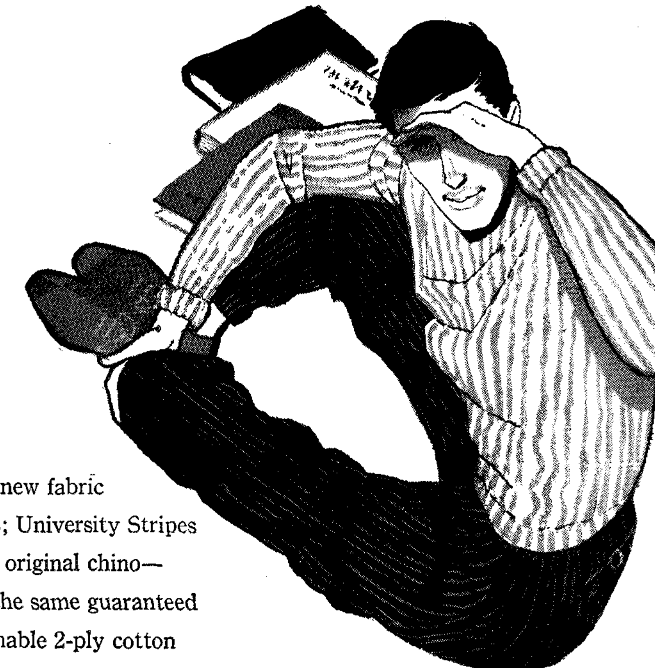

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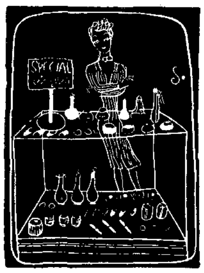
THIS AND THAT

JONAI, whose new place of business is at 12 East 53rd Street, presents undated clothes that cling to the figure; there isn't a chemise dress in the house. Among the clothes of the shop's own authorship is a most distinguished suit with a short fitted jacket that suggests a peplum over the hips. A floating panel in back reaches the hem of the slim dress beneath it. It's in English worsted, Dupioni silk, or a plain, checked, or plaid Italian cotton that tailors like wool. A slinky black silk jersey dress is an excellent compromise when you don't know how the others are going to dress for cocktails or dinner. The high-necked bodice is slashed in a wide triangle over the chest, there's swag drapery at the left side of the waist, and the short sleeves are half straight, half shirred. Nine colossal yellow silk apples flecked with bronze are appliquéd on the bouffant skirt of a spirited party dress of white raw silk, and more apples (printed) appear on the citron surah stole that goes with it. Real Garden of Eden. Enormously formal is a poured-on dress of white slipper satin that curves up in front to display a bit of stocking. In back, it ends more primly, in a short train. Brilliants, pearl beads, gold and silver metallic thread are embroidered on its strapless décolletage, which can be sheltered by a silk bolero stole, shaped to hug the shoulders, with a short sleeve on one side, as an anchor, and a trailing end on the other. Separate bolero stoles are here in satin, taffeta (strewn with woven-in fringed tassels), cotton, challis, iridescent Siamese silk, and other yard goods; $75 and up. Dresses begin at $295 and suits at $395; sizes begin at 8 and rise to 20. Orders take a week to ten days. For things made to measure, the tariff is steeper.



Ready-to-wear clothes, not composed on the premises, run in the same sizes, and cost from $30 to $195. Good little shirtwaist dresses of white surah with spots (dark blue) like a Dalmatian firehouse dog have low, notched collars, and small, unpressed pleats go from the waist to the hips. Sleeveless linens, either one- or two-piece, with jagged necklines carry a row of large white leather diamonds on the shoulders and six vertical rows of dwindling ones on the skirt; sheaths of black handkerchief linen, high and round at the neck in front but dipping in low, square openings in back, carry an allover pattern of white organdie discs on which gold and silver daisies are painted. The black velvet ribbons that help decorate these sheaths are inscribed "Il m'aime" and "Il m'aime pas," just as if they were daisy petals. Giddy evening sheaths of white surah with a wide pink overcheck have garlands of surah rosebuds and leaves surrounding the bosom and climbing the halter straps.

THE Miss Bergdorf floor, at Bergdorf Goodman (where else?), comes up with lighthearted clothes, in junior sizes 5 to 13, by Virginie de Paris, of the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Paris, France. Straight coats with a façade of Pilgrim collar and a horizontal fold from hip to hip and a rear elevation of no collar and a low belt show up in gray flannel. The hoop and stick, if you want to be your age, you'll have to find yourself. Black silk barathea is transformed into a dressed-up coat with unpressed pleats down the sides and a bowknot at the rear of the Empire waistline; fern-green wool or navy Dupioni silk is transformed into suits with fly-front jackets, broad standaway collars, and ties at the waist. Similar ones, of black-and-white silk tweed or periwinkle-blue wool, go in for sunburst darts beneath their narrower collars, and there are kick pleats in their narrow skirts. The least expensive daytime clothes ($55) are the double-breasted sack dresses of willow-green Dupioni (matching bone buttons and a narrow silk sash are part of the equipment), but you can go up to $110 if you are firm about it. Evening dresses haven't been neglected. The lampshade tunic of a black silk with a miniature waffle weave almost hides its fringed underskirt; a more frivolous and more décolleté fabrication of cream Dupioni silk with pink roses and gray leaves printed on it has triple tiers of puffing around the hem, and a rabbit's-ear bow bobs above the top row at the center back.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE has acquired a lot of hats from Christian Dior and had them copied over here in imported straw. Everything is well-mannered, jaunty, and reasonable, such as $18.95 to $29.95. Tiny inverted bowls

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of Dior-blue straw cloth are spruced up with three straw tabs down the back; sailors' caps of white ridged straw fabric, to be worn behind the hairline, are bound with navy grosgrain ribbon, on which you will probably inscribe "H.M.S. Pinafore;" small profile beehives of natural Tuscan straw have black or colored grosgrain bows on both the up and the down sides; swashbuckling hats of navy, black, or white straw cloth are surrounded by broad, box-pleated brims that turn into fringe at the edge, and double rows of matching grosgrain ribbon are laced through the high, puffy crowns.

SAKS isn't the only place that has fashionable ready-to-wear headgear. John Frederics' new Miss Frederics hats, for from $29.50 to $39.50, are now at Altman's Millinery Salon. Back-draped turbans topped by sort of a beret that is stitched in concentric ridges are of green, yellow, or orange Milan straw, and they're built like an accordion, for packing. Cloches with natural Milan straw brims and six-inch collapsible crowns of black velvet may be draped to one side or stuffed with tissue paper by those who want to play Mad Hatter. Romantic and fluttery cloches of pleated pink silk poppy petals are surmounted in front by a big red silk poppy.

AND the Miss New York Millinery Department of Bonwit Teller has Sally V.'s chemise cloches to go with, naturally, chemise dresses. White straw cloth stitched all over in colored thread makes cloches with square, shoved-in crowns and brief brims that turn up sharply in front, as well as with boxy crowns and turned-down brims. Breezy bows of white rayon taffeta, just above the brows, emerge from the bands of deep flapper cloches of white Visca straw. Mrs. V.'s affection for flowers and her instinct for color are demonstrated in several fancier headpieces—cloche bonnets of white toyo straw, for example, on which are banked giant red poppies, yellow poppies, bluets, and buds interspersed with leaves. Most decorative of all and—well, as pretty as a picture are her dome cloches of pink Visca straw, whose brims are smothered with cabbage roses of two-tone pink rayon chiffon. These hats are all in the $16.95-to-$22.95 bracket.

LORD & TAYLOR, not to be caught napping, has thought of lingerie to wear *under* chemise dresses, all of it hanging very straight, to deëmphasize

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Isabel O'Neil, painter of fine furniture for the decorating trade. PL 3-4482. 9:30 to 5.

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watch straps for men and women! Precious leathers in all sizes and colors. Imported and domestic. From $2.50 to $6.50.
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the bosom. The fourth floor is its home base. Envelope chemises, which are new to this generation, are of black or white nylon crêpe and are outlined with black or white scalloped nylon lace; other chemises of this crêpe have two broad layers of nylon lace at the bottom; chemise slips, ending seventeen inches from the floor, are content with a single layer. These run from $10.95 to $17.95. Above-knee-length slips of crisp white cotton with an all-embracing design of pink and red roses are slightly fitted at the waist in back.

For evenings in bed, not on the town, there are nightgowns combining yellow dacron and cotton and bearing a strong resemblance to the dresses being dished up by the *haute couture*. Bands and bows of yellow-and-white striped cotton decorate their middy collars, and inserts of white cotton printed with roses, daisies, and leaves go around the thighs. Below all this is a pleated yellow flounce almost a foot wide. These nightgowns are $8.95.

There are other night clothes in L. & T.'s Young New Yorker Shop, and wild enough to be put in the isolation ward. Brief ones patterned after the Charleston dresses of the nineteen-twenties and made of pastel nylon tricot (pale blue, pink, or yellow) have five tiers of pleated ruffles edged with lace; $5.95, including ruffled tricot bloomers. Bubble-top nightgowns of blue or yellow nylon sheer over nylon tricot, plus bloomers of the tricot, are $9.50. (Bubble top is the new heavily bloused business.) Pajamas of white cotton in a flower print come two ways—a ballerina top and bloomers, or a button-down-the-back scoop-necked overblouse and calf-length trousers; $5.95. Baby-doll shifts of pink dacron, nylon, and cotton sprinkled with daisies, bluebells, and dots end in an elasticized ruffled décolletage that can be worn on or off the shoulders; pink bloomers *and* boxer shorts bound with the same cotton print complete the deal, which is $5.95, all in all. Long overblouses with a drawstring at the hem and boxer shorts of white cotton horizontally striped in a wide range of hues are supposed to serve, in combination, as pajamas, but they could double as play suits.

THE nylon tricot slips that Vanity Fair has made for Bloomingdale are heavily encrusted with nylon lace, and they hug the body to just below the kneecap, which is their last stop. One in morning-glory blue is slit six inches high from the hem on the left side; one in white is slit nine inches high on both

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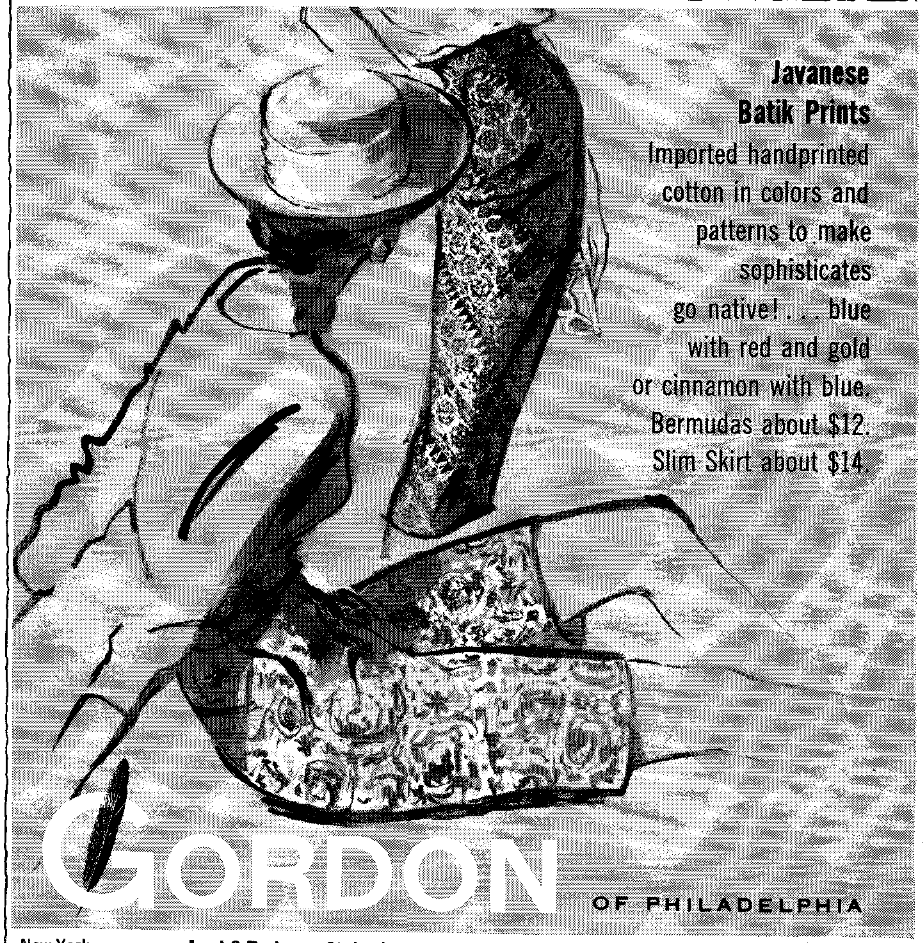

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Individually made for you by Porter Blanchard. Your personal desires will be incorporated into the design, making your flatware truly outstanding, truly unique. A perfect gift for brides, orders are now being taken for June delivery. Prices, $69.00 and up for a six-piece place setting. Fed. tax extra.

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sides. Scalloped Alençon nylon lace goes around the bodice, down the front, and along the hem of princesse slips of white tricot. The price range of all this is $8.95 to $10.95.

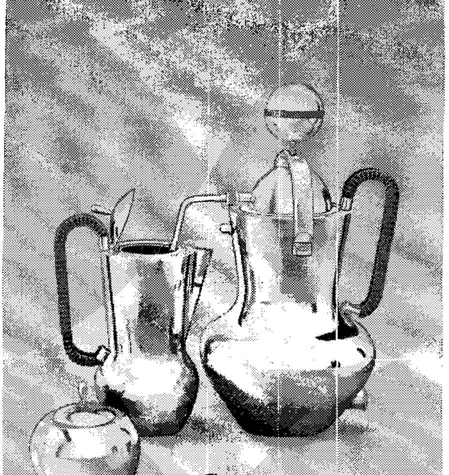
SOME of the shoes Andrew Geller, at 18 West 57th Street, is now turning out have very low straps, to make the legs look longer. Shoes with instep straps an inch and a quarter above the base of the vamp are of black patent leather, black shantung, or calfskin in red, navy, or tan. The same raw materials are used for slippers or sandals with short T straps. There's strapless stuff, too—D'Orsay pumps of maroon calfskin with oval leather buckles as big as platters or else of navy linen with navy chiffon bows at the throat; classic pumps of black straw sprayed with something that makes them as shiny as licorice drops; tailored pumps of glacé alligator in exuberant shades of blue and red or sparkling white. All of these have long, pointed toes and three-inch heels as thin as stilettos. The alligators, the most costly jewels in this array, are $85, for which you could once buy a whole swampful. The rest are $24.95.

EVERYONE knows that B. Nelson, who's at 10 East 39th Street, is a surgeon, savior, and life-enhancer for battered shoes, but it's unlikely everyone knows that he will now pick them up, provided you live within a fifty-mile radius of town, and will bring them back alive, for less than a dollar round trip. Not in person, though; he doesn't have time to come down all those chimneys.

PLEASANCE FLOWERS, an Eastery name if I ever heard one, lives at 29 East 73rd Street, where it whiles away the spring by making nosegays out of skyrockets, which are tiny strawflowers (real) dyed in various shades. The pink ones surround a pink rose, the green ones surround a coral geranium, and so on. That will be $5.75, or more. Corsages of hyacinth blossoms on short wire stems begin at $7.50. A couple of long-stemmed green-and-white slipper orchids tied with chartreuse chenille that is tipped with tiny gold-foil balls are $12.50, but then they conceal a nourishing surprise—chocolate eggs.

THE Green Thumb, now at 22 East 65th Street, thinks that cabbage-rose boutonnières made of orange-red baccara roses embedded in hundreds of extra petals (I don't know how they do this, either) are fine for Easter.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.



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asparagus...with
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Your grocer should have it – if not write
Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N.Y.

They're $10. The texture is so much like velvet it doesn't look real. Corsages of mignonette, echeveria, and spiral eucalyptus leaves wreathed with loops of godseffiana leaves, or corsages of blue laceflowers and two shades of bluets interspersed with leaves, are $5. All these words are in some dictionary or other.

FLOWERS UNLIMITED, at 125 East 39th Street, arranges corsages of green and Burgundy galax leaves in the shape of a rose, then studs them with primroses or purple-and-white odontoglossum orchids; $5 for the leaves, and $7.50 or more when the flowers are added. Plumes of peony petals suspended from profile bandeaux that are overlaid with ivy leaves drift along the cheek like bird-of-paradise feathers. The shop will produce belts, on foundations of wire mesh and cotton, blanketed with orange clevia blossoms, sanderiana leaves, and buckles of purple violets; one and a half or two inches wide. The number, not yet in the book, is Oxford 7-1944.

IRENE HAYES, of 273 Park Avenue (47th), will remove the artificial flowers on hats and arrange real blooms that the customer can pin in on Easter morning. Wire frameworks arranged in the shape of shamrocks or the Ballantine Ale trademark are garnished with white stock, violets, and so on; $12.50 and up. They serve in lieu of caps. Little baskets, for children, are filled with daisies, mimosa, sweetheart roses, and sweet peas. A rabbit's head is tied on the handle. Just thought you'd like to know what's going on nowadays.

—M. M.

•

A peace warrant was taken against Milford Ellison of Ellison's Motel on Clinton Pike by his wife, Mrs. Johnnie Ellison, after a disturbance at the motel, but he was not charged with assault and battery as reported incorrectly in The Knoxville Journal Monday.

Mrs. Ellison was charged with carrying a pistol after shooting at her husband five times. She missed. The Journal regrets the error.—*Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal.*

Just give the news, please.

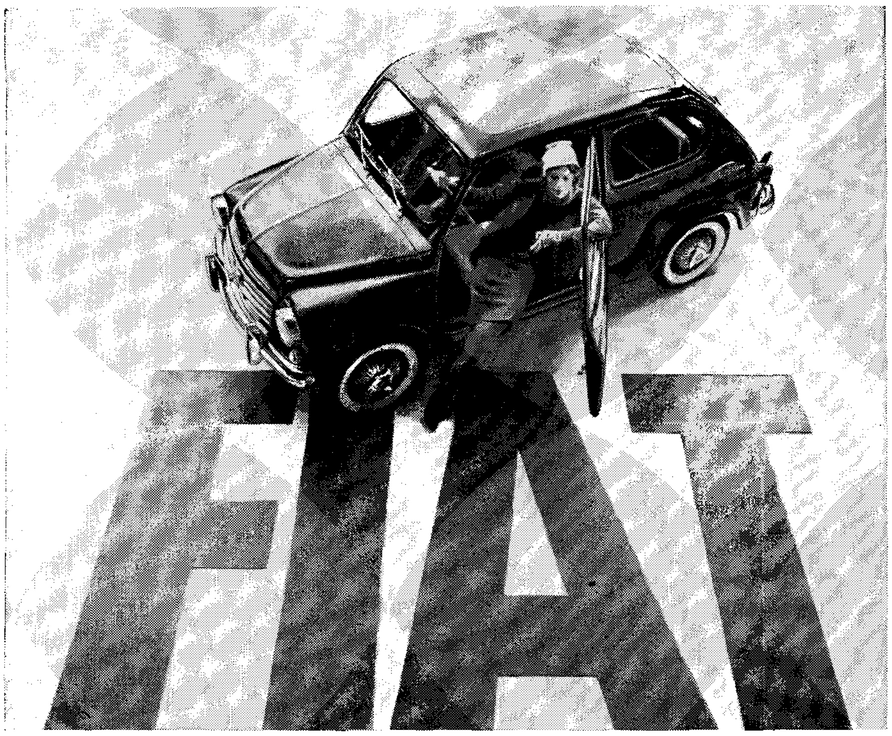
•

LETTERS FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS AT THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL NEVER FINISHED READING

HARVARD LAW SCHOOL YEARBOOK
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

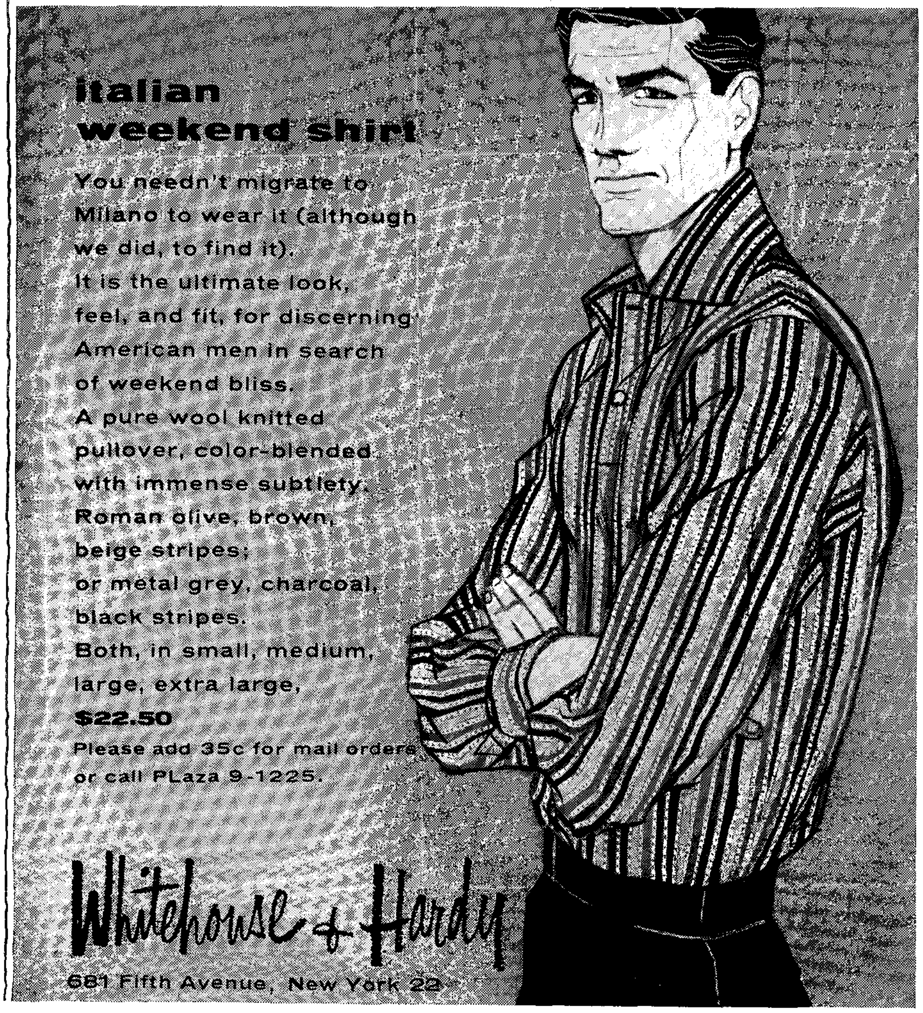
In the interest of time, for the avoidance of humdrum, and by the grace of God we reluctantly are able to address you anonymously, but none the less affectionately, as

DEAR FIRST YEAR STUDENT:



INDULGE YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT in the Fabulous Fiat . . . If you buy it as your "second" car you may soon prefer it to your "first." Custom-crafted in Europe, styled in the Italian fashion. Fabulously roomy and comfortable, yet so compact parking is a snap. Series 600 sedan (above) is only 10½ feet long. Fabulously economical – up to 42 miles per gallon. The Fiat 500 delivers up to 53! There are four series, eight models – sedans, sports cars, station wagons. Fabulously low priced . . . the Fiat 600 above is $1298 at port of entry – New York. See your Fiat dealer or phone or write Fiat Motor Co., Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Longacre 5-7034 . . .* **FIAT**

*Suggested retail price for cars with black tires, cloth upholstery which are supplied on order; cars with white wall tires, leatherette upholstery immediately available at $1353. Hub-caps shown extra.



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It is the ultimate look, feel, and fit, for discerning American men in search of weekend bliss.
A pure wool knitted pullover, color-blended with immense subtlety.
Roman olive, brown, beige stripes;
or metal grey, charcoal, black stripes.
Both, in small, medium, large, extra large,
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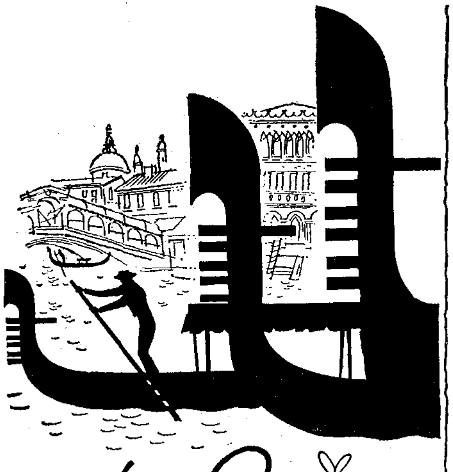

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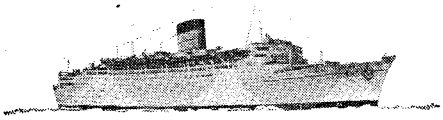

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DEARLY BELOVED

MILLIE's baby died on a Monday night, and by noon on Tuesday the news was all over town. People who knew Millie casually inflated their acquaintance in order to make themselves a part of the tragedy and to qualify for details. Of course, nobody knew her well; her husband had come to the college just the past fall, to fill in a sabbatical leave in the Economics Department, and he and Millie and the three children had therefore been in Spokane less than a year. But the women recalled how pleasantly Millie had spoken at the laundry or in the park, or when she was out collecting for the Chest, with the little girls stringing along behind. They gathered in shoals to face together the bleak reality: alive and healthy one day, dead the next.

At the Tuesday meeting of the League of Women Voters, Mrs. Horton was selected to make the semiofficial condolence call on behalf of the organization. The process was less parliamentary than usual. "You go, Angela," Mrs. Titus, the president, said to Mrs. Horton, and the members murmured "Yes," as they did to motions that required more fervor than thought—like votes of thanks to outgoing officers.

Even if the members had stopped to be analytical, Mrs. Horton would still have been the logical choice. To begin with, she heard things straight. (She was the recorder for the League and secretary of the Planning Commission.) Life seemed to flow through her like a transcript, preserved and only slightly altered; she could be counted on to bring back an accurate report. Then, her husband was, like Millie's, at the college but not in the same department—Horton was special assistant to the president—so the question of rank didn't intrude.

In addition to these considerations, Mrs. Horton was large-boned and Scandinavian, and had a look of guileless good will that made her instantly trusted. And she was thirty-five—still young, but ten years older than Millie, and presumably more experienced in death. Besides, she knew Millie better than the other women did; the two of them had worked together on the League's mailing list, and once, when Millie was on the hospitality committee, Mrs. Horton had shown her how to operate the forty-cup coffee-maker belonging to the Democrats.

"We're counting on you, Angela," Mrs. Titus said, a little jealously. Mrs. Titus was possessive about special assignments.

FOR her visit, Mrs. Horton chose the morning of the day before the funeral, which had been set for four days after the baby's death, instead of the usual three, in order to allow time for relatives who had to come from Albany. To call sooner seemed presumptuous, and later, she felt, would be anticlimactic.

Millie lived in one of those old privet-bound places that needed paint and seemed to boast more of space than of design. When she appeared at the door of the house herself, Mrs. Horton was taken aback. "Millicent," she said, in deference and surprise. "Shouldn't you be in bed, dear?"

"It's the middle of the day for us," Millicent said. "Come on in. George had an eight-o'clock, and we've been up a long time." She swept piles of Tinkertoys from two chairs onto the floor. "The girls," she said apologetically. "They never put things away." There was a strong smell of cooking in the room—something with garlic in it.

Millie was tall, even sitting down—the kind of girl you always feel immensely relieved to find safely married, Mrs. Horton reflected. She had apparently been putting her hair up, because a clump of it at the back was still hanging damp about her neck, and two bobby pins were threaded onto the flap of her shirt pocket. Mrs. Horton had expected that by now there would be someone in the house to act as a buffer against the curious—and the well-wishing (she carefully edited her thoughts). A grandparent, maybe, who would say that Millie was in bed under sedation but that she would be so glad to know her friends were thinking of her. Instead, here she was, exposed, somehow, and Mrs. Horton didn't have anything ready to say.

"It was just too much for her," Millie said. "She just stopped breathing."

"There's so much that medical science doesn't know," Mrs. Horton said, in her motion-seconding voice.

"We didn't have a doctor. We had no idea— We thought it was only a

Ray Burke

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"Maybe you've never thought about it this way.

"But if the oil industry didn't keep ahead of your demand for its products,

LOCATING A NEW WELL SITE

our whole economy would come to a grinding halt.

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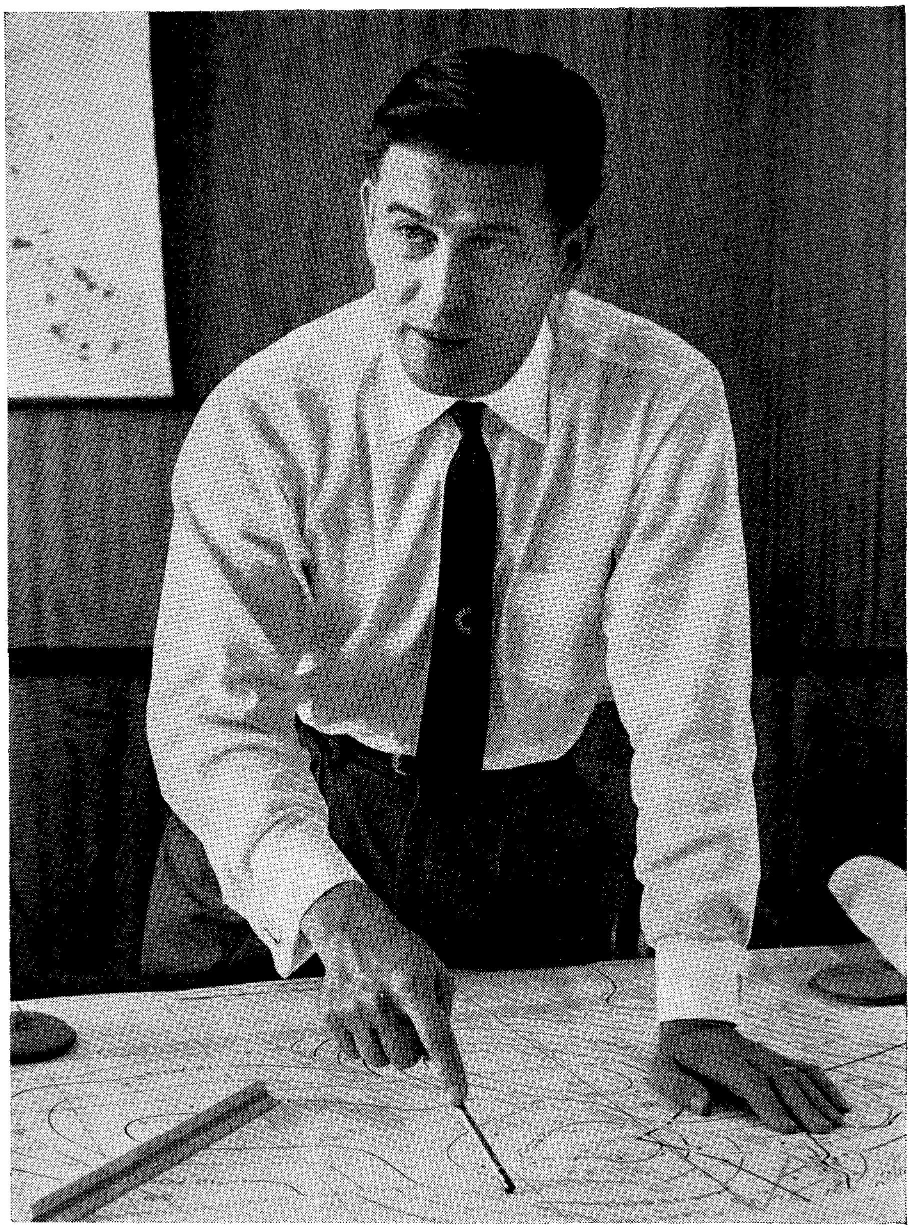

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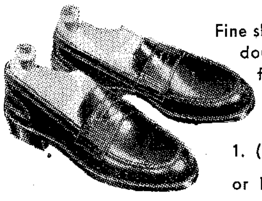

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cold. She just stopped breathing. It was too much for her."

"Oh, my darling!" Mrs. Horton said. She had a sudden vision of Millie somewhere in this house, maybe even in this room, fighting off death by herself, and then realizing that it was over—the love, the terrible, fierce, frantic love turning to revulsion and terror in a moment. Had it been like that? "You mustn't feel guilty," Mrs. Horton said.

"No," Millie said.

"And you do have the others," Mrs. Horton said, trying another tack. "It isn't as if she was the only one. They help make up."

"No," Millie said.

"Well, you may not see it now, but your loss is not as great as it would be for a woman with only one. The girls compensate."

"No," Millie said, without rancor, as though she had just voted down a proposition and was prepared to go on to the next issue.

"Well," Mrs. Horton said, "you know the prayers of your friends—"

"She just stopped breathing," Millie said again.

Mrs. Horton felt that to say more would be simply to cavil, to make a forensic issue out of sorrow. The difficulty, as she saw it, was going to lie in conveying to Mrs. Titus and the rest that this was sorrow. They would be quite prepared for Millie to be going about—people in novels often walked in the rain, and that sort of thing—but not for her to be doing things. And here Millie *was*, washing her hair and cooking with herbs and dispatching children to school. Mrs. Horton didn't know how she was going to explain it.

THE delegation chosen to represent the League at the funeral had decided to meet first for coffee at Mrs. Titus's and then go on to the chapel in a group. Mrs. Horton was sorry, in a way; she was mindful of her corporate responsibility to inform, but she still couldn't think what to say about Millie.

"How is she, Angela?" Mrs. Titus asked, to get the ball rolling, since she was the hostess.

"Remarkable, really," Mrs. Horton said uneasily. "Remarkable."

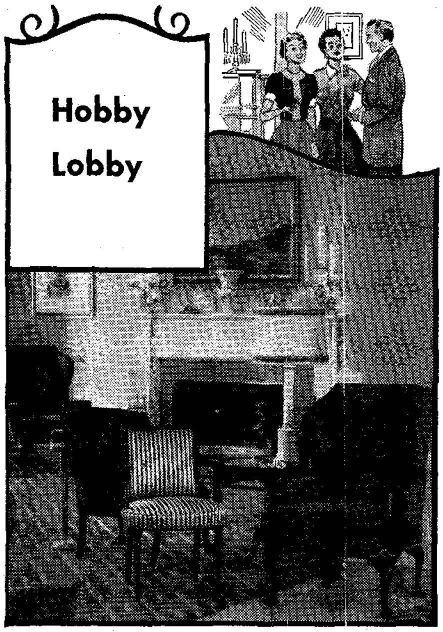
She seemed about to subside, so Irma Baxter, who was representing the Republicans, asked, "Didn't they have any warning at all?"

"Apparently not," Mrs. Horton said.

"No fever?" Mrs. Titus asked.

"I guess not."

Mrs. Horton knew she was failing



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the group. If only she could report that the symptoms had been the more usual ones—fever, delirium, nausea—then the tragedy edging in upon them, like some mysterious blight upon childhood, could be grappled with and put down. Those who were leery of Millie's housekeeping could take comfort in their own; those who had had flu shots could relax in the knowledge that everything had been done that could be done. But as it was . . . "She just stopped breathing," Mrs. Horton said.

"But you don't 'just stop breathing,' " Miriam Spiegel said. She was there for the Democrats.

"I know," Mrs. Horton said.

"I guess with viral croup they can," Mrs. Titus said, looking at the group for ratification. "That's what I understand it was."

"What did the doctor say?" Miriam asked.

Mrs. Horton hesitated. "It appears that they didn't have a doctor until after," she said reluctantly.

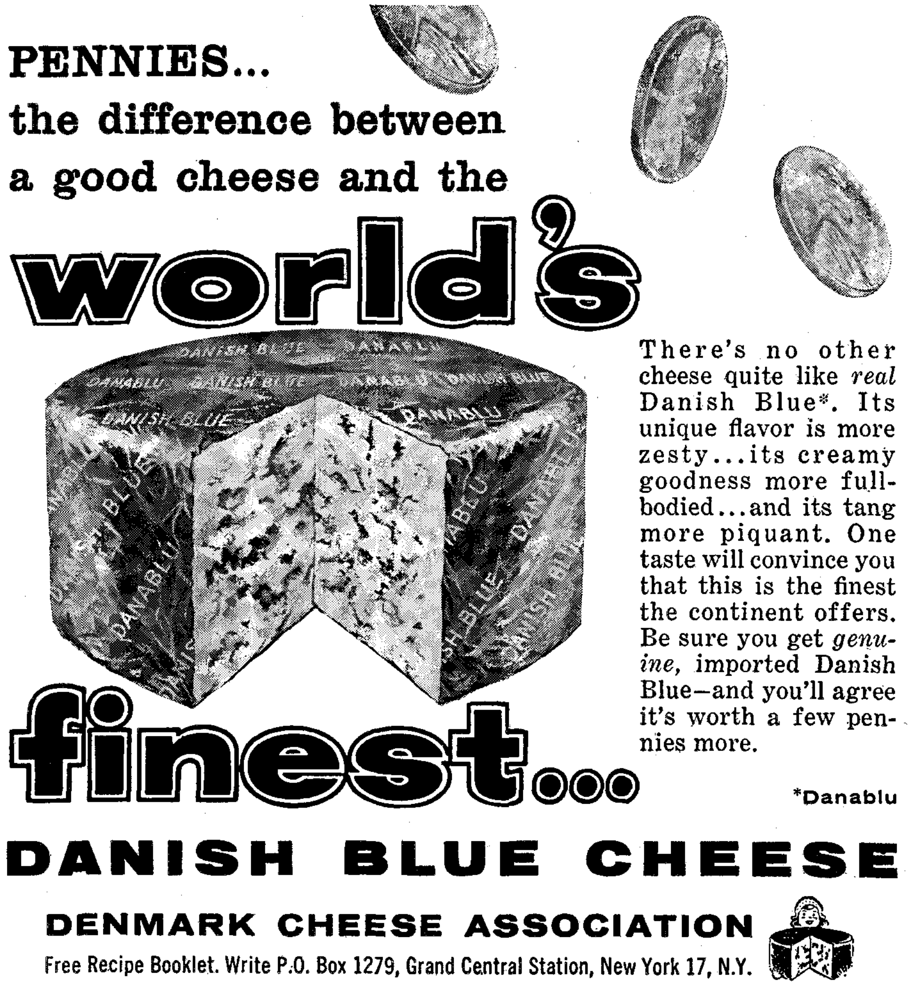
"Didn't have a doctor!" Mrs. Titus said.

"There wasn't time," Mrs. Horton lied. If she had left it as Millie had—just said it out, and nothing more—they would have misunderstood. Because they hadn't been there and heard her, as Mrs. Horton had, they would have thought that Millie hadn't tried, or didn't care, or God knows what. And they wouldn't have been able to see that Millie's way was different, that was all.

"Carol gets prettier every time I see her," Miriam said, speaking of Mrs. Titus's daughter, who was passing the coffeecake.

As long as they didn't address her directly, Carol welcomed initiation into the world of womanly sorrow. She was, she reflected, old enough now to have a child of her own—a beautiful, dark-eyed creature susceptible to mortality, like Millie's baby. Overwhelmed by melancholy, Carol rushed from the room and buried her head in her dog's side. "Don't die, Fritzie, don't, don't," she begged. Presently, Fritzie began to scratch himself, and Carol got up, straightened her skirt so that the placket was centered, and offered coffeecake around again.

"She wasn't a baby, really," Mrs. Titus was saying. "Two last July." Mrs. Titus had a way of being right statistically but wrong nevertheless. To think of the child as a baby not only deepened the tragedy in the telling of it but, at the same time, kept living children who might be similarly afflicted



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safe from exact comparison; the group's preference was for "Millie's baby."

"And there was the Higgins baby, who died of peritonitis at about the same age, but, of course, he was a preemie and sickly from the beginning," Irma Baxter said. "That was the same summer as the Lippincott suicide—remember?" She went on reciting community tragedies, calling them up like ghosts. "And both Mitchell boys were killed in Burma during the war."

"Well, now, let's not be morbid," Mrs. Titus said. She wanted their attention. She had worked out a seating plan for the car, so as not to keep Ed Baxter waiting, once he called to drive them to the service. A number of cars had been offered, but the Baxters' Lincoln was the only one that seemed epic enough for a funeral, and it was the one they had accepted. "I thought that Irma and Miriam could ride in front," Mrs. Titus said tentatively. It wasn't her car to make disposition of, but, as president, she was the accepted organizer, and anyway she was relegating herself to the back seat as an evidence of good faith.

Mrs. Titus had even marshalled topics of conversation to get them from her house to the chapel, on Eighth Street. As it worked out, though, she scarcely needed her seating plan, and certainly didn't need the gambits. The women simply sank into place. They stared vacantly from the windows, as though they were passengers in an airport limousine, united by destination but disinclined to explore matters.

"DEARLY *beloved*," the chaplain said gently, "*we are gathered here* . . ."

Mrs. Horton wondered who was beloved—the baby or God or the congregation. Still, it was nice of Millie to have the college chaplain, when she didn't even attend chapel, and they had been in town so short a time, and were temporary, at that; they wouldn't have had to have him.

"*We ask Thy special mercy and healing grace for these Thy servants who remain* . . ."

George and Millie stared unblinking at the rack of hymnals on the back of the pew ahead of them.

To Mrs. Horton, the chaplain's words came like familiar night noises, sounds she need not discriminate among to be reassured; the voice was the same one she heard every Sunday during the academic year and twice a week during Lent.

"*Dearly beloved* . . ."

Ed Baxter sat with his hands folded

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and his forearms resting on his thighs. He was sorry he had ever let himself get roped into chauffeuring the women. When he walked into the Titus place a half hour ago, he might as well have been entering a ladies' john by mistake. Conversation hadn't just stopped; it had been held in self-conscious abeyance, as though somehow he had overtaken the women in a highly personal moment. And now here he was, the only male present except George—and the chaplain, of course, but he didn't count. Jesus, it must be rough on George, Ed thought. Of course, it was different, and worse, he supposed, for the mother; everyone seemed to think of the baby as Millie's. He thought of his own daughter, Debbie, and he wished he could catch her up, as he had the other night after her bath, and hug her to him. "I'm going to squish you to death," he had said against her wild glee. And he had hugged the living miracle of her flesh until he heard Irma, her voice strident: "What are you doing? You're hurting her!" He had let go of his daughter, ashamed, as if he had just discovered a new facet of himself in a lewd dream from which he had been awakened. "Sorry," he'd said, but it was the night Mrs. Titus had called to *tell* them, and, even with Irma's reprimand, he had been unwilling to release Debbie to sleep. "We're going to play one game," he had said. "Just one."

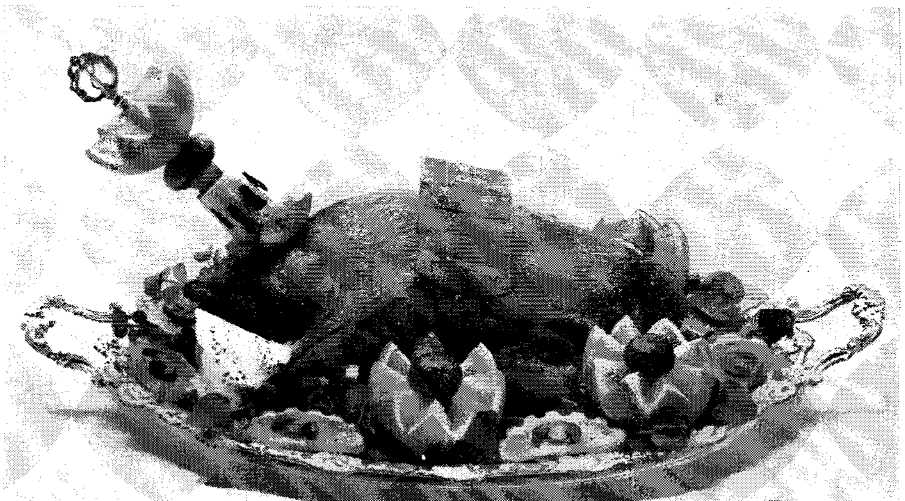
". . . *and join the church triumphant . . .*"

Irma Baxter looked straight ahead. She wanted to peek at Millie to see how she was taking it, but her ethics forbade anything devious.

". . . *according to God's holy ordinance.*"

The problem, as Miriam saw it, was how she would explain to the regional Democratic Committee using money from the Dollars for Democrats fund (she was the local treasurer) to send the wreath of wheat. Not that anyone would mind, per se, but Dollars for Democrats, she supposed, meant Democrats running for public office, not afflicted Party members. Maybe she would just make the money up out of her own pocket and not bother the Committee. That was the best thing to do, she guessed. The wreath was lovely.

It was nice of people to send flowers, Millie thought. Mrs. Eldridge, their sitter, had sent the glads. And she wasn't even the one they usually had on weekends. Millie wasn't sure who the others were from. Probably they saved the cards, and someone would come



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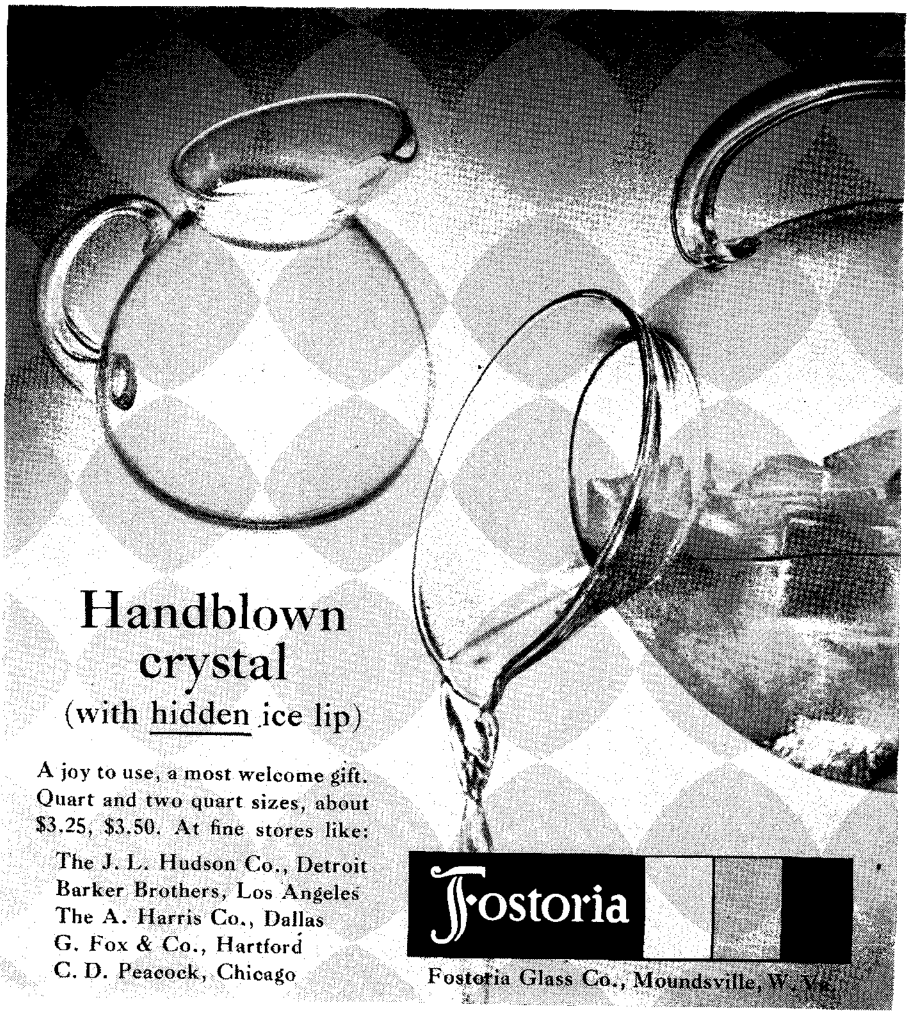

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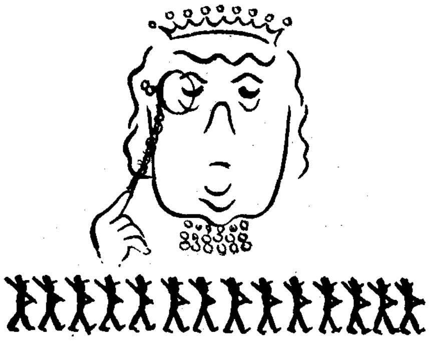

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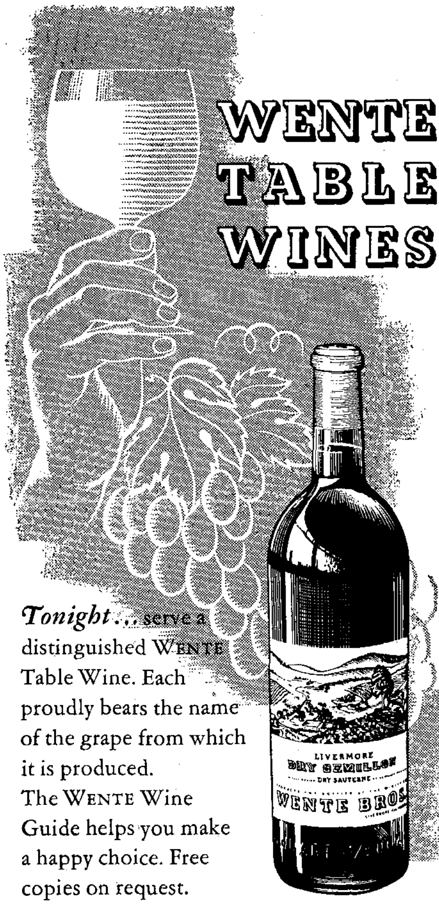

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around with them later. Maybe they even jotted down on the back what was sent, the way people did at showers and weddings. Millie knew she'd be O.K. if, for just a little longer, she could keep the thought chain tight and inviolate, the reason for her being there censored out. Over at the right, a basket of carnations balanced the glads. Carnations were dicotyledons, she decided. Something about vascular bundles and flower parts in twos. And lilies and wheat, they were like grasses and that made them monocots. She'd always been pretty fair at science, and she tried to remember how she'd felt the semester she got an A in botany.

"The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious to you."

If only, Carol thought, they would have another baby, what beautiful presents everyone would bring.

The organ swelled until the chords pounded against their temples: "A mighty fortress i-is our God." A great Protestant incantation against pestilence and death, it rose like the wail at Salem's shore, a noise so solemn it buttressed the congregation around—one grief, one fear, one protest.

—KATHARINE TOPKINS

•

Toilet water is invariably a dilute perfume. It contains the same ingredients as perfume, but more alcohol is added so that the scent is not so heavy.

Perhaps hubby knows all that but he can't even come close to pronouncing their names. He's just as apt to go in and say, "I want a bottle of Mooget de Boys," and he's had it!

Why don't you clip this last paragraph and pin it to a nice shiny new $5 bill in his wallet and send him on his way!

Here are a few of the more popular "perfumes" with their pronunciations, which are not always on the tip of every man's tongue: On Dit, Awn-Dee; Mais Oui, Meh-wee; Voeu de Noel, Vuh-duh-No-el; Bois des Iles, Bwah-days-eel; Toujours Moi, Too-jhure-mwah; L'Aimant, Lehmon; L'H-eure Bleue, Lerr-bluh; Quelques Fleurs, Kel-kuh-flerr; Qui Sait, Kee-say; Cuir, Queer; Indiscret, An-dees-kray; A Bientot, Ah-bee-yan-toe; And many, many more, but I'm not giving lessons in French today!—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

Oh, the dickens you're not!

•

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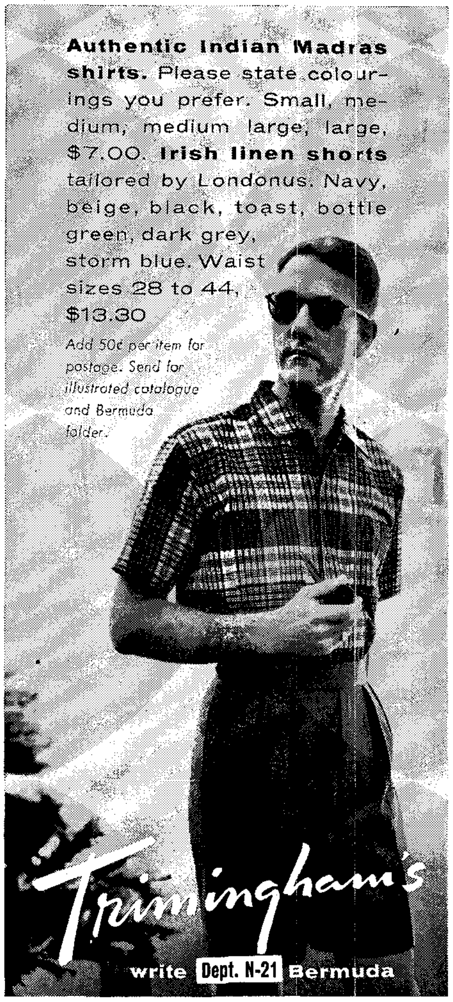

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 13

IN a manner of speaking, all the talk about a summit conference *is* a summit conference. Negotiations go on at the highest level by means of letters, notes, annexes, and aide-mémoires, as well as of observations—sometimes needling, sometimes soothing—made at press conferences here and at cocktail parties in Moscow. The heads of government are thousands of miles apart, but what is space in an age when Marshal Bulganin could board a missile and be here in twenty-seven minutes? By cable and by courier, they are in touch and exchanging views on German unification, Eastern Europe, nuclear testing, nuclear production, the Middle East, the United Nations veto, the Polish plan for a de-atomized belt in Central Europe, expanded trade, good-will visits by "influential" people, and so on. It is true that all this is tentative, provisional, procedural, and preliminary to the main event—the direct confrontation that everyone claims to want. The heads of government, with advice and assistance from their Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers and James Reston, of the New York *Times*, are merely discussing what they will and will not discuss in the event that they get together for a discussion. But then, half of diplomacy, at least in this epoch, consists of negotiation over the proper subjects for negotiation. The main business of most conferences is to arrange subsequent conferences. Foreign Ministers meet to draw up the agenda for a heads-of-government meeting; then heads of government meet, exchange views, and direct that means for the implementation of their views be discussed in another meeting of Foreign Ministers; seeking means of implementation, the Foreign Ministers decide that the most efficacious device would be a meeting of the heads of government.

In essence, this is the pattern of recent diplomatic history, and the present long-distance negotiations are, though novel in manner, an integral and harmonious part of the pattern. Thus in July of 1953, the Foreign Ministers of the United States, the United Kingdom, and the French Republic met in Washington to prepare a meeting of the heads of their governments later in the year. That meeting took place in December, at a Bermuda golf club, where the President, Sir Winston Churchill, and M. Joseph Laniel spent four days talking over what their Foreign Ministers ought to talk over when they met with the Soviet Foreign Minister, Vyacheslav Molotov (now Ambassador to Outer Mongolia), in Berlin early in 1954. In Berlin, the Foreign Ministers discussed the prospects for an early heads-of-government meeting. They got nowhere, primarily because of differences over the composition of the proposed meeting. (The Russians wanted every sovereign and satellite state on earth represented; our side was against this, on the ground that it was ridiculous, and on the further ground, many believed, that we feared being outvoted.) However, the Berlin Conference of Foreign Ministers did set up the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers, which met in April, 1954, for the purpose of arranging an armistice in the war in French Indo-China and also of discussing other Far Eastern problems. It achieved the first aim, though our Secretary of State felt that it did so on dishonorable terms and walked out. The following year, again in Geneva, the Conférence-à-Quatre—a four-power heads-of-government meeting—was held, and while the Messrs. Eisenhower, Eden, Faure, and Bulganin-Khrushchev found that they could agree on almost nothing, they did manage to get together on drafting a set of instructions to their Foreign Ministers, who met a couple of months later and laid plans for a series of disarmament talks, which, in due course, were held in New York and London, under United Nations auspices. The disarmament talks led to no disarmament. They did, though, lead to the present negotiations, partly by way of the summit conference of the NATO powers last December in Paris. There the heads of government of the Western Allies found that they disagreed on an unexpected number of questions, and, in fact, were able to agree on only one proposition of any consequence, which was that there ought to be an early meeting of the Foreign Ministers of East and West—as a preliminary, naturally, to a summit meeting at some later time. At first, the Soviet Union took poorly to the NATO suggestion, feeling that the summit

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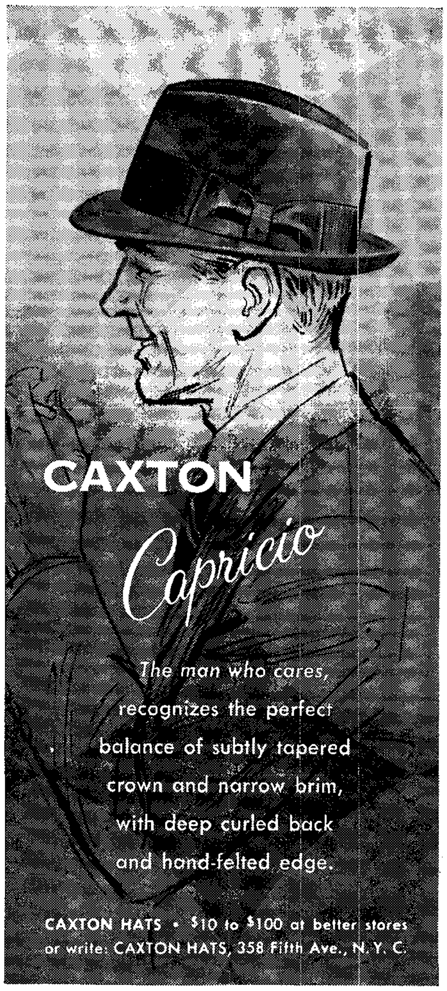
meeting should come first. Then, just as Mr. Dulles had withdrawn his objections to the skipping over of the Foreign Ministers, the Russians said that it would be all right with them to let the Foreign Ministers prepare the way. Meanwhile, the summit conference by mail is discussing, along with the substantive issues, what the procedures for both Foreign Ministers and heads of government should be.

When a diplomatic conference runs true to form and fails to result in any kind of settlement, it is always possible to say that it was a success anyway because it clarified the issues and acquainted each participant with the views, feelings, and modes of thought of the others. This line of reasoning may be used to justify in advance the holding of a conference for which no other excuse can be found; it can be said of meetings that are plainly doomed to failure, offering not the slightest hope of amelioration, that they will be useful because they will reveal what the true differences are and thus deepen the understanding of the conferees. Many people believe that these are genuine benefits, advancing peace and comity in themselves alone; the getting-to-know-you syndrome has been almost epidemic in recent years, having at times even afflicted John Foster Dulles. One of the difficulties of the moment, however, is that all the predictable benefits of a conference may be achieved before the conference begins, or before it is certain that it will take place at all. There may be such triumphs of clarification and comprehension that nothing along these lines will remain to be done, even if the statesmen do manage to arrange a face-to-face meeting in Geneva, Stockholm, or any of the other summit resorts that have been mentioned as possible sites for a meeting this year. The heads of government may find that they have thrown all their best lines away in letters before they have a chance to deliver them in speeches. The Eisenhower-Bulganin correspondence, according to the State Department, already runs to 30,250 words, and the end is not in sight. Nor is the President the only head of government to whom Marshal Bulganin has been writing.

From here in Washington, anyway, it appears that just about every issue except one—a suspension of nuclear tests for a stated period—has been clarified to a fare-thee-well, and that no mysteries surround the views of the adversary powers. Indeed, it seems perfectly clear that not a single political issue is negotiable right now, and that



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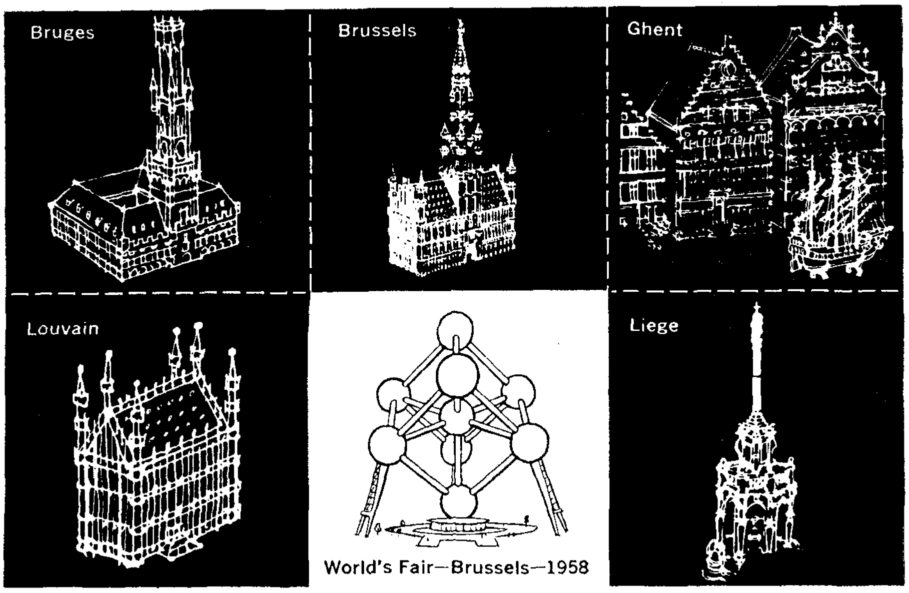
even debate on all but the least important ones—for example, the easing of travel restrictions—has already been foreclosed. We have said we do not want to talk about German unity in terms of the East-West treaty that the Russians want. The Russians will not talk about free elections in Germany, and have therefore, according to a note from the Soviet Foreign Office a couple of weeks ago, concluded that "the question of unification cannot be a subject of consideration at the forthcoming conference at the summit." (A statement like this may illustrate the real advantages of diplomacy by mail. A face-to-face meeting must have an agenda, and certain ground rules must be followed; in letters, a statesman may discuss to his heart's content matters that other statesmen would not countenance discussing in an old-style conference.) The Western Allies hold that it is absurd to talk of removing nuclear arms from Central Europe, or of drawing up non-aggression pacts between the NATO and the Warsaw blocs, as long as Russian military and political power reaches as far west as the Elbe and the Danube. The Russians take the view that the presence of their troops in Eastern Europe does not impair but, on the contrary, upholds the sovereignty of the nations in that region, and that to talk of withdrawal at a diplomatic conference would be an intolerable offense against those nations. "The Soviet Union," Marshal Bulganin said in his most recent letter to the President, "will in no case consent to interference in the internal affairs of sovereign states." The Russians would, however, like to discuss American abandonment of overseas bases, and have made such abandonment a condition for hearing what we have to say about everyone's abandonment of outer space as a theatre of military operations. Our position is that the contracts we enter into with other nations regarding bases or anything else are our business and theirs, and none of the Soviet Union's. And so it goes. In the course of discussing what we will not discuss, we discuss exhaustively the very things we say we refuse to discuss.

Almost everyone here believes there will be a summit conference—that is to say, *another* summit conference, to be held at the conclusion of the present one. And almost everyone here believes that our government was stating, if not belaboring, the obvious when it said just a week ago, in a note replying to a Soviet aide-mémoire, that "the presently declared positions of the Soviet Union and the United States do not as yet indicate



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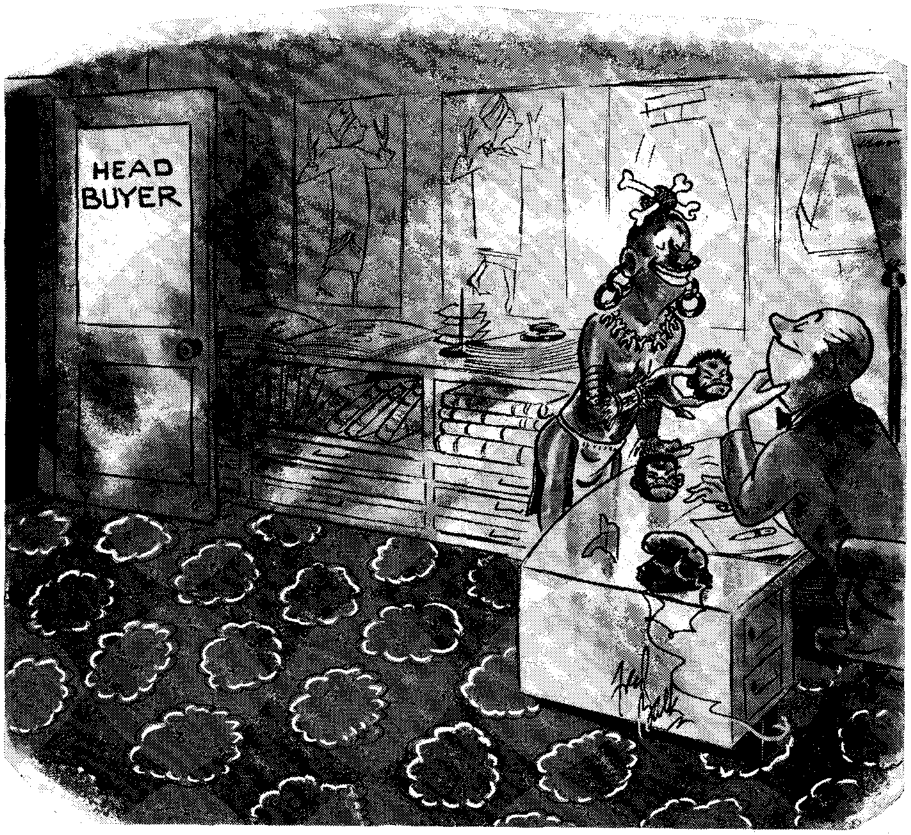

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the probability of agreement as to any matters of significance."

THOUGH American policy is seldom cast in the harsh declaratives and imperatives favored by the Russians, and though our intransigence is never quite a match for theirs, the American position today appears to be just about as fixed and inflexible as that of the Soviet Union. Neither, of course, is wholly inflexible; on disarmament, both governments stand in 1958 a good distance from where they stood in, say, 1953, and, in point of fact, neither would need to move a great deal farther to arrive at a basis for agreement. In theory, at least, if we would agree to a suspension of nuclear testing without insisting on a simultaneous suspension of the production of nuclear arms, and if the Soviet Union would agree to a suspension of testing without insisting on a simultaneous agreement to outlaw nuclear arms in warfare, a compact on nuclear testing might be had. Similarly, if the two powers could find a compromise figure between 1,700,000 and 1,500,000 as the maximum for the standing forces of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Communist China—the first figure is proposed by the Western powers, the second by the Russians—a deal on conventional arms might eventually be made. On most matters, though, our position is fixed by our basic aims. The first of these is still the encirclement of Communist power with anti-Communist power of sufficient strength—as George Kennan put it eleven years ago—"to confront the Russians with unalterable counter-force wherever they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world." Another is to build, in countries far from the periphery as well as in those directly on it, strong anti-Communist—as distinct from merely non-Communist—political institutions and public opinion. In our official view, the Cold War is aptly named; the continuing relationship between this country and the U.S.S.R. is one of political and diplomatic hostility, and our ever-present hope, as it is expressed by such spokesmen as the Secretary of State and his Democratic predecessor Dean Acheson, is that the weight of the several kinds of power we have undertaken to mobilize will in time bring about the collapse of the Communist system. When we seek an accommodation with Communism by diplomacy, the purpose is not to end the hostilities but to keep them from becoming absolutely ruinous to us as well as to them.

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ingly apparent here that this policy, although it is being pursued with unflagging vigor and conviction under Mr. Dulles's leadership, has today a far narrower base of support than it had a few years ago. In many quarters—in Congress, in the administration, and among independent critics—a growing dissatisfaction with both its assumptions and its aims has been visible. Quite suddenly, after more than a decade of substantial bipartisan agreement on the main features of "containment," there is widespread criticism of it by a good many former supporters and what amounts to a repudiation of it by some—among them George Kennan himself, who in 1947 gave the policy its name but now believes it has outlived its usefulness. He currently thinks that our aim should be disengagement wherever it is feasible. In his opinion, as stated in recent lectures and articles and in his book "Russia, the Atom, and the West," we ought to explore, immediately, the possibilities of withdrawal from Germany and the Middle East. He believes, too, that we have reached the point of diminishing returns on foreign aid; he would abandon the program except where the arguments in its favor would be as strong in the absence of any Communist menace as they appear to be in the presence of one.

Not many people have gone quite as far as Mr. Kennan, but a fair number have been tending in that direction, and it is clear to most observers that today there are two schools of thought on American foreign policy where once there was only one. The division has little to do with political creeds, party affiliations, or previous conditions of government servitude. Nor has it a great deal to do with acceptance or rejection of the specific proposals advanced by Mr. Kennan. Basically, the line is drawn between Mr. Dulles's view, which is that the primary task of the free nations is to destroy Communism by the use of all measures, apart from military ones, at our command, and George Kennan's present view, which is that free nations should be less concerned with the destruction of Communism than with, on the one hand, the avoidance of annihilation and, on the other, the pursuit of security, freedom, and civilization for their own sake, rather than for anti-Communism's sake. The representative figures in the Secretary of State's school are Dean Acheson, Harry S. Truman, and Senator William Knowland, of California—an odd bag, to say the very least. The representative figures in the opposing school make up a caucus no

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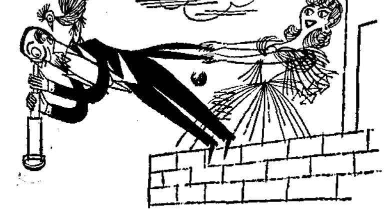

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less peculiar; they are—besides Mr. Kennan—Harold E. Stassen, his fellow-Minnesotan and former political rival Senator Hubert Humphrey, and Mr. Dulles's brother Allen, of the Central Intelligence Agency. Where the President, the Constitutional fountainhead of American policy, stands is a matter of some dispute; the one certain thing is that his mind and soul are great prizes in the conflict, and those great prizes are being bitterly fought over. It is in this context that the recent brawl between Mr. Dulles and Mr. Stassen may best be seen. There was a real conflict of personalities, and a genuine dispute over jurisdiction—it was surely intolerable for Mr. Stassen to be running a diplomatic agency of his own and conducting a wholly separate diplomacy—but the really serious matter was the contest for Mr. Eisenhower's backing. It cannot be said that this ended in a total victory for Mr. Dulles merely because Mr. Stassen is no longer on the payroll; in the bureaucratic conflict, Mr. Dulles had to win, for he does have, after all, prior rights in the making of foreign policy, while Mr. Stassen, as the President's adviser on disarmament, was an interloper. But Mr. Stassen left behind him a good many sympathizers in the administration, and he still has the President's ear.

One of Mr. Stassen's associates remaining in the government is Robert E. Matteson, who is today the director of the White House disarmament staff and has taken part in all the disarmament negotiations of the past two years. Three weeks ago, in a speech at the University of Minnesota that has since been widely discussed here, Mr. Matteson became the first member of the administration to acknowledge the existence of the division and to take a stand in favor of what is still, if not a minority view, an officially disapproved one. It is true, he said, "that today in Washington and in other free-world capitals, there exists in the policy-formulation process within governments a day-to-day competition between the major emphases of these two different concepts." He continued, "One cannot be dogmatic and wise enough to know that one or the other is right, but it is my belief that we may very well be at one of those great historical divides where a boldness in exploration of the relaxation-of-tension concept might pay greater dividends than we now suspect for the future of world peace." Earlier in his speech, Mr. Matteson had established "relaxation of tension" as his name for the doctrine and the school he adheres to, and "in-

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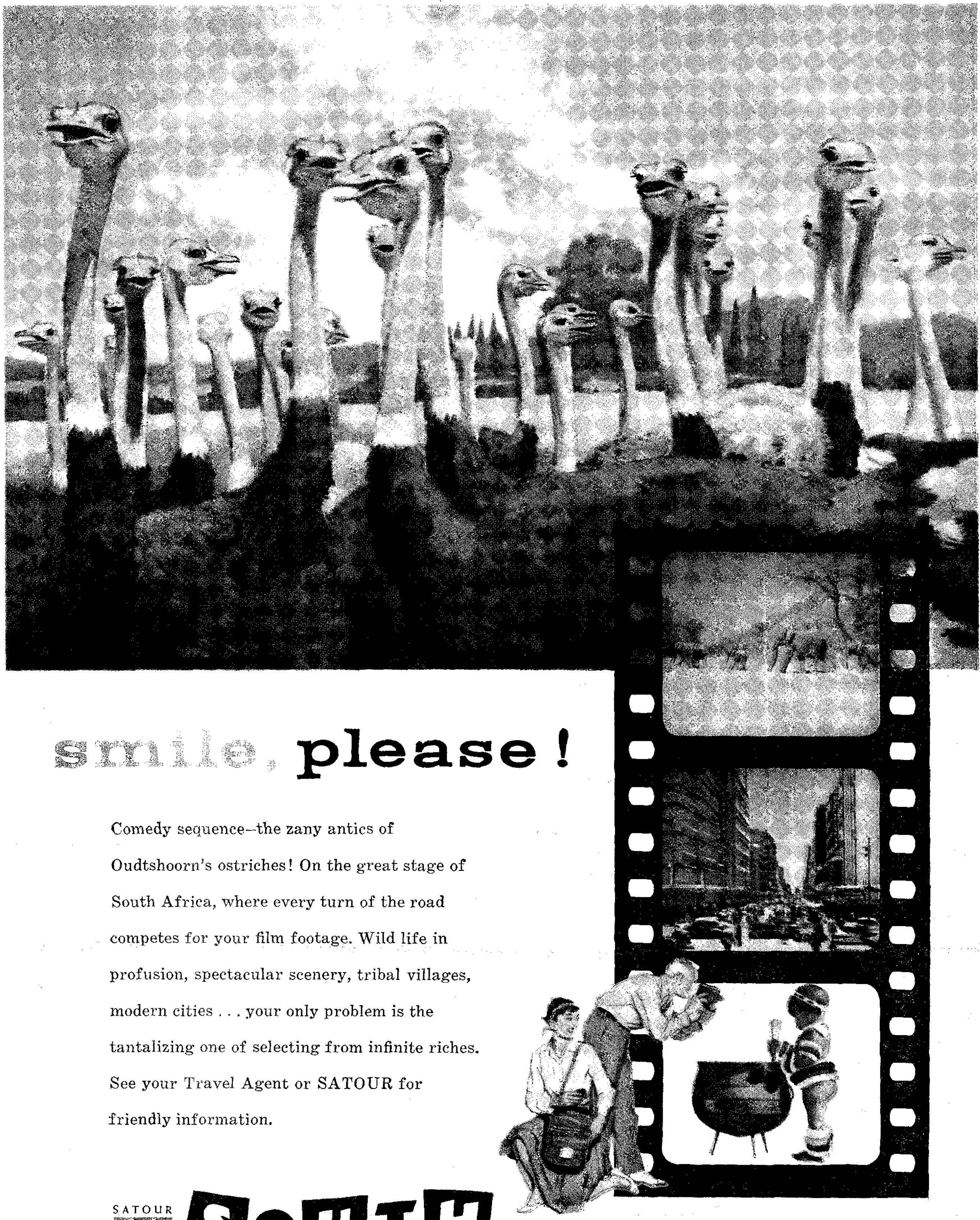

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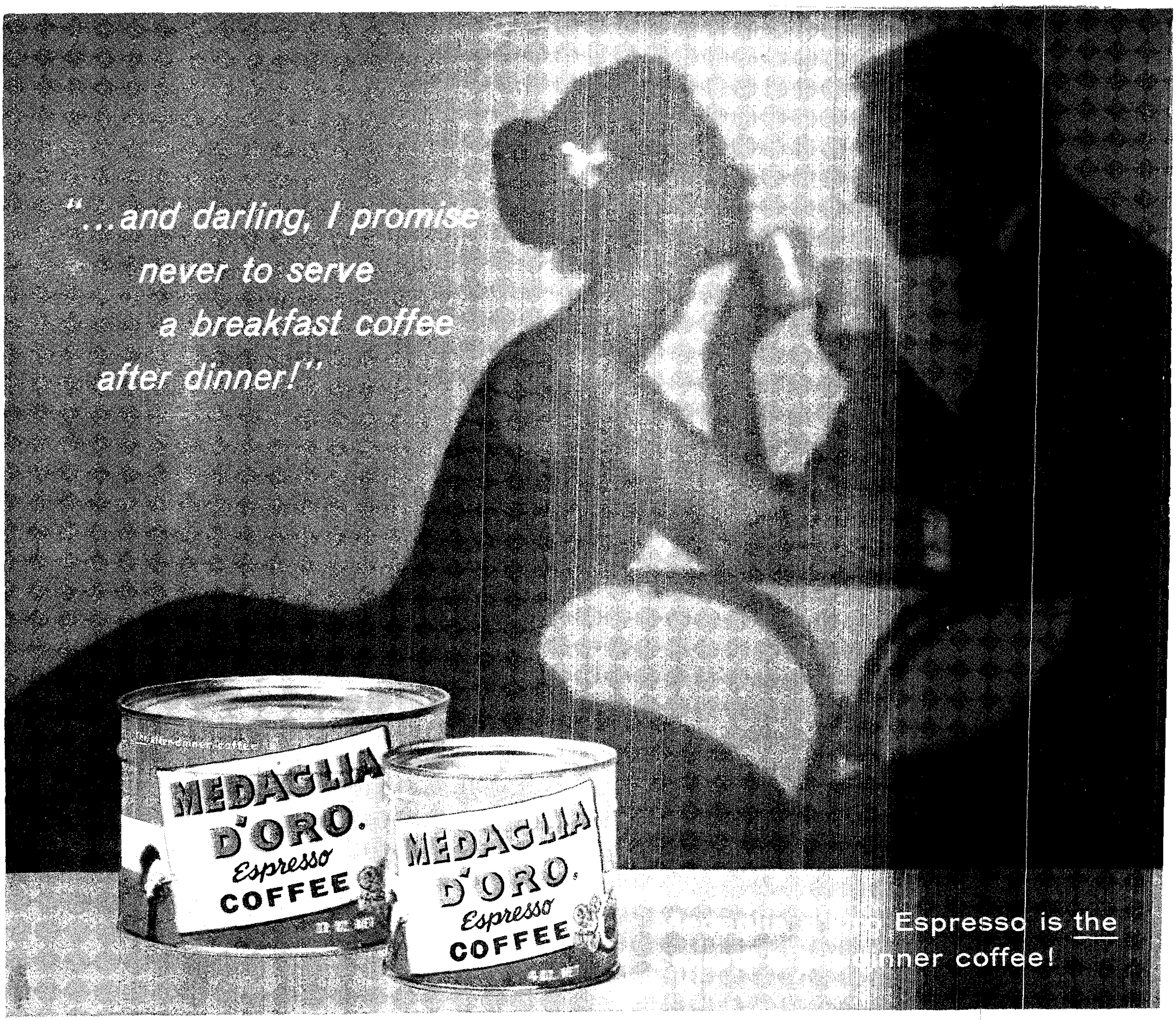
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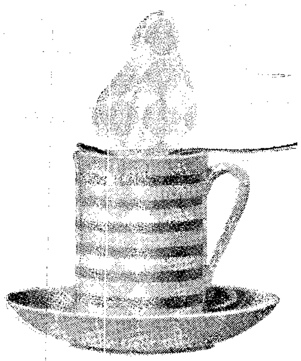

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S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. • 77 Water Street, New York 5, creased pressure" as his name for the currently dominant Dulles school, which calls, he said, for constant effort aimed at "pressuring the Soviet leadership into agreements that represent concessions" and would seem to be "striving to pressure the Soviet system into a collapse without a war." In Mr. Matteson's view, this would be an acceptable policy if it were a workable one—for it would almost certainly be pleasanter to inhabit a world in which there was no Communist system—but he believes that it is unworkable because it rests on a false estimate of Soviet strength. The Russians will not make concessions, for the good and sufficient reason that they have no need to.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Matteson has not described the alternative to "increased pressure" as "decreased pressure." He speaks, instead, of the easing of "tension," which is a very different thing. (All these terms sound as if they had been drawn from an advertisement for some new drug.) Neither he nor George Kennan nor anyone who shares their general view believes that anything but disaster would come of a deliberate weakening of the deterrent force that the free nations have built up. Mr. Kennan, in his pleas for disengagement in the Middle East and in Germany, has gone further than most others would go, but even he has suggested that we withdraw only where our walls have already been breached, as in the Middle East, or where, as in Germany, there seems to be a good chance that an offer to get out would encourage the Russians to make the same offer. In such cases, he would not have us go through with withdrawal until we were assured that the action would not be unilateral. It is containment as the sum total of policy that is under criticism, not those instruments of containment—such as the NATO armies in Western Europe, or even the Strategic Air Command—that have provided security for the free nations. The criticism is directed at the idea that containment promises anything more than deterrence and defense. What Kennan, Matteson, and the rest have come to disbelieve is the old theory that several years—or even several decades—of being ringed in by anti-Communist power would make the Russian people dissatisfied with the system that got them into such a fix, and would make the Russian leaders, struggling to retain authority, accept our terms. The fact is that the Russians *have* been pretty effectively ringed in for several years, and there are no signs whatever that this in itself has caused any dissatisfaction; other causes of dis-

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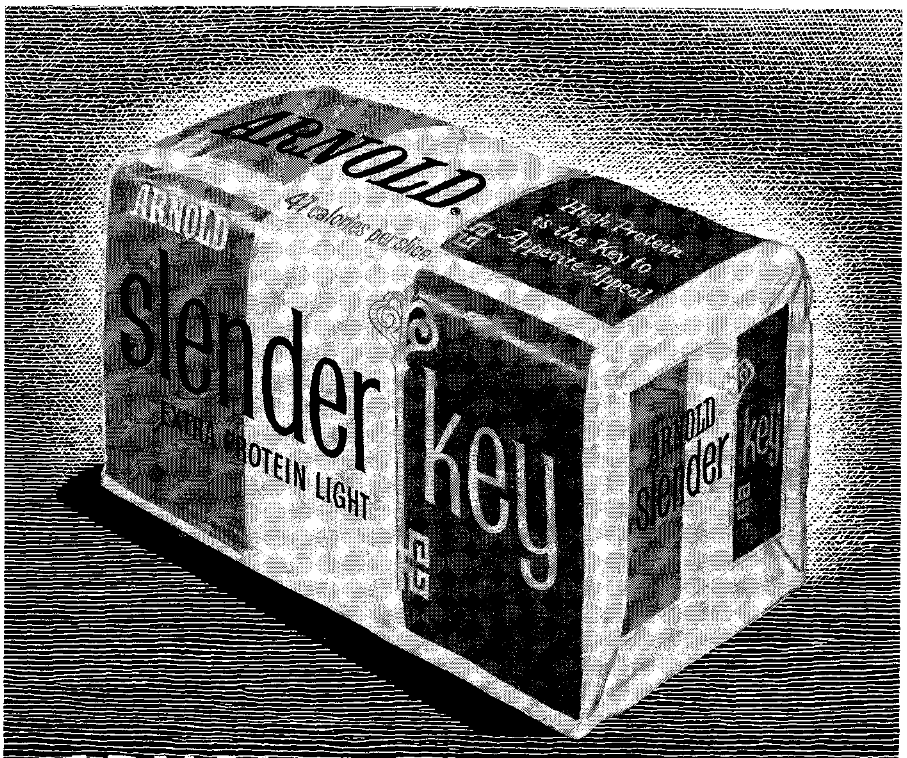

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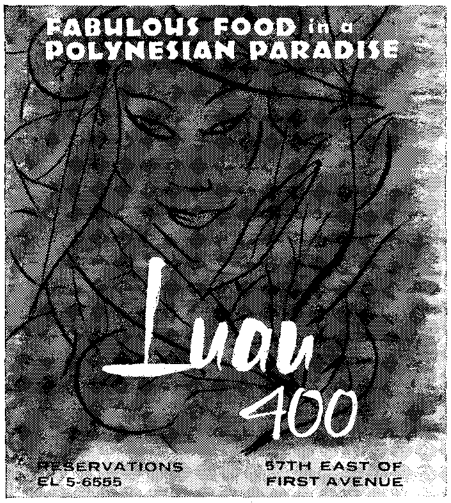
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satisfaction exist, but the system has shown a surprising ability to deal with them and, by doing so, has probably strengthened itself. Nor has containment increased the U.S.S.R.'s willingness to negotiate; the fear of annihilation has undoubtedly made the Russians eager—as it has made us eager—to reduce the possibilities of annihilation by a measure of disarmament, but there is no evidence that even a much stronger NATO would make the Russians more reasonable about Germany, or that a stronger military alliance in the Middle East would give them any interest in the stability of that region. "We arm to parley," Winston Churchill used to say, and most people believed that since poorly armed powers notoriously had a hard time in negotiations, well-armed ones would necessarily have an advantage. It was assumed that nations of approximately equal strength would parley on approximately equal terms. (Of course, the hope of many people—now a forlorn one—was that we could amass an overwhelming amount of strength and then parley on most unequal terms.) The lesson of the present stalemate, in the view of those who have become disenchanted with containment diplomacy, is that nations of equal strength have still another choice, which is not to parley at all—or to parley in the manner of the last five years, by means of conferences that do nothing but spawn other conferences. Adequate pressure may yield security, but "increased pressure" does nothing but spawn increased pressure, first from one side, then from the other.

The difficulty with "relaxation of tension" as a diplomatic concept (in distinction to a psychiatric or pharmaceutical one) is that it has—at present, anyway—very little content. It makes the rather large assumption that things would somehow be better, or greatly changed, in the world if only there were fewer "tensions," or smaller ones, or less tense ones, when in fact it remains to be established that "tension" is anything more than an unpleasant symptom of a condition that may not be subject to treatment by "relaxation." The Dulles school would argue that what drove the North Korean Communists to war and the Red Army into Hungary was not "tension" but a lust for power and domination, that such lust is a fact of life in this century, and that the anxieties it breeds cannot be eased by talk. Therefore, the steps the relaxationists urge would not reduce this problem in any way. Nothing they have proposed would do any of the good things that containment once promised

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to do. Even the most effective of the systems of disarmament now being discussed would leave the Soviet Union in a position to threaten and bully and grab for power wherever it saw a chance to do so; nuclear disarmament would merely remove some of the worst hazards from war, and the reduction of conventional forces would merely preserve the status quo in the relative strength of the great powers and would make the maintenance of their forces cheaper. There is a good chance, according to the Dulles school, that all this would make the Russians more audacious, and possibly more effective, than ever. Relieved of the dread of annihilation, they might simply be more carefree in their approach to the use of their conventional forces; relieved of some of the costs of financing their present vast military establishment, they might merely invest the savings in economic penetration. Besides disarmament, the relaxation concept has only two features that can be described in programmatic terms. One is "cultural exchange," or getting-to-know-you, far below the summit, which is taking place on an enlarged scale even with tensions presumably at their height; it may be a fine thing for culture, but there is no more reason to suppose that it advances peace and understanding than to suppose that summit conferences are effective. The other feature is George Kennan's disengagement. It is the one proposal that would seem to promise the certain relaxation of a specific tension. There would be less anxiety—at least over the prospect of war—if there were a few hundred miles between American and Russian arms in Europe. There is no assurance, however, that Russia would pay the price for this relaxation, which would in all probability be the loss of her power to go on exploiting the peoples' democracies. For that matter, we might ourselves decide that the price was too high, for it is doubtful whether NATO could continue to exist if Germany were truly neutralized, and the disappearance of NATO would surely create tensions of a different sort.

In his Minnesota speech, Mr. Matteson asserted that "the Soviet leadership would like to negotiate an agreement with the United States primarily for the purpose of relaxing tension." He nowhere documented the assertion or gave any hint of what, if anything, he or the Soviet leaders might wish to see in such an agreement beyond the familiar provisions for a suspension of nuclear tests and a reduction of conventional forces. But he did make a number of observations on the present nature

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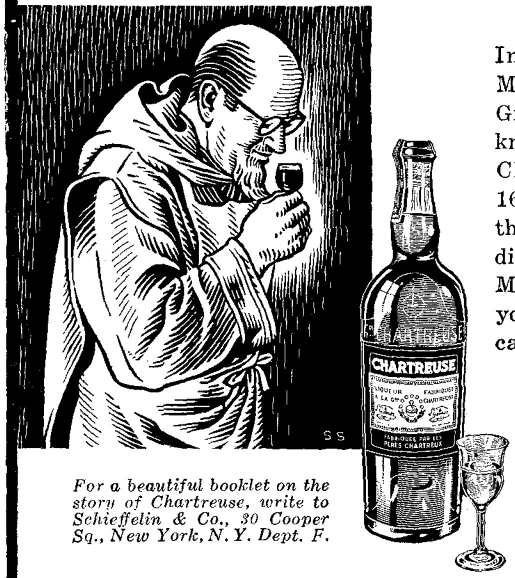

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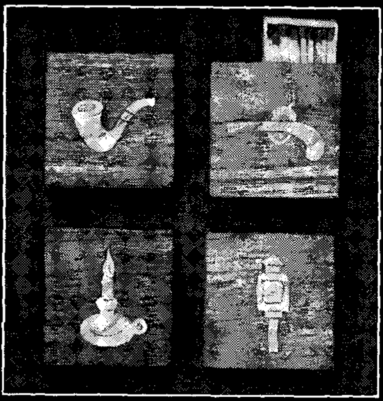

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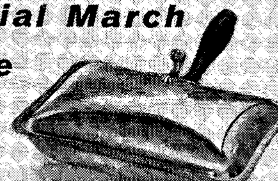

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of Soviet society and Soviet power. Recent Russian successes in science, he said, have given the Russian leaders "a greater sense of security;" recent improvements in living standards have given the people and the government a larger stake in peace and domestic tranquillity; the spread of education has bred a more critical attitude on all levels of society; the Communist bureaucracy has learned at last that the "urge for freedom" cannot be indoctrinated out of a people; and, in general, "there is increasing evidence that the Soviet, under the right circumstances, will gradually evolve toward greater and greater freedom, both with respect to its internal domestic relations and also in respect to its relations with the outside world." This is the recurrent theme in all the relaxation talk, and one suspects that it is really the heart of the matter—the fact that since the death of Stalin tensions of several kinds have in fact been reduced. The fear of deliberately instituted general war has practically vanished in the West. Evidently it has also vanished in Russia, where most of the apprehension is over a nuclear war accidentally started by a sergeant of aviation or an electronic brain. Each side trusts the other not to attempt destruction, and what both fear more than anything else—what may drive them, before long, into real nuclear disarmament—is the trouble that might come when nuclear arms are the property of governments not under the control of one superpower or the other. Tensions caused by the prospect of subversion in the West have largely disappeared, because the prospect has largely disappeared, while the success of the present Russian government has undermined its obsession with being undermined. The lust for power and domination is no doubt still there, as Mr. Dulles insists, but it takes less catastrophic forms, and the relaxationists simply do not fear it very much. George Kennan's answer to the threat of Russian penetration is to let the Russians go ahead and penetrate; if the worst they do is build roads in India, that is hardly a cause for tension. In other words, the relaxationists are themselves relaxed, and are trying to think up a set of policies to suit their mood. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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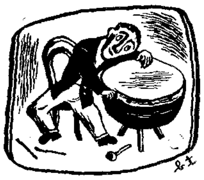
MUSICAL EVENTS

Man with a Manner



OWING to the enormous and conflicting traffic of events that confronts a New York concertgoer, I had not, up to one of the Philharmonic's performances in Carnegie Hall last week, had an opportunity to witness the playing of the now rather celebrated young Canadian pianist Glenn Gould. I had heard a number of his recordings, and while all of them had seemed to me to be the work of an artist of extraordinary gifts, they had scarcely prepared me for the visual spectacle Mr. Gould presents as he displays these gifts before an audience. The spectacle is, to say the least, somewhat eccentric compared with the formal platform manner of the average concert performer. To begin with, Mr. Gould is a lanky, slightly dishevelled, and intensely earnest-looking young man, who sits on a remarkably low stool at a piano that has been raised several inches on jacks, bringing the keyboard almost to the level of his chin. When he is at rest, he leans back, allowing his long arms to dangle listlessly to the floor. When he is not at rest, he gives the impression of a man subduing a piano by jujitsu. He staves it off with upraised feet, pummels it, feints with elaborate motions that seem designed to distract its attention, recoils from it as if it were a hot stove, beats time with one hand while playing with the other, and croons the music, inaudibly but very visibly, throughout the performance. When he rises to take his bows, he does so with a sort of awkward casualness, saluting the orchestra and shrugging with a "Shucks, fellas, 'taint nothin' " air, which seems to imply that the whole business has been an episode in a hoedown.

It would be easy to dismiss all this as deliberate exhibitionism, but after watching it with some amusement the other night, and listening to what emerged from the piano, I concluded that Mr. Gould's manner is a perfectly sincere expression of his *Gesamtpersönlichkeit*. He is obviously an original, whom one must accept on his own terms, and I would be quite happy to see him stand on his head if he felt such a posture necessary to the projection of his musical ideas. For the fact is that none of his physical flamboyance enters

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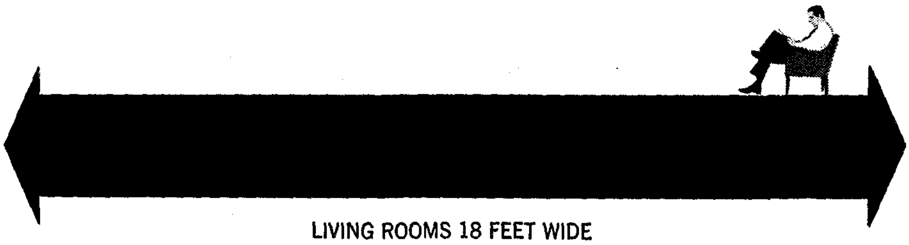

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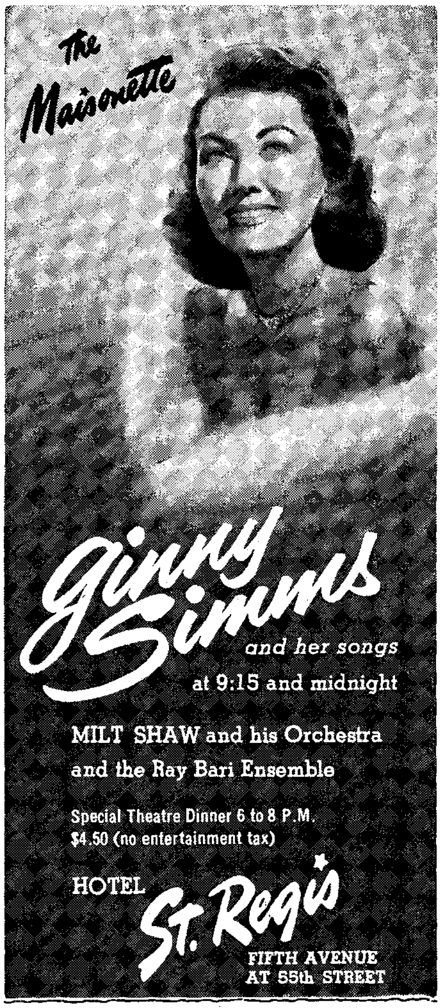
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into what one hears. On the contrary, his performance of Bach's D Minor Concerto for Piano and Orchestra was a masterpiece of coherence, control, and fine musical taste. Mr. Gould is the possessor of a tremendous pianistic technique, and though it may be highly unconventional, it enables him to bring off all the feats of speed, power, delicacy, contrast, and nuance that one expects from virtuosos of the first rank. He also has a penetrating intelligence, evident in the clean, unambiguous quality of his phrasing; an engaging masculine robustness; and the kind of authority that indicates a profound knowledge of the art of music. These attributes, in a twenty-five-year-old, are impressive indeed, and I look forward with great interest to Mr. Gould's future appearances.

When Mr. Gould had finished the Bach concerto, he embarked with equal fervor and dedication on Schoenberg's Piano Concerto, and almost, but not quite, convinced me that its arid mathematical formulas contain something identifiable as musical meaning. Certainly, if I remained unconvinced, it was through no fault of Mr. Gould's, for he played the concerto with what, had it been music of a more rewarding sort, I should describe as real eloquence. Dimitri Mitropoulos, who was in charge of the orchestra, performed his role in this work with his customary energy and enthusiasm. I thought, however, that his performance as the accompanist of the Bach concerto was slapdash and coarse—an impression perhaps intensified by the fact that he used a huge, ponderous aggregation of instrumentalists, instead of reducing the ensemble to the small dimensions appropriate to this kind of music.

The rest of Mr. Mitropoulos' program was also unusual and generally interesting. It began with a Prologue and Fugue by the Brazilian composer Camargo Guarnieri, which seemed to me merely fashionable in more or less the style of Aaron Copland, and ended with Samuel Barber's "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance," a familiar and worthwhile work, which I have previously discussed. The most absorbing item of the evening was the somewhat belated New York première of Gustav Mahler's unfinished Tenth Symphony. This composition has been the subject of considerable controversy, several later musicians—among them Ernst Křenek—having had a hand in editing the original score, which was in a very fragmentary form when Mahler died. There has also been a lot of dis-

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cussion about the symphony's autobiographical implications, based on a number of exclamations and other marginal notes that Mahler appended to the manuscript. Mahler, it appears, knew when he wrote it that he was dying; the notes seem to indicate the tortured frame of mind with which he approached death, and for those who like to examine the mental processes of an extremely complex musical genius, the work is unquestionably a document of great psychological significance. Personally, however, I preferred to listen to the symphony simply as music. Considered from this point of view, it is indeed a fragmentary affair, consisting of one solid and fairly finished movement—the opening Andante—and another movement, very tentative and not entirely satisfying, which is obviously unfinished. To what extent the opening Andante has been tampered with by its editors I am not in a position to say, but, as it stands, it is as noble an episode as ever came from Mahler's pen, and, like all Mahler's music, it has a strong individuality that sets it apart from the music of any other composer. The agony with which Mahler viewed the subject of death is undoubtedly expressed in it, but Mahler did a good deal of gloomy thinking about death throughout his life, and I see very little in this composition that has not been touched on or prefigured in his earlier symphonies. At any rate, the Andante is a magnificent, tragic preamble by an artist who ranks, in my mind, as the last of the really great symphonists, and Mr. Mitropoulos and the Philharmonic performed a valuable service in giving it a hearing. —Winthrop Sargeant

JAZZ

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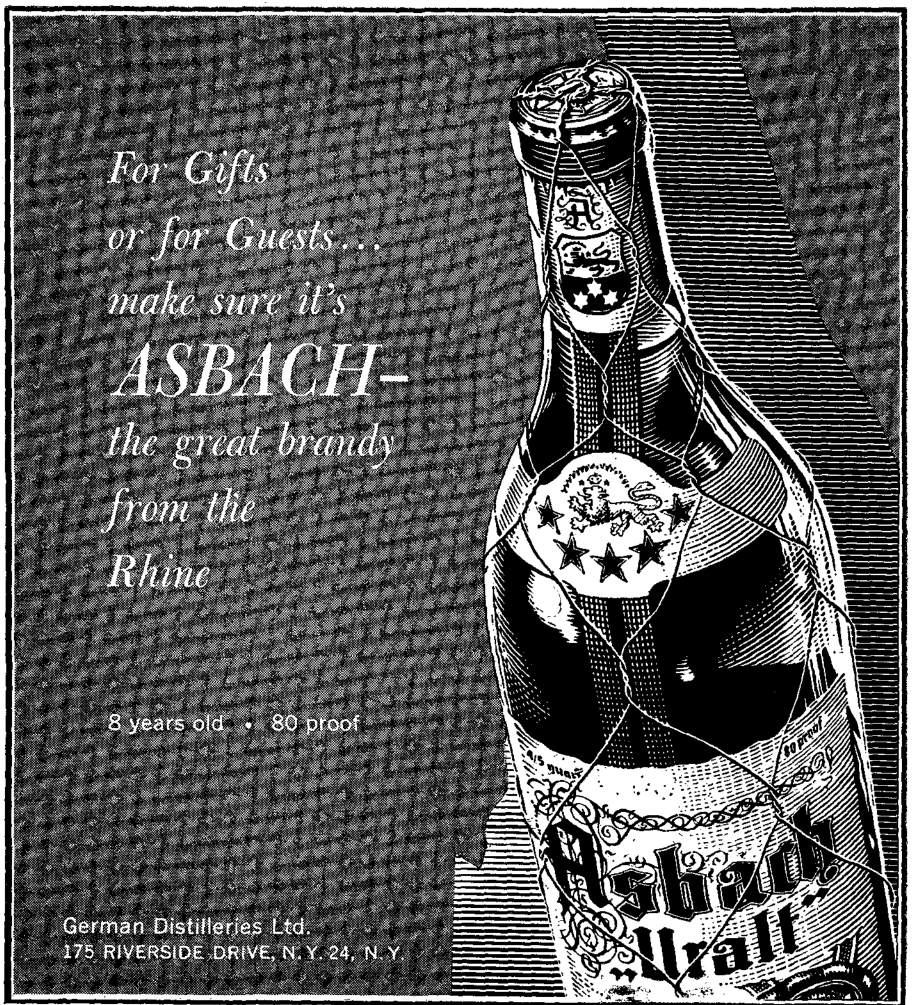
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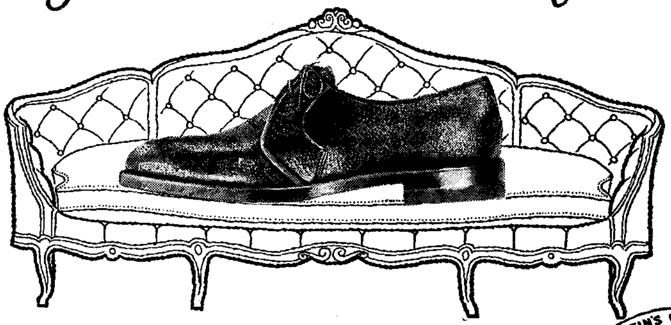

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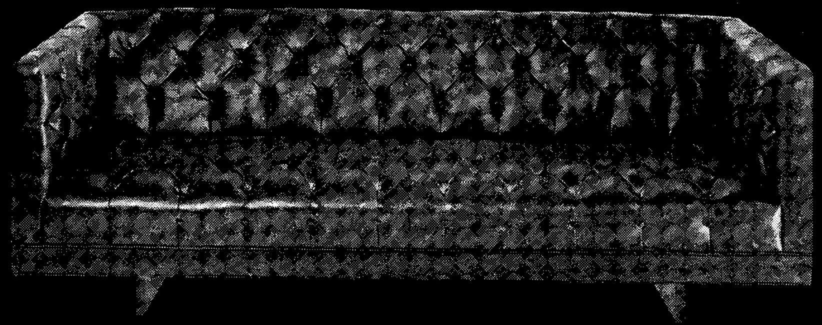

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the Folk Music Division of the Library of Congress by Alan Lomax early in 1938, and they were a minor stroke of genius on his part, for Morton—old, tired, down-at-the-heels, and completely out of fashion—died just three years later. In the mid-forties, a limited edition of 78-r.p.m. recordings, a hodgepodge arrangement of most of what Lomax had taken down, was put on the market. It reappeared a few years later as a set of L.P.s, which soon went out of print. The present edition, which is pleasingly designed, includes an admirable fifteen-thousand-word essay on Morton by Martin Williams. At the same time, Riverside has inscrutably perpetuated many technical deficiencies in the recordings. One is forced to battle the sharp, gavel sound of Morton's shoe tapping out the beat, a volume that goes precipitously up and down, an endless series of squeaks, thumps, and rattles (the faulty equipment Lomax had to use), an unsteady recording speed that makes Morton's voice slide back and forth between a foghorn and an Irish tenor, and a system of collating that results, for example, in beginning the "Original Jelly Roll Blues" in Volume I and concluding it in Volume X. Fortunately, Morton was a forceful player and a clear speaker, and if one has decent sound equipment and does some athletic knob-twirling, nine-tenths of the material is intelligible.

Morton, a curious and appealing figure, was a highly talented Major Hoople. A handsome, intelligent, sensitive-faced man with an aquiline nose and a high forehead, he was born Ferdinand La Menthe of Creole parents in New Orleans around 1885, and by his mid-teens had become a proficient pianist, dandy, and gambler. He left the city for good about 1907, and for fifteen years roamed the country (he turned up in New York in 1911) as a vaudeville performer, gambler, patent-medicine man (Coca-Cola mixed with salt, at a dollar a bottle), cabaret owner, procurer, tailor, and occasional pianist and band leader. In time, he acquired a hundred and fifty suits, a diamond in a front tooth, and a diamond stickpin, watch, ring, and belt buckle, and he took to carrying a thousand-dollar bill. He also perfected a highly vocal vision of himself as a witty, adroit boulevardier. He became a full-time pianist, composer, and band leader in the early twenties in Chicago, and between 1926 and 1930 he was responsible for some imperishable small-band recordings. (Inexplicably, only half a dozen reissues are now available, in Victor, Camden,

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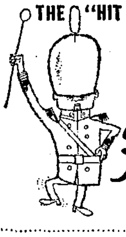

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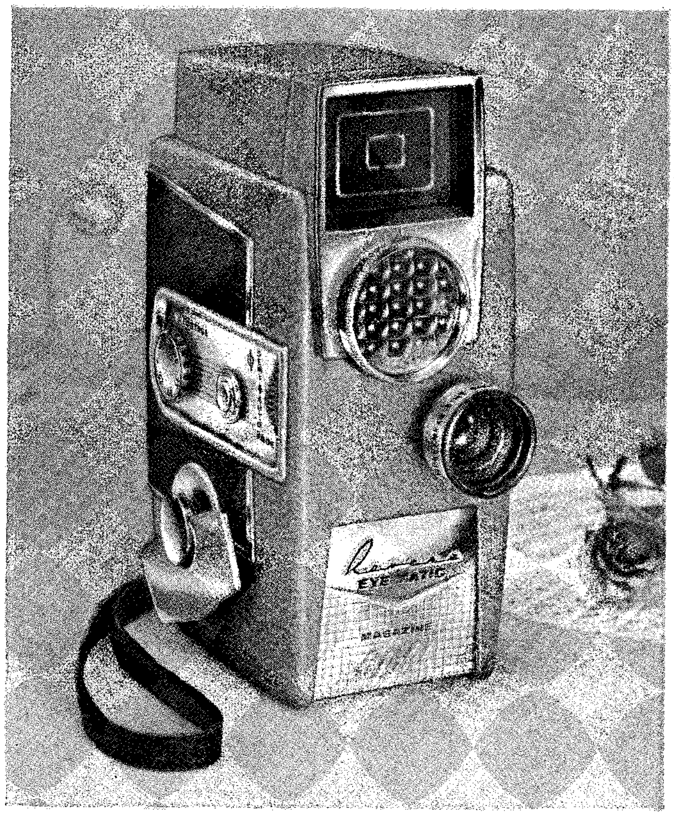

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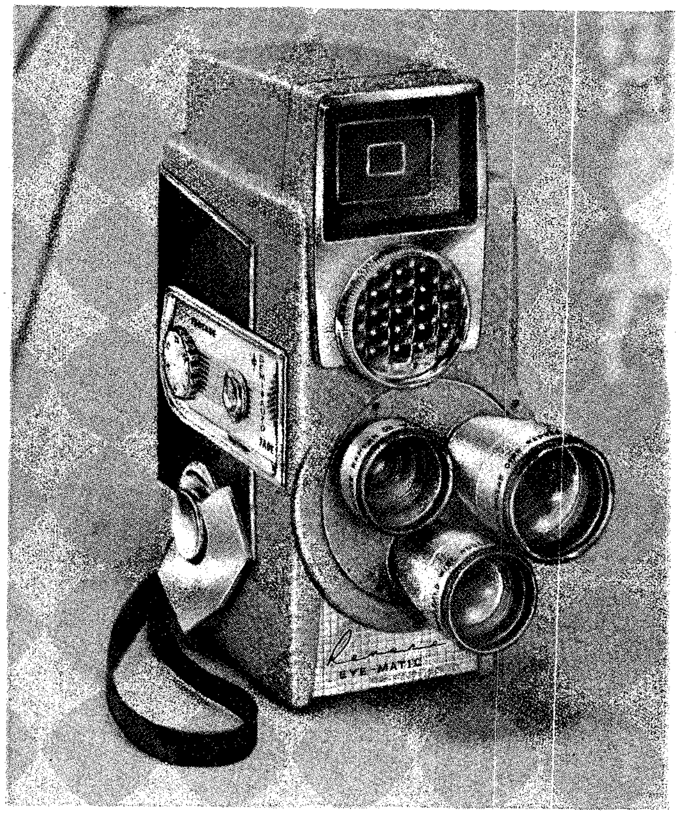

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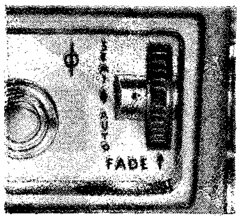

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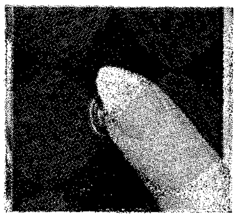

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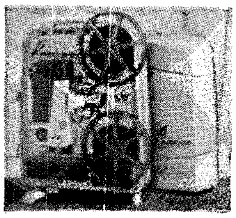

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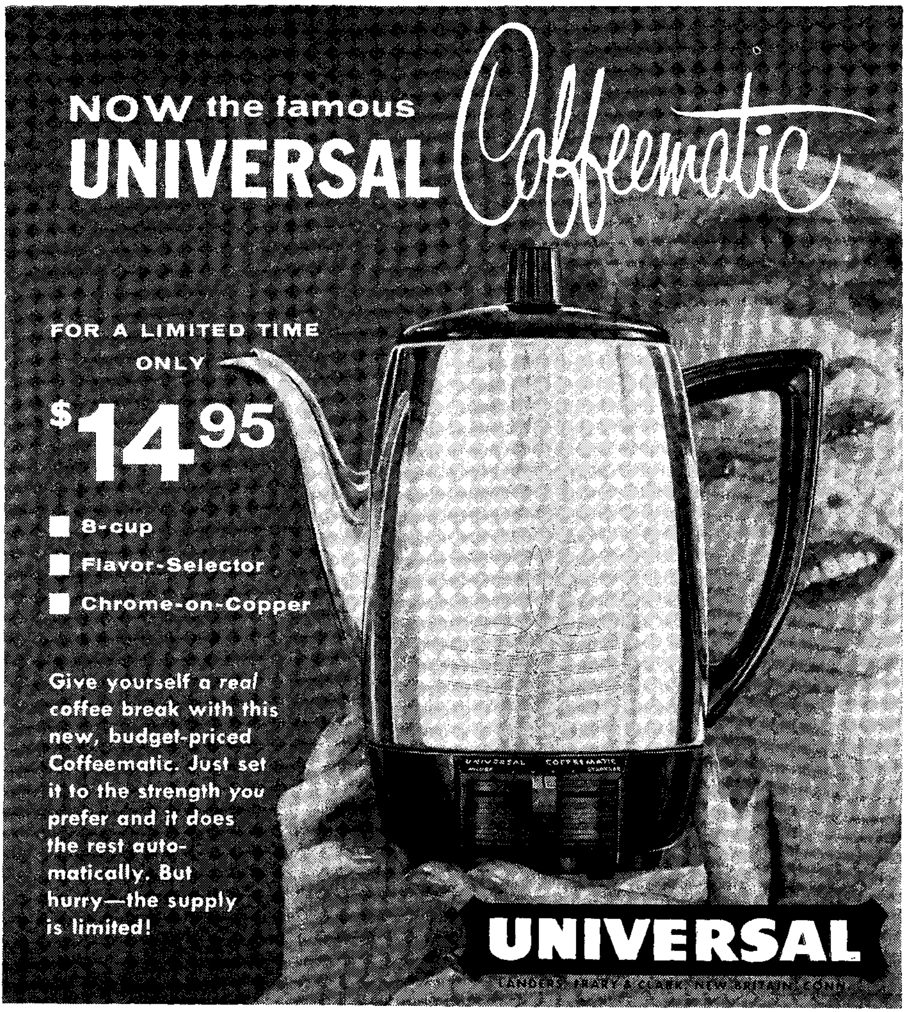
Folkways, and Jazztone anthologies, but the Jazz Record Center has a good many old 78-r.p.m. discs.) Then his luck ran out; he blamed a spell a West Indian had put on him. The early swing musicians considered him old-fashioned, jobs were infrequent, and he spent most of his last years as manager of a shabby night club in Washington, D.C.

Morton ranks with Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Parker as a great jazz innovator. His best small-band records are buoyant, fresh, and ingenious works full of revolutionary devices that are only now being rediscovered by modern musicians. Although they have all of the roomy, swaggering quality of spontaneous New Orleans jazz, they were, with the exception of the solos, largely written out. Each horn in the invariably rampaging final ensembles loosely follows a brilliantly sketched-out melodic line, in the fashion of the semiarranged polyphonic exercises in Gerry Mulligan's recent sextet recordings. Such devices as the following gave structure, clarity, and variety to a music that was still largely accidental: three clarinets delivering a soft, engaging riff in unison against a trombone countermelody; an orchestral passage led by a tuba, and another played without rhythm accompaniment (a recent "discovery" of the West Coast school of jazz); a Basielike rhythm-section passage that is started off by a booming trombone figure; a continual web of counter-rhythms; graceful and extended melodic lines; and an uncommon attention to instrumental timbres and orchestral textures. Morton wrote easily a hundred compositions, many of whose titles have an eccentric motion of their own—"Tanktown Bump," "Pep," "Boogaboo," "Fickle Fay Creep." In contrast to the thirty-two-bar structure that became a confining fixture in the swing era, most of Morton's pieces were constructed, in the manner of ragtime, of carefully complementary parts of varying length. His melodies lack the subtle languor of Ellington's, but they have a solid, straightforward lyricism that is just as attractive. Today, Morton's piano often sounds romantic and old-fashioned, and it is difficult to say why. It is true that his touch was undistinguished, that he used a lot of overweight, blurred chords in the right hand, and that his rhythmic approach tended toward the heavy ump-cha. Not only that, but he favored rich, sweet melodic figures that at times become downright lacy. Nonetheless, he was an accomplished technician whose left hand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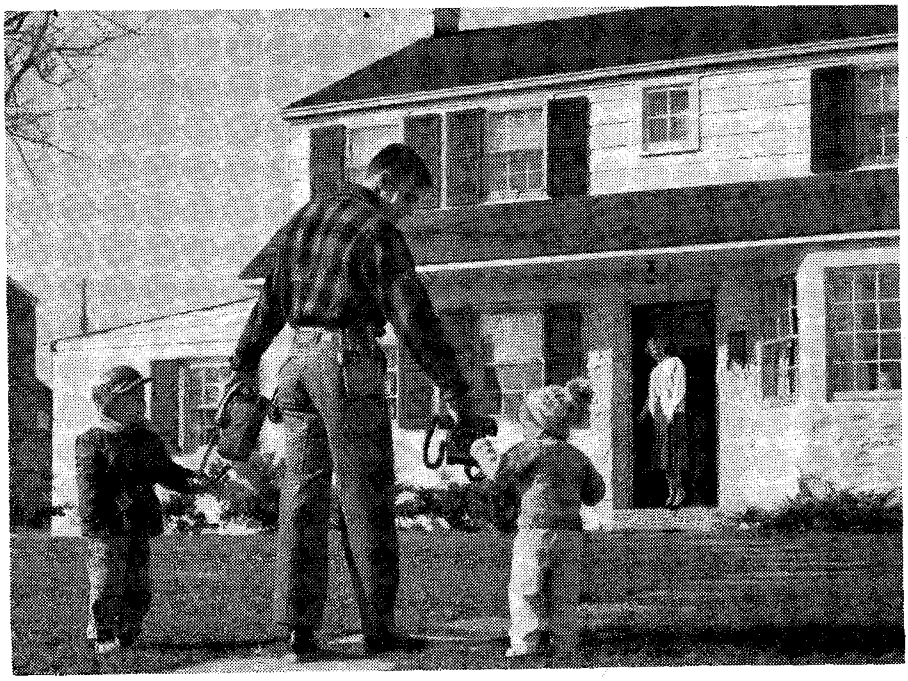

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could slip deftly back and forth between intricate counter-rhythms and whose right could reel off slippery arpeggios that compare favorably with the arabesques of Art Tatum. Beneath the predominantly decorative air of his style—even at fast tempos he seems to be bowing to the right and left—one finds complex, inspired, and thoughtful variations that match anything of their sort in jazz.

Half of the Library of Congress recordings are given over to talk, most of which is the core of "Mister Jelly Roll," Lomax's book about Morton. Morton's soft, clear voice and easy, rhythmic manner of speech are an unfailing pleasure. He was a magnificent tale-spinner who could make a New Orleans funeral or Memphis barroom brawl unforgettable. The rest of the recordings are a compact history of all the ingredients that went into the creation of jazz. Morton had a wonderful memory, and he effortlessly resurrects quadrilles, tangos, marches, spirituals, blues, boogie-woogie, stomps, rags, jazzed-up bits of opera, and an Indian Mardi Gras song. He even does some first-rate takeoffs, including a subtle and mischievous one on the blues, one on a popular song of the period (which he sings in a way that is strikingly like the whispers of Gene Austin and Rudy Vallée), and a delightful one on a bad honky-tonk pianist. Morton sang on only a handful of other records, which is a pity, for he belongs with Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong as a jazz singer. His light, perfectly controlled baritone reveals a direct emotion that, in the half-dozen blues in these albums, results in some of the most affecting jazz vocals ever recorded. And, with few exceptions, he surpasses himself at the piano. "Creepy Feeling," one of his own pieces, which lasts eight minutes and is played at a slow tango tempo, is a hypnotic series of variations, each a development of the last. It is a remarkable performance. But it has, like much of the other music in the albums, a sad, ruminative quality, too. The bragging, spirited front of talk, talk, talk that sustained Morton suddenly makes perfect sense.

The price is about seventy dollars, but the records can be bought singly.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

We paused in the farmyard at "The Sandmans" while thirteen hens laid us a dozen large white eggs.—*Evanston (Ill.) Review.*

At a signal from the ringleader?

BOOKS

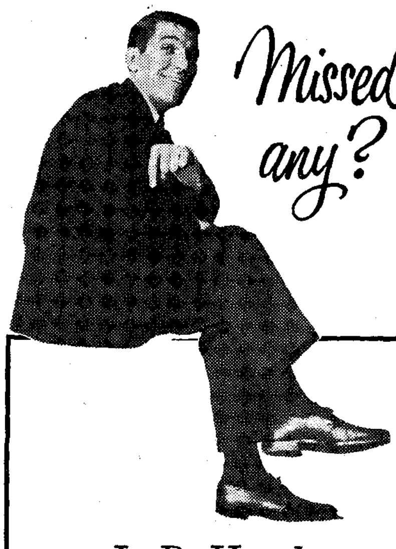
The Humanist and the Dynamist

WHILE the psychology of sex has undoubtedly made considerable advances since Sigmund Freud, hardly anybody, either before, during, or after, has managed to say anything that is at once all-embracing, definitive, and sensible about the mysterious subject of love. Most people, though, at least agree that it is distinct from sex and that some revealing hints of its nature have been provided from time to time by poets, dramatists, and novelists. The English word for the phenomenon derives from a Sanskrit root, "*lubh*," meaning simply "to desire"—something the Sanskrit philosophers all felt that good philosophers should stay away from, if possible. Plato, with the aesthetic attitude typical of the Greeks, defined it as "a desire for generation through beauty." Jesus Christ gave it a comprehensive meaning that had very little to do with the relation between the sexes. Kierkegaard, who had some of the characteristics of a spiritual Don Juan, seems, if I read him correctly, to have identified it with passion and to have considered it a magnificent sin. Stendhal, who devoted a vast amount of time and effort to the topic, wrote a book about it that is both delightful and preposterous. In the last years of his life, José Ortega y Gasset turned to the subject in a series of essays, and these have now been collected (in a translation by Toby Talbot) in a small volume called "On Love" (Greenwich Editions). They are full of the wit and charm that this great Spanish humanist brought to the art of the philosophical essay (Ortega was not a systematic philosopher but, like Goethe and Emerson, a man of letters and an acute critic of human behavior), and their point of view, as one soon discovers, is similar to the one he expounds in his other writings—the point of view of a defender of the values of Western civilization in a time of crisis.

Love, as he defines it, may seem to some readers a rare phenomenon. It has nothing to do with happiness, on the one hand, or with passion, on the other. Women understand it better than men. It is not irrational, as many people have contended, but is a profound expression of one of the most reasonable of human aspirations. Its main feature is enchantment by, and surrender to, its object. It is, according to Ortega, "a centrifugal act of the soul in constant flux that goes toward the object and envelops it in warm corroboration, uniting us with it and positively affirming its being." The phenomenon he is writing about is peculiar to the West. It is not a universal, elemental force; it is analogous to a literary genre, and thus the conscious creation of a civilization. "The savage has no inkling of it, the Chinese and the Indian are unfamiliar with it, the Greeks of the time of Pericles barely recognized it." Its origin was in the feminine-dominated courts of Provence during the Crusades, and from there it spread its glow through Renaissance Europe, becoming an inspiration for both literature and manners, and winding up, in a slightly excessive and confused form, in the Romanticism of the nineteenth century.

This, in a few sentences, seems to be Ortega's theory. But the mere statement of it gives only a hint of the amusing discursions into which he leads the reader as he approaches it from various angles and comments on what other writers have said. He demolishes Stendhal's "De l'Amour" with vigor and glee ("It is like a work on diseases of the liver in a doctor's office"), claims that Stendhal never knew what it was to love or be loved, and describes the passion that Stendhal called love as "not the height of amorous feeling but, on the contrary, its degeneration in inferior souls." Stendhal, it appears, knew enchantment only transitorily and surrender not at all. His famous theory of crystallization, by which the imagination clothes the object of love as crystals cover a branch immersed in the salt mines of Salzburg, is dismissed by Ortega as pure illusion—the poetic conceit of a gifted Frenchman who liked "falling" in love but never stayed there.

"Falling" in love, in fact, says Ortega, is a moronic business ("It automatically tends toward madness. . . . It is an inferior state of mind, a form of transitory imbecility"), and he is at pains to distinguish the act of "falling" ("a phenomenon of attention") from the real thing. This leads him on to a highly entertaining comparison of the divine language used by lovers and the erotic language used by the Christian mystics. He hasn't much use for the mystics, either. They are too much like people "falling" in love. He calls them "sponges of God," declares that their state of grace is a mental vacuum, and adds, "I think that any theology transmits to us much more of God, greater insights and ideas about divinity, than the combined ecstasies of all the mystics; because instead of approaching the ecstatic skeptically, we must take the mystic at his word, accept what he brings us from his transcendental immersions, and then see if what he offers us is worth while. The truth is that, after we accompany him on his sublime voyage, what he succeeds in communicating to us is a thing of little consequence." The lover's "falling," like the mystic's transports, the yogi's concentration, the hypnotic subject's obsession with a single object, the in-



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somniac's counting of sheep, and all other phenomena of attention, is merely a mechanism for shutting out the real world, and Ortega is convinced that the real world is where love is. He admits, however, that the process of "falling" can, under certain circumstances, be a prelude to love, and he describes, with a great deal of humor, the methods by which it is brought about, remarking, in passing, that "flirting is to a woman what experimentation is to electricity." He takes a pessimistic attitude toward the very beautiful woman's potentialities for love, since she is apt to arouse aesthetic appreciation rather than amorous feeling. "The only ones who fall in love with 'official beauties' are fools and drugstore clerks. They are public monuments, curiosities which one views momentarily and from a distance. In their presence one feels like a tourist and not a lover."

By the time he is through, Ortega has discussed the frigidity of Don Juan, the peculiarly masculine mind of Salome, the curious love of Lord Nelson for the deerlike and not very intelligent Lady Hamilton, Napoleon's complete incapacity for love, woman's apparently ineradicable preference for mediocrity in man, the role of choice (by which individuals reveal their true nature more fully than in any other act), the role of masculine beauty (which appeals only to women who themselves have masculine minds), and a great many other things. In a world where the relation between the sexes has become increasingly an affair to be clarified on the psychiatrist's couch and where the very word "love," except in its broad psychiatric definition, has acquired a rhetorical ring, Ortega's humanistic approach, with its emphasis on values, may seem old-fashioned. But perhaps our world is in need of just such an approach. At any rate, "love," as Ortega sees it, is neither a biological urge nor a social panacea but a phenomenon of culture and a noble emanation of the civilized mind.

IN around a thousand pages, Max Lerner—newspaper columnist, sociologist, and pundit—has undertaken, in "America as a Civilization" (Simon & Schuster), a massive attempt to describe the main characteristics and currents of American life and thought, and to define Americans as a distinct people who differ in many ways from the other inhabitants of the globe. The book is a colossal job of organization and scholarship, drawing upon the contributions of many intellects besides Mr. Ler-

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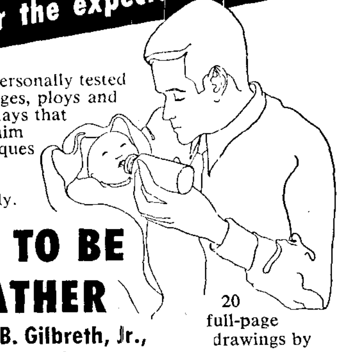

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ner's, and if its point of view is not overwhelmingly original, it is nevertheless the product of a mind of striking assimilative powers and a work whose details provide no end of interesting reading. It considers dispassionately nearly every generalization ever made about the subject, from de Tocqueville and Bryce to William H. Whyte's "The Organization Man," and its bibliography—including critical notes by the author—is a small encyclopedia of the literature of American history, social habits, folkways, technology, art, politics, and economics. Mr. Lerner ponders America's European psychological and cultural heritage, its national and racial makeup, its regional differences, its dominant myths, its dominant religious beliefs, its practical political attitudes, its industrial structure, its changing class concepts, its minority problems, its ideals of social behavior, its cultural peculiarities, and its place in the modern world. Whether what he is describing is a "civilization" is a matter of definition. He acts as a detached and unprejudiced social scientist examining an organism. His conclusions, if it is possible to boil them down, are that America is big, dynamic, "pluralistic" (a word he likes), obsessed with "the metaphysic of promise," capable of indefinite growth, and, in general, good. And though he deplores its intermittent and isolated failures and follies, he has an unshakable faith (this will be old stuff for the readers of *Time* and *Fortune*) that its dynamism, practicality, bigness, and capacity to assimilate and reconcile the conflicting elements in its society will, in the long run, save it. These ideas, as has just been said, are not particularly new; they constitute a summary of widely held belief.

The less blandly optimistic reader will detect in Mr. Lerner's huge assemblage an absence of moral perspective and a tendency to regard vitality, diversity, size, and capacity for survival as the most positive of virtues. Though he demolishes the prophecies of Karl Marx that concern America, he is inclined, like Marx, to consider man the creature of the great demi-urge known vaguely as "social forces," and this attitude entails a weedy, pagan mystique that avoids the problem of ultimate values. Mr. Lerner is aware of this difficulty. Having celebrated America's conquest of scarcity and noted that we have transcended the plight of "economic man" in the primitive sense (i.e., man struggling against his environment), he asks, "Where do we go from prosperity?"—a pertinent question, which he cannot

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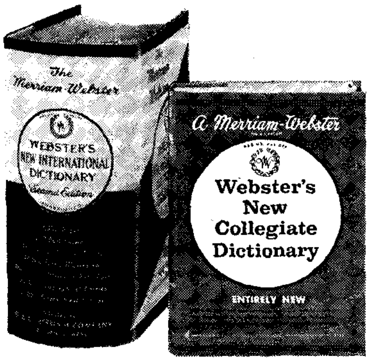
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answer adequately within his deterministic frame. And later on he notes that "Americans have had greater success with the arts of consumption and comfortable living than with the problem of their life purposes." He points out the dangers in the current spectacle of American conformity, anti-intellectualism, and mass culture, but seems to think that our organic growth will in time automatically provide the correctives. One hopes so. But one cannot help feeling that the whole important question of "life purposes" is beyond the scope of Mr. Lerner's method, in a philosophical, ethical, or—to use an old-fashioned word—"spiritual" realm, where individual will, rather than "social forces," can hope to shape human destiny. So while "America as a Civilization" is an impressive compendium of information and commentary, its author hasn't a standpoint from which he can cast a critical eye. Such a standpoint would have permitted a more meaningful synthesis of his material, a more exciting and provocative book.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRAVELS OF JAIMIE MCPHEETERS, by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday). Fourteen-year-old Jaimie McPheeters, the son of Sardius McPheeters, an unsuccessful, windy-minded doctor who is given to gambling and drink, sets out with his father from their Louisville home in the spring of 1849 for the California gold fields, and in the course of the next three years or so is kidnapped by outlaws; is captured by Indians; witnesses a lot of brutality, including a duel, fires, killings, and some startling Indian cruelty; suffers semi-starvation and degradation; and, in the end, after his father's death, becomes part owner of a handsome California ranch, where he settles with his mother, his sisters, and his Indian sweetheart. The book is full of thoroughly researched minutiae about wagon trains, Indian ways, gold mining, life in the San Francisco of the time, and such, and is delivered in a cheerful, funny, and headlong prose that makes its unabashed theatricality a total delight.

A NOTE OF GRACE, by Betty Singleton (World). Some Catholic nuns whose particular work is the care of the aged and bedridden poor see their convent chapel destroyed by fire, and set to work to rebuild it with

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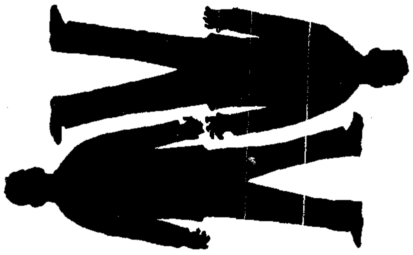

Death claimed one twin!
Advancing rapidly toward the other . . .
confirming . . .

Double Doom

By JOSEPHINE BELL

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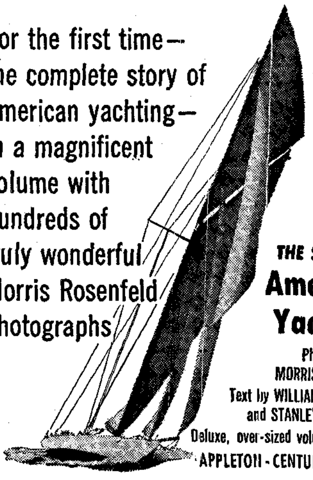

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their own hands, since they lack the money to hire professional workers. The Protestant community in which the convent stands is cool to the nuns' efforts, but one man, Mr. Gedge, does what he can to help them, and for his kindness is ostracized by his wife and neighbors. Mrs. Singleton builds her story, which ends happily for all, around the figures of the saintly, astringent old Reverend Mother, the fanatically devoted Sister Ignatius, and the good-hearted Mr. Gedge. It is a sentimental and occasionally melodramatic tale, but it has the charm of complete simplicity. The scene is the English countryside.

GENERAL

MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A., by Martin Mayer (Harper). The theory and practice of advertising—as a profession (which Stanley Resor, chairman of the board of the J. Walter Thompson Company, among others, ardently believes it to be), as a science (which its currently high-riding sociologists, psychologists, and "motivational research" alchemists are persuaded it is), and as an art (which most agency artists and copywriters are desperately certain it is)—elucidated by a first-rate, fully informed, and thoroughly unprejudiced reporter. The amount of research that has gone into this book is awesome, but what is still more impressive is Mr. Mayer's skill in assimilating his findings, organizing his material, and presenting it, with a nice leavening of anecdote, illuminating shoptalk, and fascinating lore, and even, on occasion (in relating the début of the Edsel), with drama. He also, in a kind of epilogue, offers some ideas of his own on the function of advertising. "In addition to its purely informing function," he suggests, advertising "adds a new value to the existing values of the product. . . . Two identical lipsticks marketed under different brand names may have very different values for a teen-age girl. Wearing one of them, she feels her ordinary self; wearing the other, which has been successfully advertised as the high-road to romance, she feels a beauty. . . . [She] finds a difference between technically identical products because the advertising has in fact made them different." An important book.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS, by Learned Hand (Harvard). A wonderfully

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25% built a new kitchen
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With average cash farm incomes
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they are a choice market for everything!
And no medium matches SF influence
with the best farm families.
To balance national advertising
where general media are weak,
you need Successful Farming.
Get details, any SF office.

Successful Farming...Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles

See Europe by car. See GODFREY DAVIS Car Rental

Europe's foremost car rental organisation—for 35 years—provides first-class service all the way!

- New British and French Sedans will meet you anywhere • Free Maps, Insurance, Routes arranged. • A.A. and R.A.C. membership • Self-drive and chauffeur-driven services • Competitive rates, reduced off-season and contract terms.
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lucid statement of opinion about the Supreme Court's relation to the Bill of Rights, by one of America's foremost judges. Judge Hand believes that while the Court's power to declare laws or actions unconstitutional is a practical necessity, the power should be used sparingly—not only in Bill of Rights cases but as a general rule. He does not feel that he can set the precise limits for its use; he simply tries, in a reasonable, undogmatic manner, to suggest where those limits may lie.

A JOY OF GARDENING, by V. Sackville-West, edited by Hermine I. Popper (Harper). Miss Sackville-West writes on gardening for the London *Observer*, and this book, which contains only pieces about plants that grow in the United States, is selected from two English collections of her columns. It includes plenty of practical tips for anyone who is planning to start digging shortly, as well as rueful notes on occasional failure to console the not-so-very-green-thumbed. And there are hosts of gloriously imaginative suggestions—planting for color, shape, smell; for the creation of vistas; or for the re-creation of foreign scenes—so beautifully described that the possessor of one moribund house plant may read with delight, feeling bound to take absolutely no action at all.

VERSE

IN TIME LIKE AIR, by May Sarton (Rinehart). Miss Sarton is contemplative and exploratory; she does not subject her material to the crucial tensions usual in modern poetry. But it would be a mistake to place her at a remove from the modern, since her wit and insight are sharply contemporary, while her subject matter is, in the best sense, timeless. Her skill as a translator is attested to by six poems from the modern French.

NOTE: "The Carpentered Hen," a collection of light verse by John Updike, has been published by Harper. Most of the poems in the book originally appeared in this magazine.

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When you first walk into the Churchillian art display, you are hit by the fact that you understand exactly what he is portraying. When he labels a thing "Mannolia" (around 1930, lent by Mrs. Christopher Soames) he means Magnolia. There it is—every leaf and petal.—*Doc Quigg in the Pittsburgh Press.*

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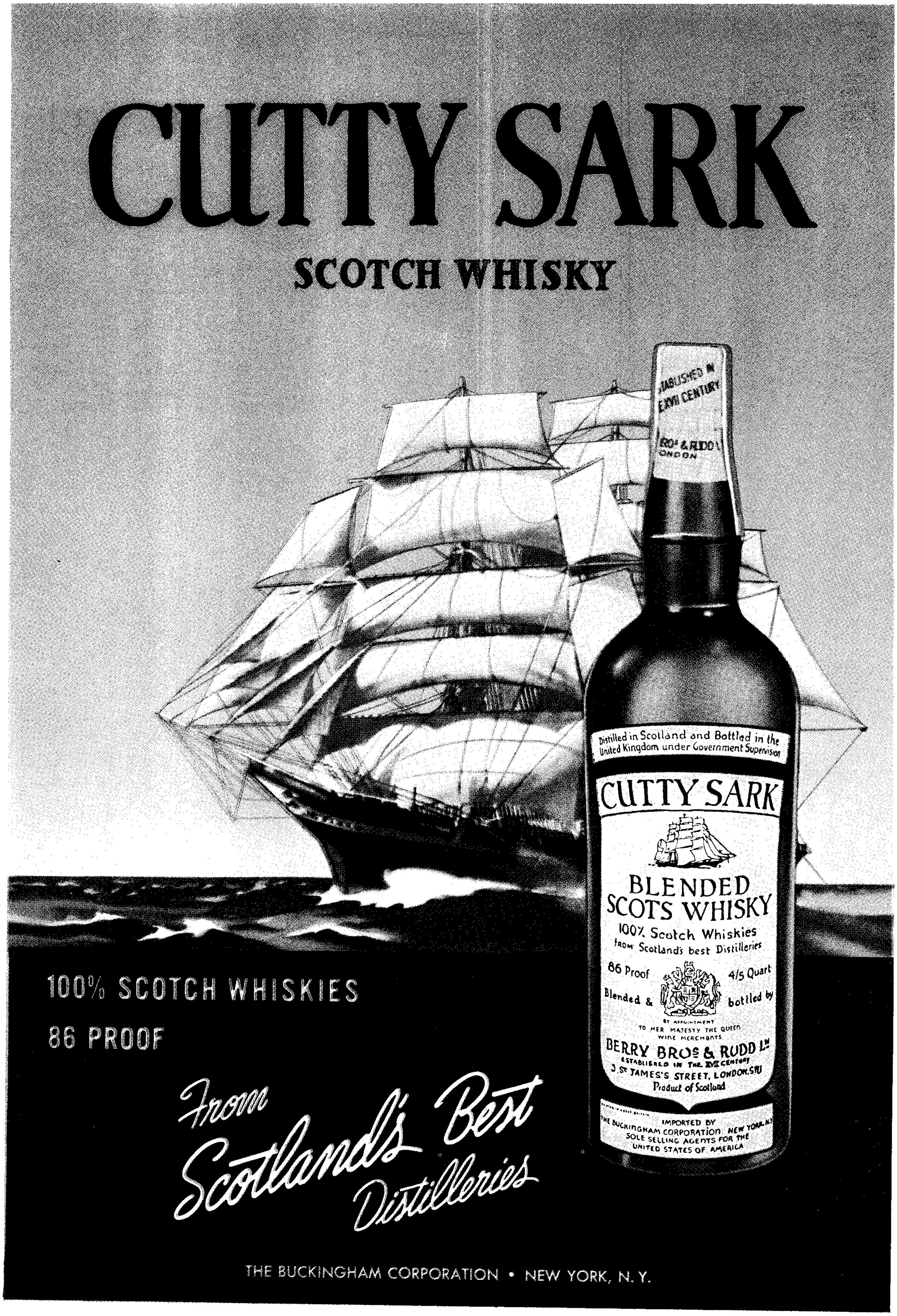
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